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DRYDEN.

Engraved by Caroline Watson. 1808.

from a Painting by Beale.

Published June 1st 1808, by Richard Phillips, New Bridge Street.

THE

CABINET

OF

POETRY,

CONTAINING

THE BEST ENTIRE PIECES TO BE FOUND IN

THE WORKS

OF

THE BRITISH POETS.

"If the grain were separated from the chaff which fills the "works of our National Poets, what is truly valuable "would be to what is useless in the proportion of a mole-"hill to a mountain."—BURKE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHILLIPS,

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1808.

T. Bensley, Bolt-court.

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DEDICATION.

" Her manners by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid Truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence."
* * * * * * * * *
" Preferr'd the shade to all the gay resorts,
The pomp of cities and the pride of courts,
And banish'd every passion from her breast,
But those the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames, with energy divine,
The virtuous heart enliven and refine."—LYTTLETON.
" Fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain,
With innocence and meditation join'd."—THOMSON.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY GRENVILLE.

MADAM,

The above passages, from Poets whose brightest Gems enrich this Cabinet, have suggested an earnest wish in the mind of the Editor, to inscribe these Volumes to some *living* Example of the Sentiment and Character which they illustrate.

To that living Example this assemblage of the beauties and graces of the British Muse is most respectfully addressed,

By your Ladyship's

Devoted and obedient Servant,

S. J. PRATT.

London,
April 12, 1808.

COWLEY.

Abraham Cowley was the posthumous son of a reputable citizen of London, and born in 1618. At an early age, he evinced such a precocity of talents, that his mother, a woman of sense and virtue, felt an anxious desire to give him a learned education, and by means of some friends procured his admission into Westminster school.

It is said, that the "Fairy Queen" of Spenser gave an impulse to his native propensity to the muses, and stamped his future life. At the age of thirteen he actually published a volume of poems, some of which were written when he was only ten.

In 1630 he entered of Cambridge, where he composed the greatest part of his "Davideis," without neglecting the severer academical studies; but finding his situation uncomfortable there from the prevalence of the parliamentary faction, he removed in 1643 to Oxford, and was much noticed by the royalists for his unshaken loyalty and the suavity of his manners, particularly by the great and good Lord Falkland.

Having in the sequel accompanied Queen Henrietta to Paris, he was afterwards employed in services of the highest confidence and honor for several years; but being dispatched to England in 1656, he was seized and committed to prison. By the intercession of some friends he procured his enlargement; soon after which he published his poems, and took a degree in physic at Oxford, though he never practised medicine as a profession.

About this period he seems to have been disgusted with the world, and declared his intention to retire to

distant regions, where he might enjoy in peace the muse he loved. But poets are sometimes fickle in their resolves; and Cowley, having seen the happy restoration of the royal family, settled first at Barn Elms, and afterwards at Chertsey in Surry, at which last named place he died, in 1667, in the 49th year of his age, admired and lamented by all who knew him.

Of Cowley it may be truly said, that his manners were amiable, that he possessed wit without satire, and religion without bigotry. His countenance and deportment prepossessed those who could form no estimate of his genius; while his genius reflected lustre on his external accomplishments.

As a poet, though he wrote much, his works are too metaphysical in general and perhaps too quaint. His amatory effusions are evidently drawn from the head rather than the heart; and some of his larger poems, particularly "Of Plants," are only ingenious incongruities. Yet some of his smaller pieces possess much splendid imagery, set off by harmonious numbers and sterling entiments; and it will be long before the rust of time is able to tarnish their splendour: and we may sum up his character in the words of one of the many poets who lamented his death:

> It is not now as 't was in former days,
> When all the streets of Rome were strow'd with bays,
> To receive Petrarch, who through arches rode,
> Triumphal arches! honour'd as a demigod,
> Not for towns conquer'd, or for battles won,
> But vict'ries which were more his own;
> For victories of Wit, and victories of Art,
> In which blind undiscerning Fortune had no part.
> Though Cowley ne'er such honours did attain,
> As long as Petrarch's Cowley's name shall reign:
> 'Tis but his dross that's in the grave,
> His mem'ry Fame from death shall save;
> His bays shall flourish and be ever green,
> When those of conq'rors are not to be seen.

HYMN TO LIGHT.

I.

First-born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
From the old Negro's darksome womb!
Which, when it saw the lovely child,
The melancholy mass put on kind looks and smil'd.

II.

Thou tide of glory, which no rest dost know,
But ever ebb and ever flow!
Thou golden show'r of a true Jove! [love!
Who does in thee descend, and heav'n to earth make

III.

Hail! active Nature's watchful life and health!
Her joy, her ornament, and wealth!
Hail to thy husband. Heat, and thee! [he:
Thou the world's beauteous bride, the lusty bridegroom

IV.

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
Do all thy winged arrows fly?
Swiftness and Power by birth are thine;
From thy great Sire they came, thy Sire, the Word Divine.

V.

'Tis I believe, this archery to shew,
That so much cost in colours, thou,
And skill in painting dost bestow
Upon thy ancient arms, the gaudy heav'nly bow.

VI.

Swift as light thoughts their empty career run,
Thy race is finish'd when begun;
Let a post angel start with thee,
And thou the goal of earth shalt reach as soon as he

VII.

Thou, in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
Dost thy bright wood of stars survey,
And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flow'ry lights thine own nocturnal spring.

VIII.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost round thy lands above
The sun's gilt tent for ever move,
And still as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

IX.

Nor amidst all these triumphs dost thou scorn
The humble glow-worms to adorn,
And with their living spangles gild,
O greatness without pride! the bushes of the field.

X.

Night and her ugly subjects thou dost fright,
And sleep, the lazy owl of Night,
Asham'd and fearful to appear,
They screen their horrid shapes with the black hemisphere.

XI.

With them there hastes, and wildly takes th' alarm,
Of painted dreams a busy swarm;
At the first op'ning of thine eye
The various clusters break, the antic atoms fly.

XII.

The guilty serpents, and obscener beasts,
Creep conscious to their secret rests:
Nature to thee does rev'rence pay,
Ill omens and ill sights removes out of thy way.

XIII.

At thy appearance, Grief itself is said
To shake his wings, and rouse his head;
And cloudy Care has often took
A gentle beamy smile reflected from thy look.

XIV.

At thy appearance, Fear itself grows bold;
Thy sunshine melts away his cold:
Encourag'd at the sight of thee,
To the cheek colour comes, and firmness to the knee.

XV.

Ev'n Lust, the master of a harden'd face,
Blushes if thou be'st in the place;
To Darkness' curtains he retires,
In sympathizing night he rolls his smoky fires.

XVI.

When, Goddess! thou lift'st up thy waken'd head
Out of the morning's purple bed,
Thy choir of birds about thee play,
And all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

XVII.

The ghosts, and monster sp'rits, that did presume
A body's priv'lege to assume,
Vanish again invisibly,
And bodies gain again their visibility.

XVIII.

All the world's bravery, that delights our eyes,
Is but thy several liveries;
Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st,
Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

XIX.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
A crown of studded gold thou bear'st;
The virgin lilies, in their white,
Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

XX.

The violet, Spring's little infant, stands
Girt in thy purple swaddling bands:
On the fair tulip thou dost dote;
Thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-colour'd coat.

XXI.

With flame condens'd thou dost the jewels fix,
And solid colours in it mix:
Flora herself envies to see
Flow'rs fairer than her own, and durable as she.

XXII.

Ah! Goddess! would thou couldst thy hand withhold,
And be less liberal to gold;
Didst thou less value to it give,
Of how much care, alas! might'st thou poor man relieve!

XXIII.

To me the sun is more delightful far,
And all fair days much fairer are;
But few, ah! wondrous, few there be
Who do not gold prefer, O Goddess! even to thee.

XXIV.

Through the soft ways of heav'n and air, and sea,
Which open all their pores to thee,
Like a clear river thou dost glide,
And with thy living stream through the close channels slide.

XXV.

But where firm bodies thy free course oppose,
Gently thy source the land o'erflows;
Takes there possession, and does make,
Of colours mingled light, a thick and standing lake.

XXVI.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day
In th' empyrean heav'n does stay;
Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below,
From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

ODE. OF WIT.

I.

Tell me, O tell! what kind of thing is Wit,
Thou who master art of it:
For the first matter loves variety less;
Less women love it, either in love or dress:
A thousand diff'rent shapes it bears,
Comely in thousand shapes appears:
Yonder we saw it plain, and here 'tis now,
Like spirits, in a place, we know not how.

II.

London, that vends of false ware so much store,
In no ware deceives us more:
For men, led by the colour and the shape
Like Zeuxis' birds, fly to the painted grape.
Some things do through our judgment pass,
As through a multiplying-glass;
And sometimes, if the object be too far,
We take a falling meteor for a star.

III.

Hence 'tis, a Wit, that greatest word of Fame,
Grows such a common name;

And wits by our creation they become,
Just so as tit'lar bishops made at Rome.
'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jest,
Admir'd with laughter at a feast,
Nor florid talk, which can that title gain;
The proofs of Wit for ever must remain.

IV.

'Tis not to force some lifeless verses meet,
With their five gouty feet:
All, ev'ry where, like man's, must be the soul,
And reason the inferior pow'rs controul.
Such were the numbers which could call
The stones into the Theban wall.
Such miracles are ceas'd; and now we see
No towns or houses rais'd by poetry.

V.

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part;
That shews more cost than art.
Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear;
Rather than all things Wit, let none be there.
Several lights will not be seen,
If there be nothing else between.
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,
If those be stars which paint the Galaxy.

VI.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noise,
Jests for Dutchmen and English boys;
In which who finds out Wit, the same may see
In an'grams and acrostics poetry.
Much less can that have any place,
At which a virgin hides her face;
Such dross the power must purge away; 'tis just
The author blush, there, where the reader must.

VII.

'Tis not such lines as almost crack the stage,
When Bajazet begins to rage:
Nor a tall met'phor in the bombast way,
Nor the dry chips of short-lung'd Seneca:
Nor upon all things to obtrude,
And force some odd similitude.

What is it then, which, like the Power Divine,
We only can by negatives define?

VIII.

In a true piece of Wit all things must be,
Yet all things there agree:
As in the Ark, join'd without force or strife,
All creatures dwelt, all creatures that had life.
Or as the primitive forms of all,
If we compare great things with small,
Which without discord or confusion lie,
In that strange mirror of the Deity.

IX.

But Love, that moulds one man up out of two,
Makes me forget and injure you.
I took you for myself, sure, when I thought
That you in any thing were to be taught.
Correct my error with thy pen,
And if any ask me then
What thing right Wit, and height of genius is,
I'll only shew your lines, and say, 'Tis this.

ODE UPON LIBERTY.

I.

Freedom with Virtue takes her seat;
Her proper place, her only scene,
Is in the golden mean;
She lives not with the poor, nor with the great;
The wings of those Necessity has clipp'd,
And they're in Fortune's Bridewell whipp'd
To the laborious task of bread;
These, are by various tyrants captives led.
Now wild Ambition, with imperious Force,
Rides, reigns, and spurs them, like th' unruly horse;
And servile Av'rice yokes them now,
Like toilsome oxen, to the plough;
And sometimes Lust, like the misguiding light,
Draws them thro' all the labyrinths of night.

If any few among the great there be
From these insulting passions free,
Yet we ev'n those too, fetter'd see,
By custom, bus'ness, crowds, and formal Decency;
And wheresoe'er they stay, and wheresoe'er they go,
Impertinences round them flow.
These are the small uneasy things
Which about Greatness still are found,
And rather it molest than wound;
Like gnats, which too much heat of summer brings;
But cares do swarm there, too, and those have stings:
As when the honey does too open lie,
A thousand wasps about it fly,
Nor will the master ev'n to share admit;
The master stands aloof, and dares not taste of it.

II.

'Tis morning; well; I fain would yet sleep on:
You cannot now; you must begone
To Court, or to the noisy Hall:
Besides, the rooms without are crouded all;
The stream of business does begin,
And a spring-tide of clients is come in.
Ah! cruel Guards! which this poor pris'ner keep!
Will they not suffer him to sleep?
Make an escape, out at the postern fly,
And get some blessed hours of liberty.
With a few friends, and a few dishes, dine,
And much of mirth, and mod'rate wine.
To thy bent mind some relaxation give,
And steal one day out of thy life to live.
Oh! happy Man! he cries, to whom kind Heav'n
Has such a freedom always giv'n!
Why, mighty Madman! what should hinder thee
From being ev'ry day as free?

III.

In all the freeborn nations of the air,
Never did bird a spirit so mean and sordid bear,
As to exchange his native liberty,
Of soaring boldly up into the sky,
His liberty to sing, to perch, or fly,

When, and wherever he thought good,
And all his innocent pleasures of the wood,
For a more plentiful or constant food:
Nor ever did ambitious rage
Make him into a painted cage,
Or the false t'rest of a well-hung room,
For honour and preferment come.
Now, blessings on ye all, ye heroic Race!
Who keep their primitive powers and rites so well,
Tho' men and angels fell.
Of all material lives the highest place
To you is justly giv'n,
And ways and walks the nearest heav'n;
Whilst wretched we, yet vain and proud, think fit
To boast that we look up to it.
Ev'n to the universal tyrant, Love,
You homage pay but once a-year:
None so degenerous and unbirdly prove,
As his perpetual yoke to bear:
None but a few unhappy household fowl,
Whom human Lordship does control;
Who from their birth corrupted were
By bondage, and by man's example here.

IV.

He's no small prince who ev'ry day
Thus to himself can say,
Now will I sleep, now eat, now sit, now walk,
Now meditate alone, now with acquaintance talk:
This will I do, here will I stay,
Or if my fancy call me' away,
My man and I will presently go ride
(For we before have nothing to provide,
Nor after we to render an account)
To Dover, Berwick, or the Cornish Mount.
If the a'tar short journey take,
As if thy best thou wert to make,
Bus'ness must be dispatch'd e'er thou canst part:
Nor canst thou, sir, unless there be
A hundred horse and men to wait on thee.
And many a man be and many a cart;
What an unwieldy t' thou art!

The Rhodian Colossus so
A journey, too, might go.

V.

Where honour, or where conscience does not bind,
No other law shall shackle me;
Slave to myself I will not be:
Nor shall my future actions be confin'd
By my own present mind.
Who by resolves and vows engag'd does stand
For days that yet belong to Fate,
Does, like an unthrift, mortgage his estate
Before it falls into his hand.
The bondman of the cloister so
All that he does receive does always owe;
And still as time comes in, it goes away,
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
Unhappy slave! and pupil to a bell!
Which his hour's work, as well as hours, does tell!
Unhappy till the last, the kind releasing knell.

VI.

If life should a well-order'd poem be,
In which he only hits the white
Who joins true profit with the best delight,
The more heroic strain let others take,
Mine the Pindaric way I'll make;
The matter shall be grave, the numbers loose and free;
It shall not keep one settled pace of time;
In the same tune it shall not always chime,
Nor shall each day just to his neighbour rhyme:
A thousand liberties it shall dispense,
And yet shall manage all without offence,
Or to the sweetness of the sound or greatness of the sense:
Nor shall it never from one subject start,
Nor seek transitions to depart,
Nor its set way o'er stiles and bridges make,
Nor thorough lanes a compass take,
As if it fear'd some trespass to commit,
When the wide air's a road for it.
So the imperial Eagle does not stay
Till the whole carcass it devour
That is fall'n into its pow'r;

As if his gen'rous hunger understood
That he can never want plenty of food,
He only sucks the tasteful blood,
And to fresh game flies cheerfully away;
To kites and meaner birds he leaves the mangled prey.

OF SOLITUDE.

Sic ego secretis possum benè vivere silvis
Quà nulla humano fit via trita pedé
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.

With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
Where never human foot the ground has press'd;
Thou from all shades the darkness canst exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.

Odi et amo, quanám id faciam ratione requiris?
Nescio, sed fieri sentio, et excrutior.

I Hate, and yet I love thee too;
How can that be? I know not how;
Only that so it is I know,
And feel with torment that 'tis so.

O vita! stulto longa, sapienti brevis

O life! long to the fool, short to the wise!

I.

Hail, old Patrician Trees, so great and good
Hail, ye Plebeian Underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

II.

Hail the poor Muse's richest Manor-seat!
Ye country Houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

III.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature! the fairest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

IV.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Here the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

V.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile,
And hear how prettily they talk.

VI.

Ah! wretched, and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of it many a day,
Unless he call in Sin or Vanity
To help to bear it away.

VII.

Oh, Solitude! first state of humankind!
Which blessed remain'd till man did find
Even his own helper's company:
As soon as two, alas! together join'd,
The serpent made up three.

VIII.

Though God himself, through countless ages, thee
His sole companion chose to be,
Thee, sacred Solitude! alone,
Before the branchy head of Number's tree
Sprang from the trunk of One;

IX.

Thou, though men think thine an inactive part,
Dost break and tame the unruly heart,
Which else no rest would know no settled pace,
Flying it self, its own pursuit;
Wilder'd with all the vain recoils
Of Folly, Passion, Business, Noise,
And Thousand Other Ills, that these
Do make or find.

X.

Fortune's fantastic Power here cannot come,
To shake her scales or spill her sum.
Content, though poor and low, enough doth find
Herself to fill, and measures not her mind
From outward things, whose greatness is but dreams
And shadows cast from that which lies
Deep in ourselves, and is the same
In the most silent as the busiest scenes:
For Thought is deep and endless as the sea.

x.

Thou, the faint beams of Reason's scatter'd light
Dost, like a burning glass, unite,
Dost multiply the feeble heat,
And fortify the strength, till thou dost bright
And noble fires beget.

xi.

Whilst this hard truth I teach, methinks I see
The monster London laugh at me;
I should at thee, too, foolish City!
If it were fit to laugh at misery;
But thy estate I pity.

xii.

Let but thy wicked men from out thee go,
And all the fools that crowd thee so,
Even thou, who dost thy millions boast,
A village less than Islington wilt grow,
A solitude almost.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

Bless'd be the man, and bless'd he is, whom e'er,
Plac'd far out of the roads of hope or fear,
A little field and little garden feeds;
The field gives all that frugal Nature needs;
The wealthy garden lib'rally bestows
All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.
The specious inconveniences that wait
Upon a life of bus'ness and of state,
He sees, nor does the sight disturb his rest,
By fools desir'd, by wicked men possess'd.
Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great Virgil's praise)
The old Corycian yeoman pass'd his days:
Thus his wise life Abdolonymus spent:
Th' ambassadors, which the great emp'ror sent
To offer him a crown, with wonder found
The rev'rend gard'ner hoeing of his ground:

Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent,
From his lov'd cottage to a throne he went;
And oft' he stopp'd in his triumphant way,
And oft' look'd back, and oft was heard to say,
Not without sighs, Alas! I there forsake
A happier kingdom than I go to take.
Thus Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obscurely, then without a name,
Aglaüs, now consign'd t' eternal fame:
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
Presum'd at wise Apollo's Delphic seat,
Presum'd to ask, oh! thou the whole world's eye,
Seest thou a man that happier is than I?
The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,
Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,
In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaüs be?
We've heard as yet of no such king as he.
And true it was, through the whole earth around
No king of such a name was to be found.
Is some old hero of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the gods derive?
Is it some mighty gen'ral, that has done
Wonders in fight, and godlike honours won?
Is it some man of endless wealth? said he.
None, none of these. Who can this Aglaüs be?
After long search and vain inquiries past,
In an obscure, Arcadian vale, at last,
(Th' Arcadian life has always shady been)
Near Sopho's town (which he but once had seen)
This Aglaüs, who monarchs' envy drew,
Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,
This mighty Aglaüs was lab'ring found,
With his own hands, in his own little ground.
So, gracious God! (if it may lawful be
Among those foolish gods to mention thee)
S[illegible] me act, on such a private stage,
The last dull scenes of my declining age:
After long toils and voyages in vain,
This quiet port let my toss'd vessel gain:
Of [illegible] this earnest to me lend:
Let me live here, and learn to love a retired

THE GARDEN.

And there, with no design beyond my wall, whole and entire to lie,
In no inactive ease, and no inglorious poverty.

I.

Happy art thou, whom God does bless
With the full choice of thine own happiness;
And happier yet, because thou'rt bless'd
With prudence, how to choose the best.
In books and gardens thou hast plac'd aright
(Things which thou well dost understand,
And both dost make with thy laborious hand)
Thy noble, innocent delight;
And in thy virtuous wife, where thou again dost meet
Both pleasures more refin'd and sweet;
The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind, the wisest books.
Oh! who would change these soft yet solid joys,
For empty shews and senseless noise,
And all which rank Ambition breeds,
Which seem such beauteous flow'rs, and are such pois'nous weeds?

II.

When God did man to his own likeness make,
As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
By the great Potter's art refin'd,
Could the divine impression take,
He thought it fit to place him, where
A kind of heav'n, too, did appear,
As far as earth could such a likeness bear.
That man no happiness might want
Which earth to her first master could afford,
He did a garden for him plant,
By the quick hand of his omnipotent Word.
As the chief help and joy of human life,
He gave him the first gift, first ev'n before a wife.

III.

For God, the universal architect,
It had been as easy to erect

A Louvre or Escurial, or a Tower,
That might with heav'n communication hold,
As Babel vainly thought to do of old:
He wanted not the skill or power;
In the world's fabric those were shewn,
And the materials were all his own:
But well he knew what place would best agree
With innocence and with felicity;
And we elsewhere, still seek for them in vain,
If any part of either yet remain;
If any part of either we expect,
This may our judgment in the search direct;
God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.

IV.

Oh! blessed Shades! O gentle, cool retreat,
From all th' immoderate heat,
In which the frantic world does burn and sweat!
This does the Lion-star, ambition's rage;
This avarice, the Dog-star's thirst, assuage:
Ev'ry where else their fatal pow'r we see,
They make and rule man's wretched destiny:
They neither set nor disappear,
But tyrannize o'er all the year,
Whilst we ne'er feel their flame or influence here.
The birds that dance from bough to bough,
And sing above in ev'ry tree,
Are not from fears and cares more free
Than we who lie, or sit, or walk, below,
And should, by right, be singers too.
What prince's choir of music can excel
That which within this shade does dwell?
To which we nothing pay or give;
They like all other poets live,
Without reward or thanks for their obliging pains;
'Tis well if they become not prey:
The whistling winds add their less artful strains,
And a grave bass the murm'ring fountains play;
Nature does all this harmony bestow;
But to our plants art's music too,
The pipe, theorbo, and guitar, we owe;
The lute itself, which once was green and mute,
When Orpheus struck th' inspired lute,

The trees dance'd round, and understood,
By sympathy, the voice of wood.

V.

These are the spells that to kind sleep invite,
And nothing does within resistance make,
Which yet we moderately take:
Who would not choose to be awake
While he's encompass'd round with such delight
To th' ear, the nose, the touch, the taste, and sight?
When Venus would her dear Ascanius keep
A pris'ner in the downy bands of sleep,
She od'rous herbs and flow'rs beneath him spread,
As the most soft and sweetest bed;
Not her own lap would more have charm'd his head
Who that has reason and has smell,
Would not among roses and jasmine dwell,
Rather than all his spirits choke
With exhalations of dirt and smoke?
And all the uncleanness which does drown,
In pestilential clouds, a populous town?
The earth itself breathes better perfumes here,
Than all the female men or women there,
Not without cause, about them bear.

VI.

When Epicurus to the world had taught
That pleasure was the chiefest good,
(And was perhaps i' th' right, if rightly understood)
His life he to his doctrine brought,
And in a garden's shade that sov'reign pleasure sought.
Whoever a true Epicure would be,
May there find cheap and virtuous luxury.
Vitellius, his table, which did hold
As many creatures as the Ark of old;
That fiscal table, to which ev'ry day
All countries did a constant tribute pay,
Could nothing more delicious afford
Than Nature's liberality,
Help'd with a little art and industry,
Allows the meanest gard'ner's board.
The wanton taste no fish or fowl can choose,
For which the grape or melon he would lose.

Though all the inhabitants of sea and air
Be listed in the glutton's bill of fare,
Yet still the fruits of earth we see
He'd the third story high in all her luxury.

VII.

But with no sense the garden does comply;
None courts or flatters, as it does, the eye
When the great Hebrew king did almost strain
The wondrous treasures of his wealth and brain,
His royal southern guest to entertain;
Though she on silver floors did tread,
With bright Assyrian carpets on them spread,
To hide the metal's poverty;
Though she look'd up to roofs of gold,
And nought around her could behold
But silk and rich embroidery,
And Babylonian tapestry,
And wealthy Hiram's princely dye;
Though Ophir's starry stones met ev'ry where her eye;
Though she herself, and her gay host, were dress'd
With all the shining glories of the East;
When lavish Art, her costly work had done,
The honour and the prize of bravery
Was by the garden from the palace won;
And ev'ry rose and lily there did stand,
Better attir'd by Nature's hand.
The case thus judg'd against the king we see,
By one that would not be so rich, though wiser far
than he.

VIII.

Nor does this happy place only dispense
Such various pleasures to the sense:
Here Health itself does line,
That salt of life which does to all a relish give,
Its standing pleasure and intrinsic wealth,
The body's virtues, and the soul's good fortune, health.
The tree of Life, when it in Eden stood,
Did fruits and cordial leaves to heaven rear,
Did like a tall cedar till the flood;
Now stunted like the rosemary shrub it does appear,
Nor will it thrive elsewhere, ev'ry where:
Here it does fruits of freshest season;
The only herb or evergreen.

If through the strong and beauteous fence
Of temperance and innocence,
And wholesome labours, and a quiet mind,
Any diseases passage find,
They must not think here to assail
A land unarm'd, or without a guard:
They must fight for it, and dispute it hard,
Before they can prevail:
Scarce any plant is growing here
Which against death some weapon does not bear.
Let cities boast that they provide
For life, the ornaments of pride;
But 'tis the country and the field
That furnish it with staff and shield.

IX.

Where does the wisdom and the pow'r divine
In a more bright and sweet reflection shine?
Where do we finer strokes and colours see
Of the Creator's real poetry,
Than when we with attention look
Upon the third day's volume of the book?
If we could open and extend our eye,
We all, like Moses, should espy
Ev'n in a bush, the radiant Deity:
But we despise these his inferior ways.
(Though no less full of miracle and praise)
Upon the flow'rs of heav'n we gaze;
The stars of earth no wonder in us raise,
Though these, perhaps, do more than they,
The life of mankind sway:
Although no part of mighty Nature be
More stor'd with beauty, pow'r, and mystery;
Yet, to encourage human industry,
God, has so order'd, that no other part
Such space and such dominion leaves for art.

X.

We no where Art do so triumphant see,
As when it grafts or buds the tree:
In other things we count it to excel,
If it a docile scholar can appear
To Nature, and but imitate her well;
It overrules, and is her master here:

It imitates her Maker's power divine,
And changes her sometimes, and sometimes does refine.
It does, like grace, the fallen tree restore
To it's bless'd state of Paradise before.
Who would not joy to see his conqu'ring hand
O'er all the vegetable world command?
And the wild giants of the wood receive
What law he's pleas'd to give?
He bids th' ill-natur'd crab produce
The gentler apple's winy juice,
The golden fruit that worthy is
Of Galatea's purple kiss:
He does the savage hawthorn teach
To bear the medlar and the pear;
He bids the rustic plum to rear
A noble trunk, and be a peach;
Ev'n Daphne's coyness he does mock,
And weds the cherry to her stock,
Though she refus'd Apollo's suit;
Ev'n she, that chaste and virgin tree,
Now wonders at herself, to see
That she's a mother made, and blushes in her fruit.

XI.

Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made:
I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambassadors, who come in vain
T' entice him to a throne again.
If I, my Friends! (said he) should to you shew
All the delights which in these gardens grow,
'Tis likelier much that you should with me stay,
Than tis that you should carry me away:
And trust me not, my Friends! if ev'ry day
I walk not here with more delight
Than ever, after the most happy sight,
In triumph to the Capitol I rode,
To thank the gods, and to be thought myself almost
a god.

OF AVARICE.

And, oh! what man's condition can be worse
Than his, whom plenty starves and blessings curse?
The beggars but a common fate deplore;
The rich poor man's emphatically poor.

I admire, Mecænas! how it comes to pass
That no man ever yet contented was,
Nor is, nor perhaps will be, with that state
In which his own choice plants him, or his Fate.
Happy the merchant, the old soldier cries:
The merchant, beaten with tempestuous skies,
Happy the soldier, one half hour to thee
Gives speedy death or glorious victory.
The lawyer, knock'd up early from his rest
By restless clients, calls the peasant blessed;
The peasant, when his labours ill succeed,
Envies the mouth which only talk does feed.
'Tis not, I think you'll say, that I want store
Of instances, if here I add no more;
They are enough to reach, at least a mile
Beyond long Orator Fabius his stile.
But, hold, you whom no fortune ere endears,
Gentlemen, male-contents, and mutineers,
Who bounteous Jove so often cruel call,
Behold Jove's now resolv'd to please you all.
Thou, soldier, be a merchant; merchant, thou
A soldier be; and lawyer, to the plough.
Change all their stations straight; why do they stay?
The devil a man will change now when he may.
Were I in General Jove's abused case,
By Jove I'd cudgel this rebellious race:
But he's too good. Be all then as you were,
However, make the best of what you are,
And 'tis in that state be cheerful and rejoice,
Which either was your fate, or was your choice.
No; they must labour yet, and sweat, and toil,
And very miserable be awhile;

But 'tis with a design only to gain
What may their age with plenteous ease maintain;
The prudent pismire does this lesson teach,
And industry to lazy mankind preach:
The little drudge does trot about and sweat,
Nor does he straight devour all he can get,
But in his temp'rate mouth carries it home,
A stock for winter, which he knows must come;
And when the rolling world to creatures here
Turns up the deform'd wrong side of the year,
And shuts him in with storms, and cold, and wet,
He cheerfully does his past labours eat.
O, does he so? your wise example, th' ant,
Does not at all times rest and plenty want;
But weighing justly a mortal ant's condition,
Divides his life 'twixt labour and fruition.
Thee, neither heat, nor storms, nor wet, nor cold,
From thy unnatural diligence can withhold:
To th' Indies thou wouldst run, rather than see
Another, though a friend, richer than thee.
Fond Man! what good or beauty can be found
In heaps of treasure bury'd under ground?
Which rather than diminish'd ere to see,
Thou wouldst thyself, too, bury'd with them be.
And what's the diff'rence? Is it not quite as bad
Never to use, as never to have had?
In thy vast barns millions of quarters store,
Thy belly, for all that, will hold no more
Than mine does. Ev'ry baker makes much bread:
What then? he's with no more than others fed.
Do you within the bounds of nature live,
And to augment your own you need not strive.
One barren'd acres will no less for you
Your life's whole business than ten thousand do.
But pleasant 'tis to take from a great store.
What, Man! though you're resolv'd to take no more
Than I do from a small one? If your will
Be but a pitcher or a pot to fill,
To some great river for it must you go,
When a clear spring just at your feet does flow?
Give me the spring which does to human use
Safe, easy, and unfrontided store produce:

He who scorns these, and needs will drink at Nile
Must run the danger of the crocodile,
And of the rapid stream itself, which may
At unawares bear him, perhaps, away.
In a full flood Tantalus stands, his skin
Wash'd o'er in vain for ever dry within;
He catches at the stream with greedy lips,
From his touch'd mouth the wanton torrent slips.
You laugh, now, and expand your careful brow;
'Tis finely said, but what's all this to you?
Change but the name, this fable is thy story;
Thou in a flood of useless wealth dost glory,
Which thou canst only touch, but never taste;
Th' abundance still, and still the want, does last.
The treasures of the gods thou wouldst not spare,
But when they're made thine own, they sacred are,
And must be kept with reverence as if thou
No other use of precious gold didst know,
But that of curious pictures, to delight,
With the fair stamp, thy virtuoso sight.
The only true and genuine use is this,
To buy the things which Nature cannot miss
Without discomfort; oil, and vital bread,
And wine, by which the life of Life is fed,
And all those few things else by which we live;
All that remains is giv'n for thee to give.
If cares and troubles, envy, grief, and fear,
The bitter fruits be which fair Riches bear,
If a new poverty grow out of store,
The old plain way, ye Gods! let me be poor.

UPON THE SHORTNESS OF MAN'S LIFE.

Mark that swift arrow, how it cuts the air,
How it outruns thy following eye!
Use all persuasions now, and try
If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.
That way it went, but thou shalt find
No track is left behind.

II.

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou.
Of all the time thou'st shot away,
I'll bid thee fetch but yesterday,
And it shall be too hard a task to do.
Besides repentance, what canst find
That it hath left behind?

III.

Our life is carry'd with too strong a tide,
A doubtful cloud our substance bears,
And is the horse of all our years:
Each day doth on a winged whirlwind ride.
We and our glass run out, and must
Both render up our dust.

IV.

But his past life, who without grief can see,
Who never thinks his end too near,
But says to Fame, Thou art mine heir;
That man extends life's nat'ral brevity—
This is, this is the only way
To outlive Nestor in a day.

THE CHRONICLE.

I.

MARGARITA first possess'd,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

II.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine:
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

III.

Eliza, till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en:
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

IV.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

V.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptered queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

VI.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess dy'd
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

VII.

One month, three days, and half-an-hour,
Judith held the sov'reign pow'r.
Wondrous beautiful her face,
But so weak and small her wit
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

VIII.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame
And th' artillery of her eye,
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the bye.

IX.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy maid,
To whom ensu'd a vacancy.
Thousand worst passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast.
Bless me from such an anarchy!

X.

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began:
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catherine,
And then a long *et cætera*.

XI.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribands, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines:

XII.

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts,
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries!

XIII.

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Mach'avel the waitingmaid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell,
All change of weathers that befel)
Than Hollingshed or Stow.

XIV.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present empress does claim,
Heleonora! first o' the name,
Whom God grant long to reign

THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH

Upon himself, yet alive, but withdrawn from the busy world to a country life; to be supposed written on his house.

HERE, Passenger! beneath this shade,
Lies Cowley, though entomb'd, not dead,
Yet freed from human toil and strife,
And all the impertinence of life;

Who in his poverty is neat,
And even in retirement great!
With gold, the people's idol, he
Holds endless war and enmity.

Can you not say he has resign'd
His breath, to this small cell confin'd?
With this small mansion let him have
The rest and silence of the grave.

Strew roses here, as on his hearse,
And reckon this his fun'ral verse:
With wreaths of fragrant herbs adorn
The yet surviving Poet's urn.

WALLER.

Blest beyond the poet's usual lot, Edmund Waller was born to independence, which, notwithstanding the troublesome times in which he lived, he enjoyed to a very advanced age. He was the son of Robert Waller, Esq. of Buckinghamshire, by a sister of the celebrated patriot Hampden, and first saw the light in 1605.

After receiving a classical education at Eton, he was removed to King's College, Cambridge; and at the age of 18, produced his first acknowledged poem. Though rich, he increased his wealth by marrying a city heiress; but becoming a widower before he was twenty-five, he long cherished a poetical passion for lady Dorothea Sidney, daughter of the Earl of Leicester, whom he has immortalized under the name of Sacharissa. The lady, however, gave her hand to the earl of Sunderland; and Waller was afterwards united to a Miss Bresse, whom, perhaps, he would have blushed to celebrate in poetry, but with whom he enjoyed much domestic comfort, and had by her no fewer than thirteen children.

Connected as he was, it is not to be imagined that he could pass quietly through the tempestuous scenes of civil war. In fact, he was a considerable actor in them, and performed various parts. At first he opposed the court, but in a short time changed his party; and being detected in a plot against the Parliament, he saved his life by a fine of £10,000, and withdrew to France, where he lived in a style of princely luxury. At length having obtained a pardon, he returned to England, and was highly favoured by his kinsman Cromwell; whose death he laments in numbers peculiarly sweet; while with a versatility that would have condemned an ordinary man, he hailed the restoration of Charles II. in another copy of verses, which were indifferently received by that good-humoured monarch. When Charles

however bantered him on the superiority of his composition in favour of Cromwell, Waller extricated himself with great address by observing, " that poets always succeed better in *fiction* than in *truth*."

Waller was no less distinguished as a senator than as a poet. He was in parliament the greatest part of his life, and obtained the reputation of being an eloquent and able speaker. He died of the dropsy at the age of 82, and was buried at Beaconsfield, where a monument is erected to his memory, and where his descendants still have a seat.

As a poet, Waller is characterised by softness and smoothness of numbers. His compositions possess little strength, but they are generally elegant and harmonious. Indeed he was the first who gave a musical cadence to his lines, and therefore is still read with pleasure. He has none of the forced conceits of Cowley, nor the obsolete diction of Spenser. As a man he was gay, cheerful, and sociable, and could accommodate himself to the most dissimilar characters and be acceptable to all.

The estimable Mr. Anderson has observed, that the poetry of Waller, when we consider the time in which his first pieces (which are no ways inferior to his later ones) were written, displays a great elegance of taste, and a judgment almost congenially matured. One can scarcely believe, that but twenty years intervened between the last publication of Spenser, and the first of Waller; yet the former (who indeed affected the obsolete,) cannot be read without a glossary; whereas, the diction and turn of style (save a few scattered expletives) of the latter, are so entirely modern, that they seem no otherwise different, than by conveying that superior weight and energy of sentiment, which so strongly mark the character of the older poetry, and which yet promises it a longer existence than its florid but feeble offspring can hope for.

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair;
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

THE BUD.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose:
I pluck'd it though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so would flame anon.
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flow'r, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love and music too,
When Flavia it aspires to move?
When that which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

AN APOLOGY.

FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

They that never had the use
Of the grape's surprising juice,
To the first delicious cup
All their reason render up;
Neither do, nor care to know,
Whether it be best or no.

So they that are to love inclin'd,
Sway'd by chance, not choice, or art,
To the first that's fair or kind,
Make a present of their heart:
It is not she that first we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that as in th' ev'ning made,
Stars gave the first delight,
Admiring, in the gloomy shade,
Those little drops of light:
Then at Aurora, whose fair hand
Remov'd them from the skies,
He gazing tow'rd the east did stand,
She entertain'd his eyes,

But when the bright sun did appear,
All those he 'gan despise;
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher rise.
He neither might, nor wish to know
A more refulgent light;
For that, as mine your beauties now,
Employ'd his utmost sight.

THE NIGHT-PIECE:

OR, A PICTURE DRAWN IN THE DARK.

Darkness, which fairest nymphs disarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms:

Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye,
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thousand captives make.
Her speech is grac'd with sweeter sound
Than in another's song is found;
And all her well-plac'd words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.
As the bright stars and Milky Way,
Shew'd by the night, are hid by day;
So we, in that accomplish'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,
Which by the splendour of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.
While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark:
Her shining image is a light
Fix'd in our hearts, and conquers night.
Like jewels to advantage set,
Her beauty by the shade does get;
There blushes, frowns, and cold disdain,
All that our passion might restrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Presents the fair idea kind.
Yet, friended by the night, we dare
Only in whispers tell our care:
He that on her his bold hand lays
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch, they are so keen!
Wound as unshot, and she unseen.
All near approaches threaten death;
We may be shipwreck'd by her breath:
Love, favour'd once with that sweet gale,
Doubles his haste, and fills his sail,
Till he arrives where she must prove
The haven or the rock of love.
So we th' Arabian coast do know
At distance, when the spices blow;
By the rich odour taught to steer,
Tho' neither day nor stars appear.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

Poets may boast, as safely vain,
Their works shall with the world remain:
Both bound together live or die,
The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long
Last in a daily changing tongue?
While they are new, envy prevails,
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art:
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well built palace down.

Poets, that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin or in Greek:
We write in sand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer, his sense can only boast,
The glory of his numbers lost!
Years have defac'd his matchless strain,
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
The shining subjects of his page,
Hoping they should immortal prove,
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the gen'rous poet's scope,
And all an English pen can hope,
To make the fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty, if it prove
But as long-liv'd as present love.

THE BATTLE OF THE SUMMER ISLANDS.

CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how Heav'n smiles
Upon those late discover'd isles!

Aid me, Bellona! while the dreadful fight
Betwixt a nation and two whales I write.
Seas stain'd with gore I sing, advent'rous style!
And how these monsters did disarm an isle.
Bermuda, wall'd with rocks, who does not know?
That happy island where huge lemons grow,
And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
Th' Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair;
Where shining pearl, and coral, many a pound,
On the rich shore, of ambergris is found.
The lofty cedar, which to heav'n aspires,
The prince of trees! his fuel for their fires:
The smoke by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might on sacred altars burn:
Their private roofs on od'rous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for kings adorn.
The sweet palmettos a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield,
Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
They sit carousing where their liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans shew,
With the rare fruit, inviting them to spoil
Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But, as some constant seasons, ev'ry year
Their barren tops with luscious food abound,
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
To English landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould that the blest tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.

With candy'd plantains and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons and sweet grapes they dine,
And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.
Nature these cates with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them, that our coarser land
Tastes of that bounty, and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn:
For the kind spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live;
At once they promise what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heav'n sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
To shew how all things were created first.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd,
Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste;
There a small grain in some few months will be
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.
The palma-christi, and the fair papà
Now but a seed, (preventing Nature's law)
In half the circle of the hasty year
Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear.
And as their trees, in our dull region set,
But faintly grow, and no perfection get,
So in this northern track our hoarser throats
Utter unripe and ill-constrained notes,
While the supporter of the poets' style,
Phœbus, on them eternally does smile.
Oh! how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under the plantain's shade, and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain,
Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!
No passion there in my free breast should move,
None but the sweet and best of passions, love.
There while I sing, if gentle Love be by,
That tunes my lute, and winds the string so high,
With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name
I'll make the list'ning savages grow tame——
But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

CANTO II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes
Discover'd were, this Canto shews.

THO' rocks so high about this island rise,
That well they may the num'rous Turk despise,
Yet is no human fate exempt from fear,
Which shakes their hearts, while through the isle they hear
A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes before it breaks the cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur e'er they know
From what blind cause th' unwonted sound may grow;
At length two monsters of unequal size,
Hard by the shore, a fisherman espies;
Two mighty whales! which swelling seas had tost,
And left them pris'ners on the rocky coast;
One as a monntain vast, and with her came
A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
Here in a pool, among the rocks engag'd,
They roar'd, like lions caught in toils, and rag'd.
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lie murder'd on the shore;
By the wild fury of some tempest cast,
The fate of ships, and shipwreck'd men, to taste.
As careless dames, whom wine and sleep betray
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay;
So there sometimes the raging ocean fails,
And her own brood exposes; when the whales
Against sharp rocks, like reeling vessels quash'd,
Though huge as mountains, are in pieces dash'd:
Along the shore their dreadful limbs lie scatter'd,
Like hills with earthquakes shaken, torn, and shatter'd.
Hearts, sure, of brass they had who tempted first
Rude seas, that spare not what themselves have nurst.
The welcome news through all the nations spread,
To soldan joy and hope converts their dread:
What lately was their public terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey;
Dispose already of th' untaken spoil,
And, as the purchase of their future toil,
These share the bones, and they divide the oil.

So was the huntsman by the bear oppress'd,
Whose hide he sold—before he caught the beast!
They man their boats, and all their young men arm
With whatsoever may the monsters harm;
Pikes, halberts, spits, and darts that wound so far,
The tools of peace, and instruments of war.
Now was the time for vig'rous lads to shew
What love or honour could invite them to:
A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
With rev'rend age and lovely lasses crown'd.
Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair
Within the bounds of noble Warwick's share;
Warwick's bold Earl! than which no title bears
A greater sound among our British peers;
And worthy he the mem'ry to renew,
The fate and honour to that title due,
Whose brave adventurers have transferr'd his name.
And through the new world spread his growing fame.—
But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

The bloody fight, successless toil,
And how the fishes sack'd the isle.

The boat which on the first assault did go,
Strook with a harping-ir'n the younger foe;
Who, when he felt his side so rudely gor'd,
Loud as the sea that nourish'd him he roar'd.
As a broad bream, to please some curious taste,
While yet alive, in boiling water cast,
Vex'd with unwonted heat he flings about
The scorching brass, and hurls the liquor out;
So with the barbed jav'lin stung, he raves,
And scourges with his tail the suff'ring waves.
Like Spenser's Talus with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his pond'rous tail;
Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat;
With ev'ry fierce encounter they are forc'd
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.
The bigger whale like some huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth sea-room with her foes to play:

Slowly she swims, and when provok'd, she woul'd
Advance her tail, her head salutes the mud .
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous swinge:
The shining steel her tender sides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.
This sees the cub, and does himself oppose
Betwixt his cumber'd mother and her foes:
With desp'rate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tail confounds.
Their forces join'd, the seas with billows fill,
And make a tempest though the winds be still.
Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content, and wish this cub away:
Their wish they have: he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap through which they thither came)
Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake,
A pris'ner there but for his mother's sake.
She by the rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
They shout for joy! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.
Their lances spent, one, bolder than the rest,
With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast;
Her oily side devours both blade and haft.
And there his steel the bold Bermudan left.
Courage the rest from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the lake:
Blood flows in rivers from her wounded side,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,
And rise the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal streight.
She swims in blood, and blood does spouting throw
To heav'n, that heav'n men's cruelties might know.
Their fixed jav'lins in her side she wears,
And on her back a grove of pikes appears;
You would have thought, had you the monster seen
Thus drest she had another island been.
Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,
As well resembled the conspiring voice
Of routed armies, when the field is won,
To reach the ears of her escaped son:

He, though a league removed from the foe,
Hastes to her aid: the pious Trojan * so,
Neglecting for Creusa's life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning town.
The men, amaz'd, blush to see the seed
Of monsters human piety exceed,
Well proves this kindness, what the Grecian sung,
That love's bright mother from the Ocean sprung.
Their courage droops, and, hopeless now, they wish
For composition with th' unconquer'd fish;
So she their weapons would restore again,
Through rocks they'd hew her passage to the main.
But how instructed in each other's mind?
Or what commerce can men with monsters find?
Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her courageous son protected so,
They charge their musquets, and, with hot desire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire;
Standing aloof, with lead they bruise the scales,
And tear the flesh of the incensed whales.
But no success their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their fort they are about to send
For the loud engines which their isle defend;
But what those pieces, fram'd to batter walls,
Would have effected on those mighty whales,
Great Neptune will not have us know, who sends
A tide so high that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much blood the monsters lost, and they their arms.

TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

Here, Cælia! for thy sake I part
With all that grew so near my heart;
The passion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the constancy!

* Æneas.

And, that I may successful prove,
Transform myself to what you love.

Fool that I was! so much to prize
Those simple virtues you despise:
Fool! that with such dull arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove:
For you, that are in motion still,
Decline our force, and mock our skill;
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Against a windmill our vain lance.

Now will I wander through the air,
Mount, make a stoop at ev'ry fair;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawless as the sea or wind)
Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal stars do travel so,
As we their names and courses know;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books;
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art: the motion us'd
By those free vapours are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd sight
Despairs to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide:
And therefore of the spacious air
Jove's royal consort had the care;
And by that pow'r did once escape,
Declining bold Ixion's rape:
She with her own resemblance, grac'd
A shining cloud, which he embrac'd.

Such was that image, so it smil'd
With seeming kindness, which beguil'd
Your Thyrsis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Cælia caught.
'Twas shap'd like her, but for the fair,
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.

A fate for which he grieves the less,
Because the gods had like success:

For in their story, one, we see,
Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree;
A second, with a lover's haste,
Soon overtakes whom he had chas'd;
But she that did a virgin seem,
Possessed, appears a wand'ring stream.
For his supposed love, a third
Lays greedy hold upon a bird,
And stands amaz'd to find his dear
A wild inhabitant of th' air!

To these old tales such nymphs as you
Give credit, and still make them new;
The am'rous now, like wonders find
In the swift changes of your mind.

But, Cælia, if you apprehend
The Muse of your incensed friend,
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the same;
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he swears he'll not complain:
For still to be deluded so,
Is all the pleasure lovers know;
Who, like good falc'ner's, take delight
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

SONG.

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shun's to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

ON THE AUTHOR'S DIVINE POEMS.

When we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to indite:
The soul with nobler resolutions deckt,
The body stooping does herself erect.
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her that, unbody'd, can her Maker praise.
The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er:
So calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.
The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

BUTLER.

CELEBRATED as Samuel Butler, the author of Hudibras, is, and probably ever will be, little is known of his life and conversation. It appears, however, that he was born at Strensham in Worcestershire, in 1612, and that his father, a small farmer, sent him to the grammar school of Worcester, from whence it is supposed that he removed for a short time to Cambridge.

The narrowness of his circumstances, however, soon obliged him to return home, when he became a clerk to a justice of the peace in his native county; and this easy situation not only improved him in general literature, but also in music and painting. He was afterwards admitted into the family of the countess of Kent, where he became acquainted with the great Selden; and owing to the fickleness of his destiny, was next employed by Sir Samuel Lake, one of Cromwell's principal officers. From an insight into some characters which now fell under his notice, he is here said to have conceived, and partly executed his inimitable poem, the first portion of which was published in 1663.

On the restoration, Butler became secretary to the Earl of Carberry, president of Wales, and was made steward of Ludlow Castle. At this period, he married a lady of family and some fortune; but it seems he was little benefitted by either. He was equally unfortunate in all his connections and undertakings. Though the king quoted, the courtiers studied, and every royalist applauded his Hudibras, he received no substantial recompence for his talents and exertions. Like Cervantes, another original genius of the same stamp, he was uni-

versally admired, but suffered to languish in indigence and obscurity

The genius of Butler, however, rose for a time superior to neglect. He published a second, and in 1678 a third part of his poem, but still left the plan imperfect; nor is it possible to conjecture how far he would have extended it, under more propitious circumstances. Unfinished as it is, Hudibras is one of the most splendid monuments of genius, wit, and learning, that the English language can boast; but is too local in its general objects and too obsolete in its political allusions for selection.

Butler died in 1680, at the age of 78, and was privately buried in Covent Garden church-yard, at the expense of a friend, who vainly solicited a subscription to have his body interred in Westminster Abbey. Sixty years afterwards, however, a monument was erected in that sacred pile to his memory, by an Alderman of London. Like many other authors of celebrity, he "wanted bread, and they gave him a stone."

His minor poems, of which we have given some specimens, are all replete with wit, and bespeak an original mind. Satire was his *forte*, and indignation gave it edge. It is impossible for genius to think well of a world that uses it ill!

SATIRE

UPON GAMING.

What fool would trouble Fortune more,
When she had been too kind before;
Or tempt her to take back again
What she had thrown away in vain,
By idly vent'ring her good graces
To be dispos'd of by ames-aces;
Or settling it in trust to uses
Out of his pow'r, on trays and deuces;
To put it to the chance and try,
I' th' ballot of a box and dye,
Whether his money be his own,
And lose it if he be o'erthrown;
As if he were betray'd and set
By his own stars to ev'ry cheat,
Or wretchedly condemn'd by Fate
To throw dice for his own estate;
As mutineers, by fatal doom,
Do for their lives upon a drum?
For what less influence can produce
So great a monster as a chouse,
Or any two-legged thing possess
With such a brutish sottishness?
Unless those tutelary stars,
Intrusted by astrologers
To have the charge of man, combin'd
To use him in the self-same kind;
As those that help'd them to the trust,
Are wont to deal with others just.
For to become so sadly dull
And stupid, as to fine for gull,
(Not as, in cities, to b' excus'd,
But to be judg'd fit to be us'd)
That whosoe'er can draw it in
Is sure inevitably t' win,
And, with a curs'd half-witted fate,
To grow more dully desperate,

The more 'tis made a common prey,
And cheated foppishly at play,
Is their condition, Fate betrays
To Folly first, and then destroys.
For what but miracles can serve
So great a madness to preserve,
As his, that ventures goods and chattels
(Where there's no quarter giv'n) in battles,
And fights with moneybags as bold,
As men with sandbags did of old;
Puts lands, and tenements, and stocks,
Into a paltry juggler's box;
And, like an alderman of Gotham,
Embarketh in so vile a bottom;
Engages blind and senseless hap
'Gainst high, and low, and slur, and knap,
(As Tartars with a man of straw
Encounter lions hand to paw)
With those that never venture more
Than they'ad safely' ensur'd before;
Who, when they knock the box, and shake,
Do, like the Indian rattlesnake,
But strive to ruin and destroy
Those that mistake it for fair play;
That have their fulhams at command,
Brought up to do their feats at hand;
That understand their calls and knocks,
And how to place themselves i' th' box;
Can tell the oddses of all games,
And when to answer to their names;
And, when he conjures them t' appear,
Like imps are ready ev'ry where;
When to play foul, and when run fair
(Out of design) upon the square,
And let the greedy cully win,
Only to draw him further in;
While those with which he idly plays
Have no regard to what he says.
Although he jernie and blaspheme,
When they miscarry, heav'n and them,
And damn his soul, and swear, and curse.
And crucify his Saviour worse

Than those Jew-troopers that threw out,
When they were raffling for his coat;
Denounce revenge, as if they heard,
And rightly understood and fear'd,
And wou'd take heed another time
How to commit so bold a crime;
When the poor bones are innocent
Of all he did, or said, or meant,
And have as little sense, almost,
As he that damns them when he 'as lost;
As if he had rely'd upon
Their judgment rather than his own;
And that it were their fault, not his,
That manag'd them himself amiss,
And gave them ill instructions how
To run, as he wou'd have them do,
And then condemns them sillily
For having no more wit than he?

SATIRE

ON OUR RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.*

WHO wou'd not rather get him gone
Beyond th' intolerable zone,
Or steer his passage through those seas
That burn in flames, or those that freeze,
Than see one nation go to school,
And learn of another like a fool?
To study all its tricks and fashions
With epidemic affectations,
And dare to wear no mode or dress
But what they in their wisdom please;
As monkies are, by being taught
To put on gloves and stockings, caught;

* The object of this satire was that extravagant and ridiculous imitation of the French which prevailed in Charles II.'s reign.

Submit to all that they devise,
As if it wore their liveries;
Make ready' and dress the imagination,
Not with the clothes, but with the fashion;
And change it, to fulfil the curse
Of Adam's fall, for new, though worse;
To make their breeches fall and rise
From middle legs to middle thighs,
The tropics between which the hose
Move always as the fashion goes;
Sometims wear hats like pyramids,
And sometimes flat, like pipkins' lids;
With broad brims, sometimes, like umbrellas,
And sometimes narrow' as Punchinello's;
In coldest weather go unbrac'd,
And close in hot, as if th' were lac'd;
Sometimes with sleeves and bodies wide,
And sometimes straiter than a hide:
Wear peruques, and with false grey hairs
Disguise the true ones, and their years;
That, when they're modish with the young
The old may seem so in the throng;
And as some pupils have been known,
In time to put their tutors down,
So ours are often found to 've got
More tricks than ever they were taught.
With sly intrigues and artifices
Usurp their poxes and their vices:
With garnitures upon their shoes,
Make good their claim to gouty toes;
By sudden starts, and shrugs, and groans,
Pretend to aches in their bones,
To scabs and botches, and lay trains
To prove their running of their reins;
And, lest they shou'd seem destitute
Of any mange that's in repute,
And be behind hand with the mode
Will swear to crystallin and node;
And, that they may not lose their right,
Make it appear how they came by 't:
Disdain the country where th' were born,
As bastards their own mothers scorn,

And that which brought them forth contemn,
As it diserves for bearing them;
Admire whate'er they find abroad,
But nothing here, though e'er so good;
Be natives wheresoe'er they come,
And only foreigners at home;
To which th' appear so far estrang'd,
As if they 'ad been i' th' cradle chang'd,
Or from beyond the seas convey'd
By witches—not born here, but laid;
Or by outlandish fathers were
Begotten on their mothers here,
And therefore justly slight that nation
Where they 've so mongrel a relation;
And seek out other climates, where
They may degen'rate less than here;
As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,
Borne on the wind's wings and their own,
Forsake the countries where they 're hatch'd,
And seek out others to be catch'd;
So they more nat'rally may please
And humour their own geniuses,
Apply to all things which they see
With their own fancies best agree;
No matter how ridiculous,
'Tis all one if it be in use;
For nothing can be bad or good,
But as 'tis in or out of mode;
And as the nations are that use it,
All ought to practice or refuse it;
T' observe their postures, move and stand,
As they give out the word o' command;
To learn the dullest of their whims,
And how to wear their very limbs;
To turn and manage ev'ry part,
Like puppets, by their rules of art;
To shrug discreetly, act, and tread,
And politicly shake the head,
Until the ignorant (that guess
At all things by th' appearances)
To see how Art and Nature strive,
Believe them really alive,

And that they're very men, not things
That move by puppet-work and springs;
When truly all their feats have been
As well perform'd by motion-men,
And the worst drolls of Punchinello's
Were much th' ingeniouser fellows;
For when they're perfect in their lesson,
Th' hypothesis grows out of season,
And, all their labour lost, they're fain
To learn anew, and begin again;
To talk eternally and loud,
And altogether in a crowd,
No matter what; for in the noise
No man minds what another says:
T' assume a confidence beyond
Mankind, for solid and profound.
And still the less and less they know,
The greater dose of that allow:
Decry all things; for to be wise
Is not to know but to despise;
And deep judicious confidence
Has still the odds of wit and sense.
And can pretend a title to
Far greater things than they can do:
To jernie rightly, and renounce
I' th' pure and most approv'd of tones,
And, while they idly think t'enrich,
Adulterate their native speech:
For though to smatter ends of Greek
Or Latin be the rhetoric
Of pedants counted, and vainglorious,
To smatter French is meritorious:
And to forget their mother-tongue,
Or purposely to speak it wrong,
A hopeful sign of parts and wit,
And that they improve and benefit:
As those that have been taught amiss
In lib'ral arts and sciences,
Must all they'd learnt before in vain
Forget quite, and begin again.

SATIRE

UPON DRUNKENNESS.

'Tis pity wine, which Nature meant
To man in kindness to present,
And gave him kindly to caress
And cherish his frail happiness,
Of equal virtue to renew
His weary'd mind and body too,
Shou'd (like the cyder-tree in Eden,
Which only grew to be forbidden)
No sooner come to be enjoy'd,
But th' owner's fatally destroy'd;
And that which she for good design'd,
Becomes the ruin of mankind,
That for a little vain excess
Runs out all its happiness,
And makes the friend of Truth and Love
Their greatest adversary prove;
T' abuse a blessing she bestow'd
So truly esentially to his good,
To countervail his pensive cares,
And slavish drudgery of affairs;
To teach him judgment, wit, and sense,
And, more than all these, confidence;
To pass his times of recreation
In choice and noble conversation,
Catch truth and reason unawares,
As men do health in wholesome airs;
(While fools their conversants possess
As unawares with sottishness)
To gain access a private way
To man's best sense, by its own key,
Which painful judgers strive in vain
By any other course t' obtain;
To pull off all disguise, and view
Things as they're natural and true;
Discover fools and knaves, allow'd
For wise and honest in the crowd;

With innocent and virtuous sport
Make short days long, and long nights short,
And mirth the only antidote
Against diseases e'er they're got,
To save health harmless from th' access
Both of the med'cine and disease;
Or make it help itself, secure
Against the desperat'st fit, the cure.
All these sublime prerogatives
Of happiness to human lives,
He vainly throws away, and slights
For madness, noise, and bloody fights;
When nothing can decide, but swords
And pots, the right or wrong of words,
Like princes' titles; and he's outed
The justice of his cause that's routed.
No sooner has a charge been sounded
With—*Son of a whore*, and *Damn'd confounded*,
And the bold signal giv'n, the *lie*,
But instantly the bottles fly,
Where cups and glasses are small shot,
And cannon-ball a pewter-pot:
That blood, that's hardly in the vein,
Is now remanded back again;
Though sprung from wine of the same piece,
And near akin, within degrees,
Strives to commit assassinations
On its own natural relations;
And those twin-spirits, so kind-hearted,
That from their friends so lately parted,
No sooner several ways are gone,
But by themselves are set upon,
Surpris'd like brother against brother,
And put to th' sword by one another:
So much more fierce are civil wars,
Than those between mere foreigners:
And man himself, with wine possest,
More savage than the wildest beast.
For serpents, when they meet to water,
Lay by their poison and their nature;

And fiercest creatures, that repair
In thirsty deserts, to their rare
And distant rivers' banks, to drink.
In love and close alliance link,
And, from their mixture of strange seeds,
Produce new, never-heard-of breeds,
To whom the fiercer unicorn
Begins a large health with his horn;
As cuckolds put their antidotes,
When they drink coffee, into th' pots:
While man, with raging drink inflam'd,
Is far more savage and untam'd;
Supplies his loss of wit and sense
With barb'rousness and insolence;
Believes himself, the less he's able,
The more heroic and formidable;
Lays by his reason in his bowls,
As Turks are said to do their souls.
Until it has so often been
Shut out of its lodging, and let in,
At length it never can attain
To find the right way back again;
Drinks all his time away, and prunes
The end of 's life, as vignerons
Cut short the branches of a vine,
To make it bear more plenty o' wine.
And that which nature did intend
T' enlarge his life perverts t' its end.
So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore
Were on the new world set ashore,
He made it next his chief design
To plant and propagate a vine,
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done.

DENHAM.

Of Sir John Denham, little is accurately known. He was born in Dublin in 1615, and was the only son of Sir John Denham, of Little Horsely, in Essex, some time chief baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. He was brought to England in his infancy, and after receiving a classical education, was entered a gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Oxford, where he was considered as "a dreaming young man, given more to cards and dice than study." At Lincoln's Inn, to which he removed, he seems to have had the same propensity to gaming; but being menaced by his father, he wrote against that detestable vice, without, however, discontinuing its practice.

The tragedy of Sophy, which appeared in 1641, gained him some credit; and two years after, having retired to Oxford, he produced his incomparable Cooper's Hill, which fixed his poetic reputation on a solid basis. It is the original model of descriptive poetry, a species of composition that must please as long as nature, which it delineates, is admired and adored.

During the civil wars, Sir John Denham was a decided loyalist, and was employed in many hazardous and confidential trusts, which he discharged with zeal and address. He resided some time in France, in the train of exiled royalty, and occasionally amused the melancholy of his master and attendants by his poetic effusions.

He returned to England in 1652, and his estate being sold by order of parliament, he was glad to accept the hospitality of the earl of Pembroke at Wilton. On the restoration, he was made surveyor

of the king's buildings, and dignified with the order of the Bath.

Basking now in the sunshine of court favour, he amused his leisure hours by writing verses, and a second time entered into the bonds of wedlock. But the lady on whom he had fixed his affections, by her ill temper, too often clouded his domestic happiness; and this preyed so strongly on his mind, that he lost the use of his reason. This alienation of mind, however, was only temporary; and it appears that he afterwards enjoyed his faculties entire; for subsequent to this dreadful visitation of Providence, he produced his excellent poem on the death of Cowley, whom he did not long survive.

He died in March, 1668, at his office near Whitehall, which himself had built, and was interred in Westminster Abbey near Chaucer, Spenser, and Cowley, the last of whom was his intimate friend.

The reputation of Denham, at this period, rests chiefly on his Cooper's Hill. If in his youth he was addicted to the follies and indiscretions incident to that period of life, in his maturer years he seems to have relinquished every vice, to have done honour to religion and virtue, and to have closed his days with pious composure, amidst the supports of Christian hope and faith.

COOPER'S HILL.

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those;
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort,
Parnassus stands, if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder if advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye;
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud;
Paul's the late theme of such a Muse,* whose flight
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height;
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time or fire,
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
Whose state and wealth, the bus'ness and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems;
Where, with like haste, though several ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;

* Waller.

As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh! happiness of sweet retir'd content!
To be at once secure and innocent.
  Windsor the next, where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength, above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes;
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a rev'rence from the sight:
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser pow'r than Chance;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if t'were meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
The god's great mother, when her heav'nly race
Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast,
Among that num'rous and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor: nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish C'nute;
(Though this of old no less contest did move
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove)
(Like him in birth, thou shouldst be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those sev'ral kings to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;

But thee, great Edward! and thy greater son,*
(The Lilies which his father wore he won)
And thy Bellona, † who the consort came
Not only to thy bed but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive king, §
And brought that son which did the second § bring;
Then did thou found that order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move:)
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design has been the great success,
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
That from those kings, who then thy captives were,
In aftertimes should spring a royal pair
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour:
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for or the vanquish'd fear:
That blood which thou and thy great grandsire shed,
And all that since these sister-nations bled,
Had been unspilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
When he that patron chose in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did seem
But to foretel and prophesy of him
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd;
That bound which to the world's extremest ends,
Encircling, its liquid arms extends.
Now needless grown those emblems which we paint,
To fill the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise;
But lost in wide thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, which did of late
A seat for monarchs and for gods create,
The fam'd retirement of our banish'd state
[illegible] (May it no more in storm
Advise our times, who [illegible] must reform!)

* Edward III. † Philippa. ‡ Queen Elizabeth.
§ David King of Scotland and John King of France.

Tell me, my Muse! what monstrous dire offence,
What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? they were his own much more;
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,
Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own;
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear devotion's name.
No crime so bold but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good.
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
Thus he the church at once protects and spoils;
But princes' swords are sharper than their stiles:
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty airy contemplations dwell,
And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temp'rate region can be known
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way
Than led by a false guide to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king;
When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are?

Parting from thence twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays.
Thames! the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil;
But godlike his unweary'd bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost:
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine amongst the stars, and bathe the gods.

* The Forest.

Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight;
Though these delights from several causes move,
For so our children, thus our friends, we love);
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists;
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood,
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth * gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat;
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their dames?
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames!
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts

* Narcissus

To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd
On whose sublime and shady front is rear'd
Nature's great masterpiece, to shew how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the King, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour;
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms that more than all he fears is true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His wings, his heels, and then his armed head;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet;
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent:
Then tries his friends: among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence or from him flies.
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,

Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own,
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge, and his clashing beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight;
But when he sees the eager chace renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art, avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desperate to essay,
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst: alas! they thirst for blood.
So 'wards a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag; among th' enraged hounds
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds:
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the King a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,

Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursu'd,* and meant a prey
To lawless Power, here turn'd, and stood at bay;
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that charter seal'd wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down;
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave;
Till kings, by giving, give themselves away,
And ev'n that power that should deny betray.
"Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
"Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils."
Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure;
But with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First to a torrent, then a deluge, swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his shores.

* Runny Mead, where the Magna Charta was first seal'd.

FRIENDSHIP AND SINGLE LIFE;

AGAINST

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

I.

Love! in what poison is thy dart
Dipp'd when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know but they who feel the smart.

II.

It is not thou but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes, we find,
Dazzle the optics of our mind.

III.

Love to our citadel resorts;
Through those deceitful sallyports
Our sentinels betray our forts.

IV.

What subtle witchcraft man constrains
To change his pleasure into pains,
And all his freedom into chains;

V.

May not a prison, or a grave,
Like wedlock, honour's title have?
That word makes free-born man a slave.

VI.

How happy he that loves not lives!
Him neither hope nor fear deceives
To Fortune who no hostage gives.

VII.

How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneasy, finds at Rome,
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

VIII.

Secure from low and private ends,
His life, his zeal, his wealth, attends
His prince, his country, and his friends.

IX.

Danger and honour are his joy;
But a fond wife or wanton boy
May all those gen'rous thoughts destroy.

X.

Then he lays by the public care,
Thinks of providing for an heir;
Learns how to get, and how to spare.

XI.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight:

XII.

Though still his foes in number grew,
Thicker their darts and arrows flew,
Yet left alone no fear he knew.

XIII.

But Death in all her forms appears,
From ev'ry thing he sees and hears,
For whom he leads and whom he bears. *

XIV.

Love, making all things else his foes,
Like a fierce torrent overflows
Whatever doth his course oppose.

XV.

This was the cause, the poets sung,
Thy mother from the sea was sprung;
And they were mad to make thee young.

XVI.

Her father, not her son, art thou:
From our desires our actions grow;
And from the cause th' effect must flow.

XVII.

Love is as old as place or time;
Those he the first tree did climb,
Or ate of Father Adam's crime.

* Hunter and lion.

XVIII.

Well may'st thou keep this world in awe;
Religion, wisdom, honour, law,
Thy tyrant in his triumph draw.

XIX.

'Tis he commands the powers above;
Phœbus resigns his darts, and Jove
His thunder, to the god of Love.

XX.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield;
Nor Mars (her champion) his flaming shield
Guards him, when Cupid takes the field.

XXI.

He clips Hope's wings, whose airy bliss
Much higher than fruition is,
But less than nothing, if it miss.

XXII.

When matches love alone projects,
The cause transcending the effects,
That wildfire's quench'd in cold neglects:

XXIII.

Whilst those conjunctions prove the best
Where Love's of blindness dispossest
By perspectives of interest.

XXIV.

Though Sol'mon with a thousand wives
To get a wise successor strives,
But one, and he a fool, survives.

XXV.

Old Rome of children took no care;
They with their friends their beds did share,
Secure t' adopt a hopeful heir.

XXVI.

Love drowsy days and stormy nights
Makes, and breaks friendship, whose delights
Feed, but not glut, our appetites.

XXVII.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

XXVIII.

But when th' unlucky knot we tie,
Care, av'rice, fear, and jealousy,
Make friendship languish till it die.

XXIX.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themselves forbear:

XXX.

Yet tim'rous deer and harmless sheep,
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of Nature cease to keep.

XXXI.

Who then can blame the am'rous boy,
Who, the fair Helen to enjoy,
To quench his own, set fire on Troy?

XXXII.

Such is the world's prepost'rous fate.
Amongst all creatures mortal hate
Love (though immortal) doth create.

XXXIII.

But Love may beasts excuse, for they
Their actions not by reason sway,
But their brute appetites obey.

XXXIV.

But man's, that savage beast, whose mind,
From reason to self-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind.

DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN "the great high priest of all the nine," was born at Aldwincle in Northamptonshire, August 9, 1631. Being of a good family, which had long been seated at Canons Ashby in the same county, every attention was paid to his education; and he had the advantage of being brought up under Dr. Busby at Westminster school, where he distinguished himself by some very promising verses.

In 1650, he became a student of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took a bachelor's degree, and occasionally produced fugitive poems, which gave him the reputation of a rising poet, formed for higher flights.

In 1663 he commenced dramatic writer, and composed in all twenty eight plays, of various merit. Few of them now retain possession of the stage; yet from the heterogeneous mass of which they are formed, much precious ore might be extracted. Like all his other writings, they bear evident proofs of genius. His prefaces are all valuable pieces of dramatic criticism; while his dedications shew that he penned them in the prospect of a fee, and sacrificed rather to Plutus than Apollo.

In 1681 appeared that celebrated political satire entitled Absalom and Achitophel, and next year his Religio Laici. Both these pieces have lost much of their original interest, as must ever be the case with temporary topics; but as the works of Dryden, they will never be wholly neglected.

So multifarious are his compositions, that we can neither attempt to enumerate or characterise them.

Had he written nothing but the Ode to St. Cecilia's Day, his name would have been immortal: "it exhibits," says Johnson, "the highest flight of fancy, and the exactest nicety of art."

On the death of Charles II. to whom he had been poet laureat, he wrote his Threnodia Augustalis; and probably with a political rather than a religious view, on the accession of James II. he professed himself a catholic, and produced his Hind and Panther, as the first fruits of proselytism. It is almost needless to remark, that with the new convert, the Hind is the Church of Rome, and the Panther, or spotted beast, the Church of England.

On the revolution he lost the laurel; but the earl of Dorset, the Mæcenas of that age, continued his pension from his own private fortune.

At the age of 66, Dryden translated Virgil, and for spirit, energy, and passion, comes nearest to the Mantuan bard, of any who have attempted him in our language.

Poets, from the natural enthusiasm of their dispositions, are frequently tinctured with superstition. Dryden was a believer in judicial astrology; and, if we may believe some of his biographers, cast the nativity of his sons with a remarkable degree of truth, though the belief must have distressed him.

He died May 1, 1701; and according to Congreve, who knew him well, his character was not only blameless, but extremely amiable. His reputation as a poet is established on a basis that cannot be shaken.

ON THE DEATH OF A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

He who could wiew the book of destiny,
And read whatever there was writ of thee,
O charming youth, in the first opening page,
So many graces in so green an age,
Such wit, such modesty, such strength of mind,
A soul at once so manly, and so kind,
Would wonder, when he turn'd the volume o'er,
And after some new leaves should find no more,
Nought but a blank remain, a dead void space,
A step of life that promis'd such a race.
We must not, dare not think, that heaven began
A child, and could not finish him a man,
Reflecting what a mighty store was laid
Of rich materials, and a model made:
The cost already furnish'd; so bestow'd,
As more was never to one soul allow'd:
Yet, after this profusion spent in vain,
Nothing but mouldering ashes to remain,
I guess not, lest I split upon the shelf;
Yet, durst I guess, heaven kept it for himself;
And giving us the use, did soon recal,
Ere we could spare, the mighty principal.
Thus then he disappear'd, was rarify'd;
For 'tis improper speech to say he dy'd:
He was exhal'd; his great Creator drew
His spirit, as the sun the morning dew.
'Tis sin produces death; and he had none
But the taint Adam left on every son.
He added not, he was so pure, so good,
'Twas but th' original forfeit of his blood:
And that so little, that the river ran
More clear than the corrupted fount began.
Nothing remain'd of the first muddy clay:
The length of course had wash'd it in the way:
So deep, and yet so clear, we might behold
The gravel bottom, and that bottom gold.

As such we lov'd, admir'd, almost ador'd,
Gave all the tribute mortals could afford,
Perhaps we gave so much, the powers above
Grew angy at our superstitious love:
For when we more than human homage pay,
The charming cause is justly snatch'd away.
Thus was the crime not his, but ours alone:
And yet we murmur that he went so soon;
Though miracles are short and rarely shewn;
Hear then, ye mournful parents, and divide
That love in many, which in one was ty'd.
That individual blessing is no more,
But multiply'd in your remaining store.
The flame's dispers'd, but does not all expire;
The sparkles blaze, though not the globe of fire.
Love him by parts, in all your numerous race,
And from those parts form one collected grace;
Then, when you have refin'd to that degree,
Imagine all in one, and think that one is he.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

1.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

II.

What passion cannot music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His list'ning brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

III.

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful dame.

VI.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia rais'd the wonder higher:

When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appear'd
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays,
The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the bless'd above;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.

ON THE MONUMENT OF A

FAIR MAIDEN LADY,

WHO DIED AT BATH, AND IS THERE INTERRED.

Below this marble monument is laid
All that heaven wants of this celestial maid.
Preserve, O sacred tomb, thy trust consign'd;
The mould was made on purpose for the mind:
And she would lose, if, at the latter day,
One atom could be mix'd of other clay.
Such were the features of her heavenly face,
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace:
So faultless was the frame, as if the whole
Had been an emanation of the soul;
Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd;
And like a picture shone, in glass anneal'd.
Or like the sun eclips'd, with shaded light:
Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by sight.
Each thought was visible that roll'd within:
As through a crystal case the figur'd hours are seen.
And heaven did this transparent veil provide,
Because she had no guilty thought to hide.

All white, a virgin-saint, she sought the skies:
For marriage, though it sullies not, it dies.
High though her wit, yet humble was her mind:
As if she could not, or she would not find
How much her worth transcended all her kind.
Yet she had learn'd so much of heav'n below,
That when arriv'd, she scarce had more to know:
But only to refresh the former hint;
And read her Maker in a fairer print.
So pious, as she had no time to spare
For human thoughts, but was confin'd to prayer.
Yet in such charities she pass'd the day,
'Twas wondrous how she found an hour to pray.
A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,
Which passion could but curl, not discompose.
A female softness, with a manly mind:
A daughter duteous, and a sister kind:
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd.

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE.

BY

MR. DRYDEN AND THE EARL OF MULGRAVE.

How dull, and how insensible a beast
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest!
Philosophers and poets vainly strove
In every age the lumpish mass to move:
But those were pedants, when compar'd with these,
Who know not only to instruct, but please.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Mysterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; so that as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too.
Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults;
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.

In satire too the wise took different ways,
To each deserving its peculiar praise.
Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,
Whilst others laugh'd, and scorn'd them into shame.
But of these two, the last succeeded best,
As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.
Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,
And censure those who censure all besides,
In other things they justly are preferr'd:
In this alone methinks the ancients err'd;
Against the grossest follies they declaim;
Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.
Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:
Besides 'tis labour lost; for who would preach
Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach?
'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.
But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind;
That little speck which all the rest does spoil,
To wash off that would be a noble toil;
Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage;
Above all censure too, each little wit
Will be so glad to see the greater hit;
Who judging better, though concern'd the most,
Of such correction will have cause to boast.
In such a satire all would seek a share,
And every fool will fancy he is there.
Old stage-rollers too must pine and die,
To see their antiquated wit laid by;
Like [illegible], who miss'd her name in a lampoon,
And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.
No common coxcomb must be mention'd here:
Not the dull train of dancing sparks appear;
Nor fluttering officers who never fight;
Of such a wretched rabble who would write?
Much less dull wits: that's more against our rules;
For they are fops, the other are but fools.
Who would not be as silly as Dunbar?
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?

The cunning courtier should be slighted too,
Who with dull knavery make so much ado;
Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too too fast,
Like Æsop's fox becomes a prey at last.
Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,
Too ugly, or too easy, to be blam'd;
With whom each rhyming fool keeps such a pother,
They are as common that way as the other:
Yet sauntering Charles, between his beastly brace,
Meets with dissembling still in either place,
Affected humour, or a painted face.
In loyal libels we have often told him,
How one has jilted him, the other sold him:
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
But who can rail so long as he can sleep?
Was ever prince by two at once misled,
False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
Farnly and Aylesbury, with all that race
Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place;
At counsel set as foils on Dorset's score,
To make that great false jewel shine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
Only for taking pains and telling lies.
But there's no meddling with such nauseous men;
Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:
'Tis time to quit my company, and choose
Some fitter subject for a sharper muse.

First, let's behold the merriest man alive
Against his careless genius vainly strive;
Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay,
'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day:
Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be
Just as good company as Nokes and Lee.
But when he aims at reason or at rule,
He turns himself the best to ridicule,
Let him at business ne'er so earnest sit,
Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;
That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,
Though he left all mankind to be destroy'd,
So cat transform'd sat gravely and demure,
Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure;
But soon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did just as oddly fly.

Reaching above our nature does no good;
We must fall back to our old flesh and blood;
As by our little Machiavel we find
That nimblest creature of the busy kind,
His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes:
Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes.
What gravity can hold from laughing out,
To see him drag his feeble legs about,
Like hounds ill-coupled? Jowler lugs him still
Through hedges, ditches, and through all that's ill.
'Twere crime in any man but him alone
To use a body so, though 'tis one's own:
Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er;
That whilst he creep his vigorous thoughts can soar:
Alas! that soaring, to those few that know,
Is but a busy grovelling here below.
So men in rapture think they mount the sky,
Whilst on the ground th' intranced wretches lie:
So modern fops have fancy'd they would fly.
As the new earl with parts deserving praise,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,
Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune slights;
Striving against his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a busy man.
And what is that at best, but one, whose mind
Is made to tire himself and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go: faith, let him reign;
For if some odd fantastic lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other beast that lives,
Who his own harm so wittingly contrives?

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Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.
Though satire nicely writ no humour stings
But those who merit praise in other things:

Yet we must needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for folly Tropos sake;
Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
For railing smoothly, and for reasoning wrong.
As boys on holy-days, let loose to play,
Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way,
Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress
Some silly cit in her flower'd foolish dress;
So have I mighty satisfaction found,
To see his tinsel reason on the ground:
To see the florid fool despis'd, and know it,
By some who scarce have words enough to shew it:
For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
The sinner, nay sometimes the wittiest speaker:
But 'tis prodigious so much eloquence
Should be acquired by such little sense;
For words and wit did anciently agree,
And Tully was no fool, though this man be:
At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolsack, fop at council-table.
These are the grievances of such fools as would
Be rather wise than honest, great than good.

Some other kind of wits must be made known,
Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone;
Excess of luxury they think can please,
And laziness call loving of their ease:
To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign,
Though their whole life's but intermitting pain:
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Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,
And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake;
Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Marry'd, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that:
And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's mastiffs at his kindest time;
Then for one night sold all his slavish life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife;

Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill restor'd him to his liberty;
Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
Had fam'd for dulness in malicious rhymes

Mulgrave had much ado to scape the snare,
Though learn'd in all those arts that cheat the fair:
For after all his vulgar marriage mocks.
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the stocks;
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes,
To see him catch his tartar for his prize:
Th' impatient town waited the wish'd-for change,
And cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge;
Till Petworth plot made us with sorrow see,
As his estate, his person too was free:
Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move;
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there, he keeps his freedom still,
Forc'd to live happily against his will:
'Tis not his fault, if too much wealth and power
Break not his boasted quiet every hour.

And little Sid. for simile renown'd,
Pleasure has always sought but never found:
Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.
The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong,
His meat and mistresses are kept too long.
But sure we all mistake this pious man,
Who mortifies his person all he can:
What we uncharitably take for sin,
Are only rules of this odd capuchin;
For never hermit, under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common sense;
And 'tis a miracle we may suppose,
No nastiness offends his skilful nose:

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Expecting supper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night:

Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits,
Till he takes Hewit and Jack Hall for wits.
Rochester I despise for want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
For while he mischief means to all mankind,
Himself alone the ill effects does find:
And so like witches justly suffers shame,
Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
False are his words, affected is his wit;
So often he does aim, so seldom hit;
To every face he cringes while he speaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lewd in every limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him:
A proof that chance alone makes every creature,
A very Killigrew without good-nature.
For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd?
For, there's the folly that's still mixt with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear;
Of fighting sparks, some may their pleasures say,
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For every fault does prove his penance still:
Falsely he falls into some dangerous noose,
And then as meanly labours to get loose;
A life so infamous is better quitting,
Spent in base injury and low submitting.
I'd like to have left out his poetry;
Forgot by all almost, as well as me.
Sometimes he has some humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,
To find it out's the cinderwoman's trade;
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deserve no comments here:
Where one poor thought sometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dulness must atone.
How vain a thing is man, and how unwise:
Ev'n he, who would himself the most despise!

I, who so wise and humble seem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't see.
While the world's nonsense is so sharply shewn,
We pull down others but to raise our own;
That we may angels seem, we paint them elves,
And are but satires to set up our elves.
I, who have all this while been finding fault,
Ev'n with my master, who first satire taught;
And did by that describe the task so hard,
It seems stupendous and above reward;
Now labour with unequal force to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time:
'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

RELIGIO LAICI.

AN EPISTLE.

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is reason to the soul; and as on high,
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows reason at religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause, to nature's secret head;
And found that one first principle must be:
But what, or who, that universal He;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all:
Or various parts, in various climes,
[illegible]

Or this great all was from eternity;
Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see;
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he:
As blindly grop'd they for a future state;
As rashly judg'd of Providence and fate:
But least of all could their endeavours find
What most concern'd the good of human kind:
For happiness was never to be found;
But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.
One thought content the good to be enjoy'd:
This every little accident destroy'd:
The wiser madmen did for virtue toil:
A thorny, or at best a barren soil:
In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep;
But found their line too short, the well too deep;
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
How can the less the greater comprehend?
Or finite reason reach Infinity?
For what could fathom God were more than He.

The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground:
Cries εὕρηκα, the mighty secret's found:
God is that spring of good; supreme, and best;
We made to serve, and in that service blest.
If so, some rules of worship must be given,
Distributed alike to all by heaven:
Else God were partial, and to some deny'd
The means his justice should for all provide.
This general worship is to praise and pray:
One part to borrow blessings, one to pay:
And when frail nature slides into offence,
The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet, since the effects of providence, we find,
Are variously dispens'd to human kind;
That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear;
Our reason prompts us to a future state:
The last appeal from fortune and from fate:
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd:
The bad meet punishment, the good reward.

Thus man by his own strength to heaven would soar:
And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain wretched creature, how art thou misled
To think thy wit these god-like notions bred!
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
And reason saw not till faith sprung the light.
Hence all thy natural worship takes the source:
'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse.
Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to heathens did appear?
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found:
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?
Canst thou by reason more of godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Those giant wits in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
Knew no such system: no such piles could raise
Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise
To one sole God.
Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe:
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe;
The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence;
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!
And great oppressors might heaven's wrath beguile,
By offering his own creatures for a spoil!
Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And must the terms of peace be given by thee?
Then thou art Justice in the last appeal;
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel:
And, like a king remote and weak, must take
What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
But if there be a power too just and strong,
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong;
Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose:

A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wisdom found the way:
And with celestial wealth supply'd thy store:
His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.
See God descending in thy human frame;
Th' offended suffering in the offender's name:
All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee.
For, granting we have sinn'd, and that th' offence
Of man is made against Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion must be paid;
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deist lost: remorse for vice,
Not paid; or, paid, inadequate in price:
What farther means can reason now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect?
That shews us sick; and sadly are we sure
Still to be sick, till heaven reveals the cure:
If then heaven's will must needs be understood,
Which must, if we want cure, and heaven be good,
Let all records of will reveal'd be shown;
With scripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one sacred book will be that one.
Proof needs not here; for whether we compare
That impious, idle, superstitious ware
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find
None answering the great ends of human kind
But this one rule of life, that shews us best
How God may be appeas'd, and mortals blest.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is scarce more ancient than the law:
Heaven's early care prescrib'd for every age;
First, in the soul, and after, in the page.
Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but from heaven, could men unskill'd in arts
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?

Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.
If on the book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true:
The doctrine, miracles; which must convince,
For heaven in them appeals to human sense:
And though they prove not, they confirm the cause,
When what is taught agrees with nature's laws.
Then for the style, majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in every line:
Commanding words; whose force is still the same
As the first fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend;
Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend:
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose:
Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows;
Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin;
Oppress'd without and undermin'd within,
It thrives through pain; it own tormentors tires;
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can reason such effects assign,
Transcending nature, but to laws divine;
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd?
But stay: the deist here will urge anew,
No supernatural worship can be true;
Because a general law is that alone
Which must to all, and every where, be known:
A style so large as not this book can claim,
Nor aught that bears reveal'd religion's name.
'Tis said the sound of a Messiah's birth
Is gone through all the habitable earth:
But still that text must be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known:
And what provision could from thence accrue
To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new?
In other parts it helps, that ages past,
The scriptures there were known, and were embrac'd,
Till they in spread our creagain the shades of night:
What's that to them, who never saw the light?
O! Objections this indeed is chief
To startle reason, stagger mail belief:

We grant, 'tis true, that heaven from human sense
Has hid the secret paths of Providence:
But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
Find ev'n for those bewilder'd souls, a way:
If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his name.
And though no name be for salvation known,
But that of his eternal Son's alone;
Who knows how far transcending goodness can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead;
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the best,
But more the great apostle has exprest:
"That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd;
By nature did what was by law requir'd;
They, who the written rule had never known,
Were to themselves both rule and law alone:
To nature's plain indictment they shall plead;
And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed."
Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd
Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
Then those who follow'd reason's dictates right,
Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural light;
With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
While thousand rubric martyrs want a place.
Nor does it baulk my charity, to find
Th' Egyptian bishop of another mind:
For though his creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd;
Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to say
This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;
Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in dispute,
Flew high; and as his Christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.
Thus far my charity this path has try'd;
A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide:
Yet what they are, ev'n these crude thoughts were bred
By reading that which better thou hast read.

Thy matchless author's work: which thou, my friend,
By well translating better dost commend:
Those youthful hours which, of thy equals most
In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost,
Those hours thou hast to nobler use employ'd;
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by my author, in the sifting care
Of rabbins old sophisticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can sort
May afterwards make algebra a sport.
A treasure, which if country curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy:
Save pains in various readings, and translations;
And without Hebrew make most learn'd quotations.
A work so full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,
As nature's height and art's last hand requir'd:
As much as man could compass, uninspir'd.
Where we may see what errors have been made
Both in the copyer's and translator's trade:
How Jewish, Popish, interests have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.

For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,
Have found our author not too much a priest:
For fashion-sake he seems to have recourse
To pope, and councils, and tradition's force:
But he that old traditions could subdue,
Could not but find the weakness of the new:
If scripture, though deriv'd from heavenly birth,
Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more,
In fuller terms, of heaven's assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare:
To keep this book untainted, unperplext,
Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
With vain traditions stopt the gaping fence,
With every common hand pull'd up with ease:
What safety from such brushwood-helps as these?

If written words from time are not secur'd,
How can we think have oral sounds endur'd?
Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lyes on ages are entail'd:
And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain;
If we consider interest, church, and gain.
O but, says one, tradition set aside,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide?
For since th' original scripture has been lost,
All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,
Or Christian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in church-tradition must be found.
Such an omniscient church we wish indeed;
'Twere worth both Testaments; cast in the creed:
But if this mother be a guide so sure,
As can all doubts resolve, all truth secure,
Then her infallibility, as well
Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell;
Restore lost canon with as little pains,
As truly explicate what still remains:
Which yet no council dare pretend to do;
Unless like Esdras they could write it new:
Strange confidence still to interpret true,
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
Is in the blest original contain'd.
More safe, and much more modest 'tis, to say
God would not leave mankind without a way:
And that the scriptures, though not every where
Free from corruption or intire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, intire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the same glass better see,
'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me:
For my salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what others, but what I believe.
Must all tradition then be set aside?
This to affirm, were ignorance or pride.
Are there not many points, some needful sure
To saving faith, that scripture leaves obscure?
Which every sect will wrest a several way,
For what one sect interprets, all sects may:

We hold, and say we prove from scripture plain,
That Christ is God; the bold Socinian
From the same scripture urges he's but man.
Now what appeal can end th' important suit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.
Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
Assume an honest layman's liberty?
I think, according to my little skill,
To my own mother-church submitting still,
That many have been sav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this question brought in play.
Th' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to heaven; and ne'er is at a loss:
For the strait gate would be made straiter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few by nature form'd, with learning fraught,
Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
Must study well the sacred page; and see
Which doctrine, this, or that does best agree
With the whole tenor of the work divine:
And plainliest points to heaven's reveal'd design:
Which exposition flows from genuine sense,
And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
Not that tradition's parts are useless here:
When general, old, disinterested, clear:
That ancient Fathers thus expound the page,
Gives truth the reverend majesty of age:
Confirms its force by 'biding every test;
For best authorities, next rules, are best.
And still the nearer to the spring we go
More limpid, more unsoil'd, the waters flow.
Thus first traditions were a proof alone;
Could we be certain such they were, so known:
But since some flaws in long descent may be,
They make not truth, but probability.
Even Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
To what the centuries preceding spoke.
Such difference is there in an oft-told tale:
But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
Tradition written therefore more commends
Authority, than what from voice descends

And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the sacred history:
Which, from the universal church receiv'd,
Is try'd, and after, for itself believ'd.
The partial Papists would infer from hence
Their church in last resort, should judge the sense.
But first they would assume with wonderous art,
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vast frame the church; yet grant they were
The handers-down, can they from thence infer
A right t'interpret? or would they alone,
Who brought the present, claim it for their own?
The book's a common largess to mankind:
Not more for them than every man design'd:
The welcome news is in the letter found;
The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known, is plain.
In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance;
When want of learning kept the laymen low,
And none but priests were authoriz'd to know:
When what small knowledge was, in them did dwell;
And he a God who could but read and spell;
Then mother-church did mightily prevail:
She parcell'd out the Bible by retail:
But still expounded what she sold or gave;
To keep it in her power to damn and save:
Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
Poor laymen took salvation on content;
As needy men take money good or bad:
God's word they had not, but the priest's they had.
Yet whate'er false conveyances they made,
The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well,
That by long use they grew infallible:
At last a knowing age began t'inquire
If they the book, or that did them inspire:
And making narrower search they found, though late,
That what they thought the priest's, was their estate;
Taught by the will produc'd, the written word,
How long they had been cheated on record.

Then every man who saw the title fair,
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share:
Consulted soberly his private good;
And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.
'Tis true, my friend, and far be flattery hence,
This good had full as bad a consequence:
The book thus put in every vulgar hand,
Which each presum'd he best could understand,
The common rule was made the common prey;
And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
The tender page with horny fists was gall'd;
And he was gifted most who loudest bawl'd:
The spirit gave the doctoral degree:
And every member of a company
Was of his trade, and of the Bible free.
Plain truths enough for needful use they found;
But men would still be itching to expound:
Each was ambitious of th' obscurest place,
No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace.
Study and pains were now no more their care;
Texts were explain'd by fasting and by prayer:
This was the fruit the private spirit brought;
Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought.
While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
About the sacred viands buz and swarm.
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood;
And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
A thousand daily sects rise up and die:
A thousand more the perish'd race supply;
So all we make of heaven's discover'd will,
Is not to have it, or to use it ill.
The danger's much the same, on several shelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.
What then remains, but, waving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to stem?
Neither so rich a treasure to forego;
Nor proudly seek beyond our power to know:
Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;
The things we must believe are few and plain;
But since men will believe more than they need,
And every man will make himself a creed,

In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way
To learn what unsuspected ancients say:
For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
In search of heaven, than all the church before:
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
The scripture and the fathers disagree.
If after all they stand suspected still,
For no man's faith depends upon his will;
'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known
Without much hazard may be let alone:
And, after hearing what our church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
Than by disputes the public peace disturb;
For points obscure are of small use to learn,
But common quiet is mankind's concern.
Thus have I made my own opinions clear:
Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear:
And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose;
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose:
For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will serve.

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

PARAPHRASED.

Creator spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
And crown'st thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh! inflame and fire our hearts!
Our frailties help, our vice controul,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.
Chace from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for lost man's redemption dy'd:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

MAC-FLECKNOE.

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe found, who like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long:
In prose and verse, was own'd, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase;

Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state:
And, pondering, which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
Cry'd, 'Tis resolv'd; for nature pleads, that he
Should only rule, who most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he,
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval:
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
And spread in solemn state supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of tautology!
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to king John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And, big with hymn, commander of an host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom blankets tost.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail,
At thy well-sharpened thumb from shore to shore
The trebles squeak for fear, the bases roar:
Echoes from every Alley Shadwell call,
And Shadwell they resound from Aston-Hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.

Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own Pysches's rhyme:
Though they in numbers as in sense excel;
So just, so like tautology they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton foreswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerious more.
Here stopt the good old sire, and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.
Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind,
The fair Augusta much to tears inclin'd,
An ancient fabric rais'd t' inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight:
A watch-tower once; but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets keep,
And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.
Near those a nursery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd and future heroes bred;
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dare in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:
Pure clinches the suburbian Muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words.
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne.
For ancient Decker prophesy'd long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense.
To whom true dulness should some Pysches owe,
But worlds of misers from his pen should flow:

Humourists and hypocrites it should produce,
Whole Raymond families and tribes of Bruce.
Now empress fame had publish'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Rous'd by report of fame the nations meet,
From near Bunhill, and distant Watling-street.
No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of the bum.
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay,
But loads of Shadwell almost chok'd the way.
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And Herringman was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Swore by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome;
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he till death true dulness would maintain:
And in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway,
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whose loins recorded Pysche sprung.
His temples, last, with poppies were o'erspread,
That nodding seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve reverend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vulture's took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.

The sire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness; long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging God;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood:
Heavens bless my son! from Ireland let him reign
To far Barbadoes on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his pen!—
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd Amen.
Then thus continued he: my son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without births, and fruitless industry.
Let virtuosos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage:
Let Gully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And in their folly shew the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let them be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same,
All full of thee, and differing but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.
And when false flowers of rhetoric thou wouldst cull,
Trust nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Johnson's hostile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.

Thou art my blood, where Jonson had no part:
What share have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Pysche's humble strain?
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
When did his Muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Etherage did transfuse to thine?
But so transfus'd, as oil and waters flow,
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play;
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd:
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ,
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic Muse gives smiles, thy comic sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command,
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou mayst wings display and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
Or if thou wouldst thy different talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute.

He said: but his last words were scarcely heard:
For Bruce and Longvel had a trap prepar'd,
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

AN ODE.

To the pious memory of the accomplished young Lady

MRS. ANNE KILLIGREW,

EXCELLENT IN THE TWO SISTER-ARTS OF POESY AND PAINTING.

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in profession fix'd and regular,
Mov'd with the heaven majestic pace;
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou treadst, with seraphims, the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear then a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first fruits of Poesy were given;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

II.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.

But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd at first, with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find,
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind:
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.

III.

May we presume to say, that, at thy birth,
New joy was sprung in heaven, as well as here o
earth?
For sure the milder planets did combine
On thy auspicious horoscope to shine,
And ev'n the most malicious were in trine.
Thy brother angels at thy birth
Strung each his lyre, and tun'd it high,
That all the people of the sky
Might know a poetess was born on earth.
And then, if ever, mortal ears
Had heard the music of the spheres.
And if no clustering swarm of bees
On thy sweet mouth distill'd their golden dew,
'Twas that such vulgar miracles
Heaven had not leisure to renew:
For all thy blest fraternity of love
Solemniz'd there thy birth, and kept thy holyd
above.

IV.

O gracious God! how far have we
Prophan'd thy heavenly gift of poesy!
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love!
O wretched we! why were we hurried down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
Nay added fat pollutions of our own,
T' increase the streaming ordures of the stage?

What can we say t' excuse our second fall?
Let this thy vestal, heaven, atone for all.
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.

V.

Art she had none, yet wanted none;
For nature did that want supply:
So rich in treasures of her own,
She might our boasted stores defy:
Such noble vigour did her verse adorn,
That it seem'd borrow'd, where 'twas only born.
Her morals too were in her bosom bred,
By great examples daily fed,
What in the best of books, her father's life, she read.
And to be read herself she need not fear;
Each test, and every light, her Muse will bear,
Though Epictetus with his lamp were there.
E'n love, for love sometimes her Muse exprest,
Was but a lambent flame which play'd about her breast:
Light as the vapours of a morning dream,
So cold herself, while she such warmth exprest,
'Twas Cupid bathing in Diana's stream.

VI.

Born to the spacious empire of the Nine,
One would have thought, she should have been content
To manage well that mighty government;
But what can young ambitious souls confine?
To the next realm she stretch'd her sway,
For Painting near adjoining lay
A plenteous province, and alluring prey.
A Chamber of Dependencies was fram'd.
As conquerors will never want pretence,
When arm'd, to justify th' offence,
And the whole fief, in right of Poetry, she claim'd.
The country open lay without defence:
For poets frequent inroads there had made,
And perfectly could represent
The shape, the face, with every lineament:
And all the large domains which the Dumb Sister sway'd.

All bow'd beneath her government,
Receiv'd in triumph wheresoe'er she went.
Her pencil drew, whate'er her soul design'd,
And oft the happy draught surpass'd the image in her mind.
The sylvan scenes of herds, and flocks,
And fruitful plains and barren rocks,
Of shallow brooks that flow'd so clear,
The bottom did the top appear;
Of deeper too and ampler floods,
Which, as in mirrors, shew'd the woods;
Of lofty trees, with sacred shades,
And perspectives of pleasant glades,
Where nymphs of brightest form appear,
And shaggy Satyrs standing near,
Which them at once admire and fear.
The ruins too of some majestic piece,
Boasting the power of ancient Rome or Greece,
Whose statues, friezes, columns, broken lie,
And, though defac'd, the wonder of the eye;
What nature, art, bold fiction, e'er durst frame,
Her forming hand gave feature to the name.
So strange a concourse ne'er was seen before,
But when the peopled ark the whole creation bore.

VII.

The scene then chang'd, with bold erected look
Our martial king the sight with reverence strook:
For, not content t' express his outward part,
Her hand call'd out the image of his heart:
His warlike mind, his soul devoid of fear,
His high-designing thoughts were figur'd there,
As when, by magic, ghosts are made appear.
Our phœnix queen was portray'd too so bright,
Beauty alone could beauty take so right:
Her dress, her shape, her matchless grace,
Were all observ'd, as well as heavenly face.
With such a peerless majesty she stands,
As in that day she took the crown from sacred hands:
Before a train of heroines were seen,
In beauty foremost, as in rank, the queen.

Thus nothing to her genius was deny'd,
But like a ball of fire the further thrown,
Still with a greater blaze she shone,
And her bright soul broke out on every side.
What next she had design'd, heaven only knows:
To such immoderate growth her conquest rose,
That Fate alone its progress could oppose.

VIII.

Now all those charms, that blooming grace,
The well-proportion'd shape, and beauteous face,
Shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
In earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
Not wit, nor piety, could fate prevent;
Nor was the cruel destiny content
To finish all the murder at a blow,
To sweep at once her life and beauty too;
But, like a harden'd felon, took a pride
To work more mischievously slow,
And plunder'd first, and then destroy'd.
O double sacrilege on things divine,
To rob the relic, and deface the shrine!
But thus Orinda dy'd:
Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate;
As equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

IX.

Meantime her warlike brother on the seas
His waving streamers to the winds displays,
And vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear,
The winds too soon will waft thee here!
Slack all thy sails, and fear to come,
Alas, thou know'st not, thou art wreck'd at home!
No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face,
Thou hast already had her last embrace.
But look aloft, and if thou ken'st from far
Among the Pleiads a new-kindled star,
If any sparkles than the rest more bright;
'Tis she that shines in that propitious light.

X.

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground;

When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of fate;
And there the last assizes keep,
For those who wake, and those who sleep:
When rattling bones together fly,
From the four corners of the sky;
When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
Those cloth'd with flesh, and life inspires the dead;
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
And straight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,
Like mounting larks, to the new morning sing.
There thou, sweet Saint, before the quire shall go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR,

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
(So should desert in arms be crown'd:)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god.
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd:
And while he sought her snowy breast:
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening croud admire the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around:
A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd ears,
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;

Flush'd with a purple grace
He shews his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes,
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mouruful Muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed:
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With down-cast looks the joyless victor sate
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

CHORUS.

The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.

Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head:
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise:
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

CHORUS.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
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THE

CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor
(As God hath cloth'd his own ambassador);
For such, on earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.
Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might last
To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast;
Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense;
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promis'd him sincere.

Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see:
But sweet regards, and pleasing sanctity:
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd.
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky;
And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears
(A music more melodious than the spheres:)
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and after him he sung the best.
He bore his great commission in his look:
But sweetly temper'd awe; and soften'd all he spoke.
He preach'd the joys of heaven and pains of hell,
And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal;
But, on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law;
And forc'd himself to drive; but lov'd to draw.
For fear but freezes minds: but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.
To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes against the storm prepar'd;
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly:
Those but proclaim his style, and disappear;
The stiller sounds succeeds, and God is there.
The tithes, his parish freely paid, he took;
But never sued, or curs'd with bell or book.
With patience bearing wrong; but offering none;
Since every man is free to lose his own.
The country churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind),
The less he sought his offerings, pinch'd the more,
And prais'd a priest contented to be poor.
Yet of his little he had some to spare,
To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare;
For mortify'd he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not see.
True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
Were only stewards of their sovereign Lord;

Nothing was their's; but all the public store;
Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor.
Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief.
Wide was his parish; not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house;
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick, to succour the distress'd;
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.
All this, the good old man perform'd alone,
Nor spar'd his pains; for curate he had none,
Nor durst he trust another with his care;
Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold.
But duly watch'd his flock, by night and day;
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey:
And hungry sent the wily fox away.
The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd:
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought
(A living sermon of the truths he taught;)
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd:
That all might see the doctrine which they heard:
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest
(The gold of heaven, who bear the God impress'd:)
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sov'reign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.
The prelate for his holy life he priz'd;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd.
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show:
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn:
In purple he was crucify'd, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.

Not but he knew the signs of earthly power
Might well become Saint Peter's successor;
The holy father holds a double reign,
The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher must be plain.
Such was the saint; who shone with every grace,
Reflecting, Moses like, his Maker's face.
God saw his image lively was express'd;
And his own work, as in creation bless'd.
The tempter saw him too with envious eye;
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was depos'd,
And high and low with happy Harry clos'd.
This prince, though great in arms, the priest withstood:
Near though he was, yet not the next in blood.
Had Richard unconstrain'd, resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own:
The title stood entail'd, had Richard had a son.
Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted, none the battle try'd.
The senseless plea of right by providence
Was, by a flattering priest, invented since;
And lasts no longer than the present sway;
But justifies the next who comes in play.
The people's right remains; let those who dare
Dispute their power, when they the judges are.
He join'd not in their choice, because he knew
Worse might, and often did, from change ensue.
Much to himself he thought; but little spoke;
And, undepriv'd, his benefice forsook.
Now, through the land, his cure of souls he stretch'd:
And like a primitive apostle preach'd.
Still cheerful; ever constant to his call;
By many follow'd; lov'd by most, admir'd by all.
With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd,
And gave the charities himself receiv'd.
Gave, while he taught; and edify'd the more,
Because he shew'd, by proof, 'twas easy to be poor.
He went not with the crowd to see a shrine;
But fed us, by the way, with food divine.
In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To shew you what the rest in orders were:
This brilliant is so spotless and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.

ROCHESTER.

Of a man who spent by far the greatest part of his life in the grossest debauchery, and who disgraced by his licentiousness those talents which had been given him, it would be improper to say much.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, was born at Ditchely, near Woodstock, in April 1647. His father had been a distinguished loyalist, but died before the restoration, leaving his titles, and the merit of his services, as the principal inheritance of his son.

At the Grammar School of Burford, in Oxfordshire, he received the rudiments of classical literature, and afterwards removed to Wadham College, where he was admitted Master of Arts, in 1661. He afterwards travelled into France and Italy; and returning home in his eighteenth year, devoted himself to the court, entering into all its licentious gaieties, and rendering vice itself more seductive, by the brilliancy of his conversation, and the effusions of his genius.

In 1665 he went to sea with the Earl of Sandwich, and behaved with uncommon intrepidity; but his courage was not lasting; for in subsequent trials, into which he was thrown by his excesses, he evinced a timid and pusillanimous spirit. His reputation for wit, however, kept him from wholly sinking in the public opinion, though he was now indifferent about appearances, and seldom completely sober.

Licentious in his satire as in his life, he spared neither friends nor foes; and by the time that he had reached the age of thirty-one, he felt the springs of life giving way, and that his constitution would hold

out no longer. He now retired to Woodstock Park, of which he had been appointed ranger some years before; and having leisure to reflect, was struck with a sense of his enormities, and by the sincerity of his contrition, it is to be hoped, he atoned for them. In this situation he was visited by Dr. Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Sarum, who taught him to feel the consolations of religion, and to whom he laid open all his heart.

Before he had completed his thirty-fourth year he died, completely worn out, and was buried at Spilsbury, a few miles distant. His only son, for he was married, deceasing a few months after, the title became extinct in his family, and was revived in that of another.

"In all his works," says Johnson, "there is sprightliness and vigour, and every where may be found tokens of a mind, which study might have carried to excellence." His poem upon "Nothing," in particular, displays much fertility of invention on a barren subject. Had he written nothing worse, he might have escaped censure, if he had not been entitled to praise.

The account of his conversion and dying moments is given by the abovementioned bishop, under the title of "Remarkable Passages of the Life and Death of John Earl of Rochester;" which, adds Johnson, the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety.

"LIVE not like Strephon, but like Strephon DIE."

is said to be among the latest effusions of his penitent muse.

A SONG.

I.

My dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

II.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses:
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks,
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

UPON DRINKING IN A BOWL.

I.

Vulcan, contrive me such a cup
As Nestor us'd of old;
Shew all thy skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with gold.

II.

Make it so large that fill'd with sack
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea may swim.

III.

Engrave not battle on his cheek;
With war I've nought to do;
I'm none of those who took Mæstrick,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

IV.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fix'd stars, or constellations :
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

V.

But carve thereon a spreading vine ;
Then add two lovely boys ;
Their limbs in amorous folds entwine,
The type of future joys.

VI.

Cupid and Bacchus my saints are,
May drink and love still reign !
With wine I wash away my cares,
And then to love again.

UPON NOTHING.

I.

NOTHING ! thou elder brother ev'n to shade,
That hadst a being ere the world was made,
And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid.

II.

Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
When primitive Nothing Something straight begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united—What.

III.

Something, the general attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its sole original,
Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall.

IV.

Yet something did thy mighty power command,
And from thy fruitful emptiness's hand
Snatch'd men, beasts, birds, fire, air, and land.

V.

Matter, the wicked'st offspring of thy race,
By Form assisted, flew from thy embrace ;
And rebel Light obscur'd thy reverend dusky face.

VI.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join;
Body, thy foe, with thee did leagues combine,
To spoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line.

VII.

But turn-coat Time assists the foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, assists thy short-lived reign,
And to thy hungry womb drives back thy slaves again.

VIII.

Though mysteries are barr'd from laic eyes,
And the divine alone, with warrant, pries
Into thy bosom, where the truth in private lies;

IX.

Yet this of thee the wise may freely say,
Thou from the virtuous nothing tak'st away,
And to be part with thee the wicked wisely pray.

X.

Great Negative! how vainly would the wise
Inquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise?
Didst thou not stand to point their dull philosophies.

XI.

Is, or *is not*, the two great ends of Fate,
And, true or false, the subject of debate,
That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate;

XII.

When they have rack'd the politician's breast,
Within thy bosom most securely rest,
And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and best.

XIII.

But Nothing, why does Something still permit,
That sacred monarchs should at council sit,
With persons highly thought at best for nothing fit?

XIV.

While weighty Something modestly abstains
From princes' coffers, and from statesmen's brains,
And nothing there like stately Nothing reigns.

XV.

Nothing, who dwell'st with fools in grave disguise,
For whom they reverend shapes and forms devise,
Lawn sleeves, and furs, and gowns, when they like thee look wise.

XVI.

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,
Spaniard' dispatch, Danes' wit, are mainly seen in thee.

XVII.

The great man's gratitude to his best friend,
Kings' promises, whores' vows, towards thee they bend,
Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

A SONG.

IN IMITATION OF SIR JOHN EATON.

I.

Too late, alas! I must confess,
You need not arts to move me;
Such charms by nature you possess,
'Twere madness not to love ye.

II.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,
And give my tongue the glory
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
Betray a tender story.

POMFRET.

JOHN POMFRET was the son of the rector of Luton, in Bedfordshire, where he was born in 1677. After receiving a classical education, he was sent to Queen's College, Cambridge, where he continued till he took a master's degree; and then entering into orders, was presented to the living of Malden, in Bedfordshire.

About this period, he appears to have been reproached with fanaticism, though unjustly; and not long after, having published his celebrated "Choice," the most popular of his poems, he was accused of libertinism, by a malicious interpretation of the following lines, as if he preferred concubinage to marriage:

> And as I near approach the verge of life,
> Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
> Should take upon him all my worldly care,
> While I did for a better world prepare.

The malignity of his enemies was easily refuted, for at this time he was married; but before he could satisfy the affected scruples of Compton Bishop of London, to whom he had applied for institution to a living of considerable value, he was seized with the small-pox, to wich he fell a victim in 1713, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

It is often the fate of the best men to be most traduced. Vice finds numerous associates and defenders; while virtue stands unaided and alone. Pomfret has left the strongest indications of a pious, and well-regulated mind. He may possibly want vigour of thought

and energy of expression, but his versification is sufficiently smooth for common readers, and the popularity of his subjects, render him the delight of those who are only guided by their feelings, without critically entering into the merits or defects of composition. To adopt the language of Johnson, "he who pleases many, must have some species of merit." Had he lived longer, he might have accomplished more.

It has been observed, that there is perhaps no composition in our language that has been oftener perused than his Choice, as it exhibits a system of life adapted to common notions, and equal to common expectations,—such a state as affords plenty and tranquillity, without exclusion of intellectual pleasures.

TO

HIS FRIEND INCLINED TO MARRY.

I would not have you, Strephon, choose a mate,
From too exalted, or too mean a state;
For in both these we may expect to find
A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.
Who moves within the middle region, shares
The least disquiets, and the smallest cares.
Let her extraction with true lustre shine;
If something brighter, not too bright for thine:
Her education liberal, not great;
Neither inferior nor above her state.
Let her have wit; but let that wit be free
From affectation, pride, or pedantry:
For the effect of woman's wit is such,
Too little is as dangerous as too much.
But chiefly let her humour close with thine;
Unless where your's does to a fault incline;
The least disparity in this destroys,
Like sulphurous blasts, the very buds of joys.
Her person amiable, straight, and free
From natural, or chance deformity.
Let not her years exceed, if equal thine;
For women past their vigour, soon decline:
Her fortune competent; and, if thy sight
Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.
If thine's enough, then her's may be the less:
Do not aspire to riches in excess.
For that which makes our lives delightful prove,
Is a genteel sufficiency and love.

THE CHOICE.

In Heaven the grateful liberty would give,
That I might choose my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious Fate should lend
To blissful ease and satisfaction spend;

Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little nor too great;
Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain,
But what are useful, necessary, plain:
Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden, grateful to the eye;
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by:
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes, or sycamores should grow.
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit, and solid learning, shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew:
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel;
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well:
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning, and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise:
For sure no minutes bring us more content,
Than those in pleasing, useful studies spent.
I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great:
As much as I could moderately spend;
A little more, sometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare;
For that our Maker has too largely given,
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread;
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread;
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.

Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.
I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd
With the best wines each vintage could afford.
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse:
By making all our spirits debonair,
Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.
But as the greatest blessing heaven lends
May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends;
So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice
Does many mischieous effects produce.
My house should no such rude disorders know,
As from high drinking consequently flow;
Nor would I use what was so kindly given,
To the dishonour of indulgent Heaven.
If any neighbour came, he should be free,
Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,
In my retreat, or to himself or me.
What freedom, prudence, and right reason gave,
All men may, with impunity, receive:
But the least swerving from their rule's too much;
For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.
That life may be more comfortable yet,
And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great;
I'd choose two friends, whose company would be
A great advance to my felicity:
Well born, of humours suited to my own,
Discreet, and men as well as books have known:
Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free
From loose behaviour, or formality:
Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;
Quick in discerning, and in judging right:
Secret they should be, faithful to their trust;
In reasoning cool, strong, temperate, and just;
Obliging, open, without huffing, brave;
Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave:

Close in dispute, but not tenacious; try'd
By solid reason, and let that decide:
Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate.
Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state:
Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite;
Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight;
Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar; true
As dying martyrs to their Maker too.
In their society I could not miss
A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.
Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd choose
(For who would so much satisfaction lose,
As witty nymphs, in conversation, give)
Near some obliging modest fair to live:
For there's that sweetness in a female mind,
Which in a man's we cannot hope to find;
That, by a secret, but a powerful art,
Winds up the spring of life, and does impart
Fresh vital heat to the transported heart.
I'd have her reason all her passion sway:
Easy in company, in private gay:
Coy to a fop, to the deserving free;
Still constant to herself, and just to me.
A soul she should have for great actions fit;
Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit:
Courage to look bold danger in the face;
No fear, but only to be proud, or base;
Quick to advise, by an emergence prest,
To give good counsel, or to take the best.
I'd have th' expression of her thoughts be such,
She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much:
That shews a want of judgment, and of sense;
More than enough is but impertinence.
Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd;
Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind:
Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride;
In all the methods of deceit untry'd:
So faithful to her friend, and good to all,
No censure might upon her actions fall:
Then would ev'n envy be compell'd to say,
She goes the least of womankind astray.

To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire;
Her conversation would new joys inspire;
Give life an edge so keen, no surly care
Would venture to assault my soul, or dare,
Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare.
But so divine, so noble a repast
I'd seldom, and with moderation, taste:
For highest cordials all their virtue lose,
By a too frequent and too bold a use;
And what would cheer the spirits in distress,
Ruins our health, when taken to excess.
I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar;
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.
Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,
I' oblige my country, or to serve my king,
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.
Law-suits I'd shun, with as much studious care,
As I would dens where hungry lions are;
And rather put up injuries, than be
A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.
I value quiet at a price too great,
To give for my revenge so dear a rate:
For what do we by all our bustle gain,
But counterfeit delight for real pain?
If Heaven a date of many years would give,
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly care,
Whilst I did for a better state prepare.
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd;
But by a silent and a peaceful death,
Without a sigh, resign my aged breath.
And, when committed to the dust, I'd have
Few tears, but friendly, drop into my grave,
Then would I my exit so propitious be,
All men would wish to live and die like me.

J. PHILLIPS.

Bampton, in Oxfordshire, had the honour of producing this ingenious poet. He was the son of Dr. Stephen Phillips, Archdeacon of Salop, and was born in 1676.

After receiving a private grammatical education, he was sent to Winchester School, where he was equally distinguished for the superiority of his exercises, and beloved for the suavity of his disposition.

In 1694, he was removed to Christ Church, Oxford, where he was highly esteemed; and though he evinced a predilection for the Muses, he did not neglect the severer studies, and made considerable progress in the sciences connected with medicine, which he intended to follow as a profession.

In 1703, he published "the Splendid Shilling," an original burlesque poem, which at once fixed his reputation. It has been often imitated, but never excelled. In consequence of the fame he had acquired by this performance, he was employed by Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, to celebrate the victory of Blenheim, which, though inferior to the "Campaign" of Addison, is by no means destitute of merit.

Soon after this, he published "Cider," in two books. This is his greatest work, and was received with avidity and read with approbation. It is written on the model of Virgil's Georgics, and is at once a book of entertainment and of science: the precepts instruct, while the poetry delights.

Philips meditated a poem on the last day, which he unfortunately did not live to finish. A lingering con-

sumption and asthma put a period to his earthly existence, in the thirty-second year of his age. He died lamented by his friends, who loved him with the warmest affection, and by the public, who duly appreciated his excellent talents.

He has been characterised as a man of singular modesty, ingenuous, and pious. Amidst narrow means, he preserved a degree of contentment, but rarely to be found in cultivated minds, conscious of their own powers. A tedious and painful illness he bore with patience and resignation: to him death was disarmed of its terrors; and life was gladly exchanged for immortality.

His friend Smith has commemorated him in an excellent Elegy, from which the following extract gives a very interesting and endearing character.

Oh best of friends, will ne'er the silent urn
To our just vows the hapless youth return?
Must he no more divert the tedious day?
Nor sparkling thoughts in antique words convey?
No more to harmless irony descend,
To noisy fools a grave attention lend,
Nor merry tales with learn'd quotations blend?
Whom shall I find unbiass'd in dispute,
Eager to learn, unwilling to confute?
To whom the labours of my soul disclose,
Reveal my pleasure, or discharge my woes?
Oh! in that heavenly youth for ever ends
The best of sons, of brothers, and of friends.
He revered Friendship's strictest laws obey'd,
Yet more by Conscience than by Friendship sway'd;
Against himself his gratitude maintain'd,
By favours past, not future prospects gain'd;
Not nicely choosing, though by all desired,
Though learn'd, not vain, and humble, though admir'd;
Candid to all, but to himself severe,
In humour pleasant, as in life austere.
A wise content his even soul secur'd,
Ev'n want not shaken, nor by wealth allur'd:
To all sincere, though earnest to commend,
And praise a rival, or condemn a friend.

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

"——————— Sing, heavenly Muse!
"Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,"
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpye, or Town-hall* repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Cloe or Phyllis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile, he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
Wretched repast! my meagre corpse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town

* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1706.

Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends:
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forbode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont,)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook, or alley lurks,
Prompt to [illegible] inadvertent wretch

With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowel'd web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insiduous, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She towering flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay;
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
An horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming; horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray;
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

CIDER.

A POEM, IN TWO BOOKS.

"——Homos erit huic quæque Pomo?" VIRG.

BOOK I.

What soil the apple loves, what care is due
To orchats, timeliest when to press the fruits,
These will I, Pomona, in Miltonian verse
Adventurous I presume to sing; of verse

Nor skill'd, nor studious: but my native soil
Invites me, and the theme as yet unsung.
Ye Ariconian knights, and fairest dames,
To whom propitious Heaven these blessings grants,
Attend my lays, nor hence disdain to learn,
How Nature's gifts may be improved by art.
And thou, O Mostyn, whose benevolence,
And candour, oft experienced, me vouchsaf'd
To knit in friendship, growing still with years,
Accept this pledge of gratitude and love.
May it a lasting monument remain
Of dear respect; that, when this body frail
Is moulder'd into dust, and I become
As I had never been, late times may know
I once was bless'd in such a matchless friend!
Whoe'er expects his labouring trees should bend
With fruitage, and a kindly harvest yield,
Be this his first concern, to find a tract
Impervious to the winds, begirt with hills
That intercept the Hyperborean blasts
Tempestuous, and cold Eurus' nipping force,
Noxious to feeble buds: but to the west
Let him free entrance grant, let Zephyrs bland
Administer their tepid genial airs;
Nought fear he from the west, whose gentle warmth
Discloses well the earth's all-teeming womb,
Invigorating tender seeds; whose breath
Nurtures the orange, and the citron groves,
Hesperian fruits, and wafts their odours sweet
Wide through the air, and distant shores perfumes.
Nor only do the hills exclude the winds:
But when the blackening clouds in sprinkling showers
Distil, from the high summits down the rain
Runs trickling; with the fertile moisture cheer'd,
The orchats smile; joyous the farmers see
Their thriving plants, and bless the heavenly dew.
Next let the planter, with discretion meet,
The force and genius of each soil explore;
To what adapted, what it shuns averse:
Without this necessary care, in vain
He hopes an apple vintage, and invokes
Pomona's aid in vain. The miry fields,

Rejoicing in rich mould, most ample fruit
Of beauteous form produce; pleasing to sight,
But to the tongue inelegant and flat.
So Nature has decreed: so oft we see
Men passing fair, in outward lineaments
Elaborate; less, inwardly, exact.
Nor from the sable ground expect success,
Nor from cretaceous, stubborn and jejune;
The Must, of pallid hue, declares the soil
Devoid of spirit; wretched he, that quaffs
Such wheyish liquors; oft with colic pangs,
With pungent colic pangs distress'd he'll roar,
And toss, and turn, and curse th' unwholesome draught.
But, farmer, look where full-ear'd sheaves of rye
Grow wavy on the tilth; that soil select
For apples; thence thy industry shall gain
Tenfold reward; thy garners, thence with store
Surcharg'd, shall burst: thy press with purest juice
Shall flow, which, in revolving years, may try
Thy feeble feet, and bind thy faltering tongue.
Such is the Kentchurch, such Dantzeyan ground,
Such thine, O learned Brome, and Capel such,
Willisian Burlton, much-lov'd Geers his Marsh,
And Sutton-acres, drench'd with regal blood
Of Ethelbert, when to th' unhallow'd feast
Of Mercian Offa he invited came,
To treat of spousals: long connubial joys
He promis'd to himself, allur'd by fair
Elfrida's beauty; but deluded dy'd
In height of hopes——oh! hardest fate, to fall
By shew of friendship, and pretended love!
I nor advise, nor reprehend the choice
Of Marcley-hill; the apple no where finds
A kinder mould: yet 'tis unsafe to trust
Bewitchful ground: who knows but that once more,
This mount may journey, and, his present site
Forsaking, to thy neighbour's bounds transfer
The woody plants, affording matter strange
For new debates? * if therefore thou incline

* February the seventh, 1571, at six o'clock in the evening, [illegible] arose with a roaring noise, and by seven the next

To deck this rise with fruits of various tastes,
Fail not by frequent vows t' implore success;
Thus piteous Heaven may fix the wandering glebe.
But if (for Nature doth not share alike
Her gifts) an happy soil should be withheld;
If a penurious clay should be thy lot,
Or rough unwieldy earth, nor to the plough,
Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones
And gravel o'er-abounding, think it not
Beneath thy toil; the sturdy pear-tree here
Will rise luxuriant, and with toughest root
Pierce the obstructing grit, and restive marle.
Thus nought is useless made; nor is there land,
But what, or of itself, or else compell'd,
Affords advantage. On the barren heath
The shepherd tends his flock, that daily crop
Their verdant dinner from the mossy turf,
Sufficient; after them the cackling goose,
Close-grazer, finds wherewith to ease her want.
What should I more? Ev'n on the cliffy height
Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill,
Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
Astonish'd, how the goats their shrubby browze
Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see,
How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence
Half overshades the ocean, hardy men,
Fearless of rending winds, and dashing waves,
Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish gust
Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground
Not lie unlabor'd: if the richest stem
Refuse to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
Somewhat, that may to human use redound,
And penury, the worst of ills, remove?

morning had moved forty paces; it kept moving for three days together, carrying with it sheep in their cotes, hedge-rows and trees, and in its passage overthrew Kinnaston Chapel, and turned two highways near an hundred yards from their former position. The ground thus moved was about twenty-six acres, which opened itself, and carried the earth before it for four hundred yards space, leaving that which was pasture in the place of the tillage, and the tillage overspread with pasture. See Speed's Account of Herefordshire, page 49, and Camden's Britannia.

There are, who, fondly studious of increase,
Rich foreign mould on their ill-natur'd land
Induce laborious, and with fattening muck
Besmear the roots; in vain! the nursling grove
Seems fair a while, cherish'd with foster earth:
But when the alien compost is exhaust,
Its native poverty again prevails.
Though this art fails, despond not; little pains,
In a due hour employ'd, great profit yield.
Th' industrious, when the sun in Leo rides,
And darts his sultriest beams, portending drought,
Forgets not at the foot of every plant
To sink a circling trench, and daily pour
A just supply of alimental streams,
Exhausted sap recruiting; else false hopes
He cherishes, nor will his fruit expect
Th' autumnal season, but, in summer's pride,
When other orchats smile, abortive fail.
Thus the great light of heaven, that in his course
Surveys and quickens all things, often proves
Noxious to planted fields, and often men
Perceive his influence dire; sweltering they run
To grots, and caves, and the cool umbrage seek
Of woven arborets, and oft the rills
Still streaming fresh revisit, to allay
Thirst inextinguishable: but if the spring
Preceding should be destitute of rain,
Or blast septentrional with brushing wings
Sweep up the smoky mists, and vapours damp,
Then woe to mortals! Titan then exerts
His heat intense, and on our vitals preys;
Then maladies of various kinds, and names
Unknown, malignant fevers, and that foe
To blooming beauty, which imprints the face
Of fairest nymph, and checks our growing love,
Reign far and near; grim Death in different shapes
Depopulates the nations: thousands fall
His victims; youths, and virgins, in their flower,
Reluctant die, and sighing leave their loves
Unfinish'd, by intestate heav'n destroy'd.
Such hate was paid, when fair Eliza first
Of Woodvil's progeny crown'd the bed, and worth,

Of fairest Saint John!) left this toilsome world
In beauty's prime, and sadden'd all the year:
Nor could her virtues, nor repeated vows
Of thousand lovers, the relentless hand
Of Death arrest; she with the vulgar fell,
Only distinguish'd by this humble verse.
But if it please the sun's intemperate force
To know, attend; whilst I of ancient fame
The annals trace, and image to thy mind,
How our forefathers, (luckless men!) ingulft
By the wide-yawning earth, to Stygian shades
Went quick, in one sad sepulchre enclos'd.
In elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our other world subdued,
A spacious city stood, with firmest walls
Sure mounded, and with numerous turrets crown'd,
Aerial spires, and citadels, the seat
Of kings, and heroes resolute in war,
Fam'd Ariconium: uncontrol'd and free,
Till all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd.
Then also, though to foreign yoke submiss,
She undemolish'd stood, and ev'n till now
Perhaps had stood, of ancient British art
A pleasing monument, not less admir'd
Than what from Attic, or Etruscan hands
Arose: had not the heavenly powers averse
Decreed her final doom: for now the fields
Labour'd with thirst; Aquarius had not shed
His wonted showers, and Sirius parch'd with heat
Solstitial the green herb: hence 'gan relax
The grounds contexture, hence Tartarian dregs,
Sulphur, and nitrous spume, enkindling fierce,
Bellow'd within their darksome caves, by far
More dismal than the loud disploded roar
Of brazen enginry, that ceaseless storm
The bastion of a well-built city, deem'd
Impregnable: th' infernal winds, till now
Closely imprison'd, by Titanian warmth
Dilating, and with unctuous vapours fed,
Disdain'd their narrow cells; and, their full strength
Collecting, from beneath the solid mass

Upheav'd, and all her castles rooted deep
Shook from their lowest seat: old Vaga's stream,
Forc'd by the sudden shock, her wonted track
Forsook, and drew her humid train aslope,
Grankling her banks: and now the low'ring sky,
And baleful lightning, and the thunder, voice
Of angry Gods, that rattled solemn, dismay'd
The sinking hearts of men. Where should they turn
Distress'd? whence seek for aid? when from below
Hell threatens, and ev'n Fate supreme gives signs
Of wrath and desolation? vain were vows,
And plaints, and suppliant hands to Heaven erect!
Yet some to fanes repair'd, and humble rites
Perform'd to Thor, and Woden, fabled gods,
Who with their votaries in one ruin shar'd,
Crush'd, and o'erwhelm'd. Others in frantic mood
Run howling through the streets; their hideous yells
Rend the dark welkin; Horror stalks around,
Wild-staring, and his sad concomitant,
Despair, of abject look: at every gate
The thronging populace, with hasty strides
Press furious, and, too eager of escape,
Obstruct the easy way; the rocking town
Supplants their footsteps; to and fro they reel
Astonish'd, as o'ercharg'd with wine: when lo!
The ground adust her riven mouth disparts,
Horrible chasm; profound! with swift descent
Old Ariconium sinks, and all her tribes,
Heroes, and senators, down to the realms
Of endless night. Meanwhile the loosen'd winds
Infuriate, molten rocks and flaming globes
Hurl'd high above the clouds; till all their force
Constain'd, her ravenous jaws th' earth satiate clos'd.
Thus this fair city fell, of which the name
Survives alone; nor is there found a mark,
Whereby the curious passenger may learn
Her ample site, save coins, and mouldering urns,
And huge unwieldy bones, lasting remains
Of that gigantic race: which, as he breaks
The cognate glebe, the plowman haply finds,
Appall'd!. Upon the treacherous track of his
Surrounding [illegible]

Smiles fertile, and with ruddiest freight bedeck'd,
The apple-tree, by our forefathers blood
Improv'd, that now recalls the devious Muse,
Urging her destin'd labours to pursue.
The prudent will observe, what passions reign
In various plants (for not to man alone,
But all the wide creation, Nature gave
Love, and aversion): everlasting hate
The vine to ivy bears, nor less abhors
The Colewort's rankness: but with amorous twine
Clasps the tall Elm: the Pæstan Rose unfolds
Her bud more lovely, near the fetid Leek,
(Crest of stout Britons), and enhances thence
The price of her celestial scent: the Gourd,
And thirsty Cucumber, when they perceive
Th' approaching Olive, with resentment fly
Her fatty fibres, and with tendrils creep
Diverse, detesting contract; whilst the Fig
Contemns not Rue, nor Sage's humble leaf,
Close neighbouring: the Herefordian plant
Caresses freely the contiguous Peach,
Hazel, and weight-resisting Palm, and likes
T' approach the Quince, and the Elder's pithy stem;
Uneasy, seated by funereal Yew,
Or Walnut, (whose malignant touch impairs
All generous fruits), or near the bitter dews
Of Cherries. Therefore weigh the habits well
Of plants, how they associate best, nor let
Ill neighbourhood corrupt thy hopeful graffs.
Would'st thou thy vats with gen'rous juice should froth?
Respect thy orchats; think not, that the trees
Spontaneous will produce an wholesome draught.
Let art correct thy breed: from parent bough
A cyon meetly sever: after, force
A way into the crabstock's close-wrought grain
By wedges, and within the living wound
Inclose the foster twig, nor over nice
Refuse with thy own hands around to spread
The binding clay: ere long their differing veins
Unite, and kindly nourishment convey
To the new pupil; now he shoots his arms

With quickest growth; now shake the teeming trunk,
Down rain th' impurpled balls, ambrosial fruit.
Whether the Wilding's fibres are contriv'd
To draw the earth's purest spirit, and resist
Its feculence, which in more porous stocks
Of Cider-plants finds passage free, or else
The native verjuice of the Crab, deriv'd
Through th' infix'd graff, a grateful mixture forms
Of tart and sweet; whatever be the cause,
This doubtful progeny by nicest tastes
Expected best acceptance finds, and pays
Largest revenues to the orchat lord.
Some think the Quince and Apple would combine
In happy union; others fitter deem
The Sloe-stem bearing Sylvan Plums austere.
Who knows but both may thrive? howe'er what loss
To try the powers of both, and search how far
Two different natures may concur to mix
In those embraces, and strange offspring bear?
Thou'lt find that plants will frequent changes try,
Undamag'd, and their marriageable arms
Conjoin with others. So Silurian plants
Admit the Peach's odoriferous globe,
And Pears of sundry forms; at different times
Adopted Plums will alien branches grace;
And men have gather'd from the Hawthorn's branch
Large Medlars, imitating regal crowns.
Nor is it hard to beautify each month
With files of particolour'd fruits, that please
The tongue and view at once So Maro's Muse,
Thrice sacred Muse! commodious precepts gives
Instructive to the swains, not wholly bent
On what is gainful: sometimes she diverts
From solid counsels, shews the force of love
In savage beasts; how virgin face divine
Attracts the helpless youth through storms and waves,
Alone, in deep of night: Then she describes
The Scythian winter, nor disdains to sing
How under ground the rude Riphæan race
Mimic brisk Cider with the brakes product wild,
Sloes pounded, Hips, and Servis' harshest juice.
Let sage experience teach thee all the arts

Of grafting and in eyeing; when to lop
The flowing branches; what trees answer best
From root or kernel: she will best the hours
Of harvest and seed-time declare: by her
The different qualities of things were found,
And secret motions; how with heavy bulk
Volatile Hermes, fluid and unmoist,
Mounts on the wings of air: to her we owe
The Indian weed,* unknown to ancient times,
Nature's choice gift, whose acrimonious fume
Extracts superfluous juices, and refines
The blood distemper'd from its noxious salts;
Friend to the spirits, which with vapours bland
It gently mitigates, companion fit
Of pleasantry and wine; nor to the bards
Unfriendly, when they to the vocal shell
Warble melodious their well-labour'd songs.
She found the polish'd glass, whose small convex
Enlarges to ten millions of degrees
The mite, invisible else, of Nature's hand
Least animal; and shews what laws of life
The cheese inhabitants observe, and how
Fabric their mansions in the harden'd milk,
Wonderful artists! but the hidden ways
Of Nature would'st thou know? how first she frames
All things in miniature? thy specular orb
Apply to well-dissected kernels; lo!
Strange forms arise, in each a little plant
Unfolds its boughs: observe the slender threads
Of first beginning trees, their roots their leaves,
In narrow seeds describ'd; thou'lt wondering say,
An inmate orchat every apple boasts.
Thus all things by experience are display'd,
And most improv'd. Then sedulously think
To meliorate thy stock; no way or rule
Be unessay'd; prevent the morning star
Assiduous, nor with the western sun
Surcease to work; lo! thoughtful of thy gain,
Not of my own, I all the live-long day
Consume in meditation deep, recluse

* Tobacco.

From human converse, nor, at shut of eve,
Enjoy repose; but oft at midnight lamp
Ply my brain-racking studies, if by chance
Thee I may counsel right; and oft this care
Disturbs me slumbering. Wilt thou then repine
To labour for thyself? and rather choose
To lie supinely, hoping Heaven will bless
Thy slighted fruits, and give thee bread unearn'd?
'Twill profit, when the stork, sworn foe of snakes,
Returns, to shew compassion to thy plants,
Fatigu'd with breeding. Let the arched knife
Well sharpen'd now assail the spreading shades
Of vegetables, and their thirsty limbs
Dissever: for the genial moisture, due
To apples, otherwise mispends itself
In barren twigs, and for th' expected crop,
Nought but vain shoots, and empty leaves abound.
When swelling buds their odorous foliage shed,
And gently harden into fruit, the wise
Spare not the little offsprings, if they grow
Redundant; but the thronging clusters thin
By kind avulsion; else the starving brood,
Void of sufficient sustenance, will yield
A slender autumn, which the niggard soul
Too late shall weep, and curse his thrifty hand,
That would not timely ease the ponderous boughs.
It much conduces, all the cares to know
Of gardening, how to scare nocturnal thieves,
And how the little race of birds that hop
From spray to spray, scooping the costliest fruit
Insatiate, undisturb'd. Priapus' form
Avails but little; rather guard each row
With the false terrors of a breathless kite.
This done, the timorous flock with swiftest wing
Scud through the air; their fancy represents
His mortal talons, and his ravenous beak
Destructive; glad to shun his hostile gripe,
They quit their thefts, and unfrequent the fields.
Besides the filthy swine will oft invade
Thy firm inclosure, and with delving snout
The rooted forest undermine: forthwith
Halloo thy furious mastiff, bid him vex

The noxious herd, and print upon their ears
A sad memorial of their past offence.
The flagrant Procyon will not fail to bring
Large shoals of slow house-bearing snails that creep
O'er the ripe fruitage, paring slimy tracts
In the sleek rinds, and unprest Cider drink.
No art averts this pest; on thee it lies,
With morning and with evening hand to rid
The preying reptiles; nor, if wise, wilt thou
Decline this labour, which itself rewards
With pleasing gain, whilst the warm limbec draws
Salubrious waters from the nocent brood.
Myriads of wasps now also clustering hang,
And drain a spurious honey from thy groves,
Their winter food; though oft repuls'd, again
They rally, undismay'd; but fraud with ease
Ensnares the noisome swarms; let every bough
Bear frequent vials, pregnant with the dregs
Of Moyle, or Mum, or Treacle's viscous juice;
They, by th' alluring odour drawn, in haste
Fly to the dulcet cates, and crowding sip
The palatable bane; joyful thou'lt see
The clammy surface all o'er-strown with tribes
Of greedy insects, that with fruitless toil
Flap filmy pennons oft to extricate
Their feet, in liquid shackles bound, till death
Bereave them of their worthless souls: such doom
Waits luxury, and lawless love of gain!
Howe'er thou may'st forbid external force,
Intestine evils will prevail; damp airs,
And rainy winters, to the centre pierce
The firmest fruits, and by unseen decay
The proper relish vitiate; then the grub
Oft unobserv'd invades the vital core,
Pernicious tenant, and her secret cave
Enlarges hourly, preying on the pulp
Ceaseless; meanwhile the apple's outward form
Delectable the witless swain beguiles,
Till, with a writhen mouth and spattering noise,
He tastes the bitter morsel, and rejects
Disrelish'd; not with less surprise, than when
Embattled troops with flowing banners pass

Through flowery meads delighted, nor distrust
The smiling surface; whilst the cavern'd ground,
With grain incentive stor'd, by sudden blaze
Bursts fatal, and invelopes the hopes of war,
In fiery whirls; full of victorious thoughts,
Torn and dismembered, they aloft expire.
Now turn thine eye to view Alcinous' groves,
The pride of the Phæcian isle, from whence,
Sailing the spaces of the boundless deep,
To Ariconium precious fruits arriv'd:
The Pippin, burnisht o'er with gold, the Moyle
Of sweetest honeyed taste, the fair Pearmain,
Temper'd, like comeliest nymph, with red and white.
Salopian acres flourish with a growth
Peculiar, styl'd the Ottley: be thou first
This apple to transplant, if to the name
Its merit answers; no where shalt thou find
A wine more priz'd, or laudable of taste.
Nor does the Elliot less deserve thy care;
Nor John-Apple, whose wither'd rind, intrencht
With many a furrow, aptly represents
Decrepid age; nor that from Harvey nam'd,
Quick-relishing: why should we sing the Thrift,
Codling, or Pomroy, or of pimpled coat
The Russet, or the Cat's-head's weighty orb,
Enormous in its growth, for various use
Though these are meet, though after full repast
Are oft required, and crown the rich dessert?
What, though the Pear-tree rival not the worth
Of Ariconian products? yet her freight
Is not contemn'd, yet her wide-branching arms
Best screen thy mansion from the fervent Dog,
Adverse to life; the wintery hurricanes
In vain employ their roar, her trunk unmov'd
Breaks the strong onset, and controls their rage.
Chiefly the Bosbury, whose large increase,
Annual, in sumptuous banquets claims applause.
Thrice acceptable beverage! could but art
Subdue the floating lee, Pomona's self
Would dread thy praise, and shun the dubious strife.
Be it thy Choice, when summer-heats annoy,
To sit beneath her leafy canopy,

Quaffing rich liquids! oh! sweet t' enjoy,
At once her fruits, and hospitable shade!
But how with equal numbers shall we match
The Musk's surpassing worth; that earliest gives
Sure hopes of racy wine, and in its youth,
Its tender nonage, loads the spreading boughs
With large and juicy offspring, that defies
The vernal nippets, and cold sideral blasts!
Yet let her to the Red-streak yield, that once
Was of the Sylvan kind, unciviliz'd;
Of no regard, till Scudamore's skilful hand
Improv'd her, and by courtly discipline
Taught her the savage nature to forget:
Hence styl'd the Scudamorean plant; whose wine
Whoever tastes, let him with grateful heart
Respect that ancient loyal house, and wish
The noble peer, that now transcends our hopes
In early worth, his country's justest pride,
Uninterrupted joy, and health entire.
Let every tree in every garden own
The Red-streak as supreme, whose pulpous fruit
With gold irradiate, and vermillion shines
Tempting, not fatal, as the birth of that
Primæval interdicted plant that won
Fond Eve, in hapless hour, to taste, and die.
This, of more bounteous influence, inspires
Poetic raptures, and the lowly Muse
Kindles to loftier strains; even I perceive
Her sacred virtue. See! the numbers flow
Easy, whilst, cheer'd with her nectareous juice,
Her's, and my country's praises I exalt.
Hail, Herefordian plant, that dost disdain
All other fields! Heaven's sweetest blessing, hail!
Be thou the copious matter of my song,
And thy choice Nectar; on which always waits
Laughter, and sport, and care-beguiling wit,
And friendship, chief delight of human life.
What should we wish for more? or why, in quest
Of foreign vintage, insincere, and mixt,
Traverse th' extremest world? why tempt the rage
Of the rough ocean? when our native glebe
Imparts, from bounteous womb, annual recruits

Of wine delectable, that far surmounts
Gallic, or Latian grapes, or those that see
The setting sun, near Calpe's towering height.
Nor let the Rhodian, nor the Lesbian vines
Vaunt their rich Must; nor let Tokay contend
For sovereignty; Phaneus' self must bow
To th' Arconian vales: And shall we doubt
T' improve our vegetable wealth, or let
The soil lie idle, which, with fit manure,
With largest usury repay, alone
Empowered to supply what Nature asks,
Frugal, or what nice appetite requires?
The meadows here, with battening ooze enrich'd,
Give spirit to the grass; three cubits high
The jointed herbage shoots; th' unfallow'd glebe
Yearly o'ercomes the granaries with store
Of golden wheat, the strength of human life.
Lo, on auxiliary poles, the Hops
Ascending spiral, rang'd in meet array;
Lo, how the arable, with barley-grain
Stands thick, o'ershadow'd, to the thirsty hind
Transporting prospect! these, as modern use
Ordains, infus'd, an auburn drink compose,
Wholesome, of deathless fame. Here, to the sight,
Apples of price, and plenteous sheaves of corn,
Oft interlac'd occur, and both imbibe
Fitting congenial juice; so rich the soil,
So much does fructuous moisture o'erabound!
Nor are the hills unamiable, whose tops
To heaven aspire, affording prospect sweet
To human ken; or at their feet the vales
Descending gently, where the lowing herd
Chew verdurous pasture; nor the yellow fields
Gaily interchang'd with rich variety
Blessing; as when an emerald green, enchas'd
In flowy gold, from the bright mass acquires
A nobler hue, more delicate to sight.
Next add the Sylvan shades, and silent groves,
Haunt of the Druids, whence the earth is fed
With copious rills, whence the early oak,
A spiritless refugee once, the eternal guard
Of England's throne, by sweating peasants fell'd,

Stems the vast main, and bears tremendous war
To distant nations, or with sov'reign sway
Awes the divided world to peace and love.
Why should the Chalybes, or Biloa boast
Their harden'd iron; when our mines produce
As perfect martial ore? can Timolus' head
Vie with our saffron odours? or the fleece
Bætic, or finest Tarentine, compare
With Lemster's silken wool? where shall we find
Men more undaunted, for their country's weal
More prodigal of life? in ancient days
The Roman legions, and great Cæsar, found
Our fathers no mean foes; and Cressy's plains,
And Agincourt, deep ting'd with blood, confess
What the Silures vigour unwithstood
Could do in rigid fight; and chiefly what
Brydges' wide-wasting hand, first garter'd Knight,
Puissant author of great Chandos' stem,
High Chandos, that transmits paternal worth,
Prudence, and ancient prowess, and renown,
T' his noble offspring. O thrice happy peer!
That, blest with hoary vigour, view'st thyself
Fresh blooming in thy generous son; whose lips,
Flowing with nervous eloquence exact,
Charm the wise senate, and attention win
In deepest councils: Ariconium pleas'd,
Him, as her chosen worthy, first salutes.
Him on th' Iberian, on the Gallic shore,
Him hardy Britons bless; his faithful hand
Conveys new courage from afar, nor more
The General's conduct, than his care avails.
Thee also, glorious branch of Cecil's line,
This country claims, with pride and joy to thee
Thy Alterennis calls; yet she endures
Patient thy absence, since thy prudent choice
Has fix'd thee in the Muses' fairest seat,*
Where Aldrich † reigns, and from his endless store
Of universal knowledge still supplies
His noble care; he generous thoughts instils

* Oxford.
† Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church.

Of true nobility, their country's love,
Chief end of life, and forms their ductile minds
To human virtues by his genius led,
Thou soon in every art pre-eminent
Shalt grace this isle, and rise to Burleigh's fame.
Hail high-born peer! and thou, great nurse of arts,
And men, from whence conspicuous patriots spring,
Hanmer and Bromley; thou, to whom with due
Respect Wintonia bows, and joyful owns
Thy mitred offspring; be for ever blest
With like examples, and to future times
Proficuous, such a race of men produce,
As, in the cause of virtue firm, may fix
Her throne inviolate. Hear, ye Gods, this vow
From one, the meanest in her numerous train;
Though meanest, not least studious of her praise.
Muse, raise thy voice to Beaufort's spotless fame.
To Beaufort, in a long descent derived
From royal ancestry, of kingly rights
Faithful asserters, in him centring meet
Their glorious virtues, high desert from pride
Disjoin'd, unshaken honour, and contempt
Of strong allurements. O illustrious prince!
O thou of ancient faith! exulting, thee,
In her fair list this happy land inrols.
Who can refuse a tributary verse
To Weymouth, firmest friend of slighted worth
In evil days? whose hospitable gate,
Unbarr'd to all, invites a numerous train
Of daily guests, whose board, with plenty crown'd,
Revives the feast-rites old: meanwhile his care
Forgets not the afflicted, but content
In acts of secret goodness, shuns the praise,
That sure attends. Permit me, bounteous lord,
To blazon what though hid will beauteous shine,
And with thy name to dignify my song.
But who is he, that on the winding stream
Of Vaga first drew vital breath, and now
Appriz'd in Anna's secret councils sits,
Weighing the sum of things, with wise forecast
Solicitous of public good? how large
His mind that comprehends whate'er was known

To old, or present time; yet not elate,
Not conscious of its skill? what praise deserves
His liberal hand, that gathers but to give,
Preventing suit? O not unthankful Muse,
Him lowly reverence, that first deign'd to hear
Thy pipe, and screen'd thee from opprobrious tongues.
Acknowledge thy own Harley, and his name
Inscribe on every bark; the wounded plants
Will fast increase, faster thy just respect.
Such are our heroes, by their virtues known,
Or skill in peace, or war: of softer mould
The female sex, with sweet attractive airs
Subdue obdurate hearts. The travellers oft
That view their matchless forms with transient glance,
Catch sudden love, and sigh for nymphs unknown,
Smit with the magic of their eyes: nor hath
The dædal hand of Nature only pour'd
Her gifts of outward grace; their innocence
Unfeign'd, and virtue most engaging, free
From pride, or artifice, long joys afford
To th' honest nuptial bed, and in the wane
Of life, rebate the miseries of age.
And is there found a wretch so base of mind,
That woman's powerful beauty dares condemn,
Exactest work of Heaven? He ill deserves
Or love, or pity; friendless let him see
Uneasy, tedious day, despis'd, forlorn,
A stain of human race: but may the man,
That cheerfully recounts the female's praise,
Find equal love, and love's untainted sweets
Enjoy with honour! O, ye Gods! might I
Elect my fate, my happiest choice shall be
A fair and modest virgin, that invites
With aspect chaste, forbidding loose desire,
Tenderly smiling; in whose heavenly eye
Sits purest love enthron'd; but if the stars
Malignant these my better hopes oppose,
May I, at least, the sacred pleasures know
Of strictest amity; nor ever want
A friend, with whom I mutually may share
Gladness and anguish, by kind intercourse
Of speech, and offices. May in my mind,

Indelible, a grateful sense remain
Of favours undeserv'd!—O thou! from whom
Gladly both rich and low seek aid; most wise
Interpreter of right, whose gracious voice
Breathes equity, and curbs too rigid law
With mild impartial reason; what returns
Of thanks are due to thy beneficence
Freely vouchsaf'd, when to the gates of death
I tended prone! If thy indulgent care
Had not preven'd, among unbody'd shades
I now had wander'd; and these empty thoughts
Of apples perish'd; but, unprais'd by thee,
I tune my pipe afresh, each night and day,
Thy unexampled goodness to extol
Desirous; but nor night, nor day, suffice
For that great task; the highly-honour'd name
Of Trevor must employ my willing thoughts
Incessant, dwell for ever on my tongue.
Let me be grateful; but let far from me
Be fawning cringe, and false dissembling look,
A servile flattery, that harbours oft
In courts and gilded roofs. Some loose the bands
Of ancient friendship, cancel Nature's laws
For pageantry, and tawdry gewgaws. Some
Renounce their sires, oppose paternal right
For rule and power; and others realms invade
With spacious shews of love. The traitorous wretch
Betrays his sov'reign. Others, destitute
Of real zeal, to every altar bend
By lucre sway'd, and act the basest things
To be styl'd honourable: the honest man,
Simple of heart, prefers inglorious want
To ill-got wealth; rather from door to door,
A jocund pilgrim, though distress'd, he'll rove,
Than break his plighted faith; nor fear, nor hope,
Will shock his stedfast soul; rather debarr'd
Each common privilege, cut off from hopes
Of meanest gain, of present goods despoil'd,
He'll bear the marks of infamy contemn'd,
Unpity'd; yet his mind, of evil pure,
Supports him, and intention free from fraud.
If no retinue with observant eyes

Attend him, if he can't with purple stain
Of cumbrous vestments, labour'd o'er with gold,
Dazzle the crowd, and set them all agape;
Yet clad in homely weeds, from Envy's darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly pangs
Of conscience, nor with spectres' grisly forms,
Dæmons, and injur'd souls, at close of day
Annoy'd, sad interrupted slumbers finds.
But (as a child, whose inexperienc'd age
Nor evil purpose fears, nor knows) enjoys
Night's sweet refreshment, humid sleep sincere.
When Chanticleer, with clarion shrill, recals
The tardy day, he to his labours hies
Gladsome, intent on somewhat that may ease
Unhealthy mortals, and with curious search
Examines all the properties of herbs,
Fossils, and minerals, that th' embowel'd earth
Displays, if by his industry he can
Benefit human race: or else his thoughts
Are exercis'd with speculations deep
Of good, and just, and meet, and th' wholesome rules
Of temperance, and aught that may improve
The moral life; not sedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd tongue to blast the fame
Of harmless men, or secret whispers spread
'Mong faithful friends, to breed distrust and hate.
Studious of virtue, he no life observes,
Except his own; his own employs his cares,
Large subject! that he labours to refine
Daily, nor of his little stock denies
Fit alms to lazars, merciful and meek.
Thus sacred Virgil liv'd, from courtly vice,
And bates of pompous Rome secure; at court,
Still thoughtful of the rural honest life,
And how t' improve his grounds, and how himself:
Best poet! fit exemplar for the tribe
Of Phœbus, nor less fit Mæonides,
Poor eyeless pilgrim! and, if after these,
If after these another I may name,
Thus tender Spenser liv'd, with mean repast
Content, depress'd by penury, and pine
In foreign realm; yet not debas'd his verse

By Fortune's frowns. And had that other bard,*
Oh, had but he, that first ennobled song
With holy rapture, like his Abdiel been;
'Mong many faithless, strictly faithful found;
Unpity'd, he should not have wail'd his orbs,
That toll'd in vain to find the piercing ray,
And found no dawn, by dim suffusion veil'd!
But he—however, let the Muse abstain,
Nor blast his fame, from whom she learnt to sing
In much inferior strains, groveling beneath
Th' Olympian hill, on plains and vales intent,
Mean follower. There let her rest awhile,
Pleas'd with the fragrant walks, and cool retreat.

CIDER.

BOOK II.

O HARCOURT, whom th' ingenious love of arts
Has carry'd from thy native soil, beyond
Th' eternal Alpine snows, and now detains
In Italy's waste realms, how long must we
Lament thy absence? whilst in sweet sojourn
Thou view'st the relics of old Rome; or, what
Unrival'd authors by their presence made
For ever venerable, rural seats,
Tibur, and Tusculum, or Virgil's urn,
Green with immortal bays, which haply thou,
Respecting his great name, dost now approach
With bended knee, and strow with purple flowers;
Unmindful of thy friends, that ill can brook
This long delay. At length, dear youth, return,
Of wit and judgment ripe, in blooming years,
And Britain's isle with Latian knowledge grace.
Return, and let thy father's worth excite
Thy first of pre-eminence: see! how the cause
Of widows, and of orphans, he asserts
With winning rhetoric, and well-argu'd law!

* Milton.

Mark well his footsteps, and, like him, deserve
Thy prince's favour, and thy country's love.
Meanwhile, although the Massic grape delights,
Pregnant of racy juice, and Formain hills
Temper thy cups, yet wilt not thou reject
Thy native liquors: lo! for thee my mill
Now grinds choice apples, and the British vats
O'erflow with generous cider; far remote
Accept this labour, nor despise the Muse,
That, passing lands and seas, on thee attends.
Thus far of trees: the pleasing task remains,
To sing of wines, and autumn's blest increase.
Th' effects of art are shewn, yet what avails,
'Gainst Heaven? oft, notwithstanding all thy care
To help thy plants, when the small fruitery seems
Exempt from ills, an oriental blast
Disastrous flies, soon as the hind fatigued
Unyokes his team; the tender freight, unskill'd
To bear the hot disease, distemper'd pines
In the year's prime; the deadly plague annoys
The wide inclosure: think not vainly now
To treat thy neighbours with mellifluous cups,
Thus disappointed. If the former years
Exhibit no supplies, alas! thou must
With tasteless water wash thy droughty throat.
A thousand accidents the farmer's hopes
Subvert, or check; uncertain all his toil,
Till lusty autumn's lukewarm days allay'd
With gentle colds, insensibly confirm
His ripening labours; autumn to the fruits
Earth's various lap produces, vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky grain
Berries, and sky-dy'd plumbs, and what in coat
Rough, or soft-rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell;
Fat Olives, and Pistacio's fragrant nut,
And the Pine's tasteful Apple: autumn paints
Ausonian hills with Grapes; whilst English plains
Blush with pomaceous harvests, breathing sweets.
O let me now, when the kind early dew
Unlocks th' embosom'd odours, walk among
The well-rang'd files of trees, whose full-aged store
Diffuse ambrosial streams, than Myrrh, or Nard

More grateful, or perfuming flowery Bean!
Soft whispering airs, and the lark's matin song
Then woo to musing, and becalm the mind
Perplex'd with irksome thoughts. Thrice happy time,
Best portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works
Lovely, to full perfection wrought! but ah!
Short are our joys, and neighbouring griefs disturb
Our pleasant hours! inclement winter dwells
Contiguous; forthwith frosty blasts deface
The blithsome year: trees of their shrivel'd fruits
Are widow'd, dreary storms o'er all prevail!
Now, now's the time, ere hasty suns forbid
To work, disburden thou thy sapless wood
Of its rich progeny; the turgid fruit
Abounds with mellow liquor: now exhort
Thy hinds to exercise the pointed steel
On the hard rock, and give a wheely form
To the expected grinder: now prepare
Materials for thy mill; a sturdy post
Cylindric, to support the grinder's weight
Excessive; and a flexile sallow, entrench'd,
Rounding, capacious of the juicy hord.
Nor must thou not be mindful of thy press,
Long ere the vintage; but with timely care
Shave the goat's shaggy beard, lest thou too late
In vain should'st seek a strainer to dispart
The husky, terrene dregs, from purer Must.
Be cautious next a proper steed to find,
Whose prime is past; the vigorous horse disdains
Such servile labours, or, if forc'd, forgets
His past achievements, and victorious palms.
Blind Bayard rather, worn with work and years,
Shall roll th' unwieldy stone; with sober pace
He'll tread the circling path till dewy eve,
From early day-spring, pleas'd to find his age
Declining not unuseful to his lord.
Some, when the press, by utmost vigour screw'd,
Has drain'd the propous mass, recircle their sides
With the dry refuse; thou, more wise, shalt steep
Thy husks in water, and again employ
The ponderous engine. Water will imbibe

The small remains of spirit, and acquire
A vinous flavour; this the peasants blithe
Will quaff, and whistle, as thy tinkling team
They drive, and sing of Fusca's radiant eyes,
Pleas'd with the medley draught. Nor shalt thou now
Reject the Apple-cheese, though quite exhaust;
Even now 'twill cherish, and improve the roots
Of sickly plants; new vigour hence convey'd
Will yield an harvest of unusual growth.
Such profit springs from husks discreetly us'd!
The tender apples, from their parents rent
By stormy shocks, must not neglected lie,
The prey of worms. A frugal man I knew,
Rich in one barren acre, which subdued
By endless culture, with sufficient Must
His casks replenish'd yearly; he no more
Desir'd, nor wanted; diligent to learn
The various seasons, and by skill repel
Invading pests, successful in his cares,
Till the damp Libyan wind, with tempest arm'd,
Outrageous, bluster'd horible amidst
His Cider grove: o'erturn'd by furious blasts,
The sightly ranks fall prostrate, and around
Their fruitage scatter'd, from the genial boughs
Stript immature: yet did he not repine,
Nor curse his stars; but prudent, his fallen heaps
Collecting, cherish'd with the tepid wreaths
Of tedded grass, and the sun's mellowing beams
Rival'd with artful heats, and thence procur'd
A costly liquor, by improving time,
Equall'd with what the happiest vintage bears.
But this I warn thee, and shall always warn,
No heterogeneous mixtures use, as some
With watery turnips have debas'd their wines,
Too frugal; nor let the crude humours dance
In heated brass, steaming with fire intense;
Although Devonia much commends the use
Of strengthening Vulcan; with their native strength
Thy wines sufficient, other aid refuse;
And, when th' allotted orb of time's complete,
Are more commended than the labour'd drinks.
Nor let thy avarice tempt thee to withdraw

The priest's appointed share; with cheerful heart
The tenth of thy increase bestow, and own
Heaven's bounteous goodness, that will sure repay
Thy grateful duty: this neglected, fear
Signal vengeance, such as overtook
A miser, that unjustly, once with-held
The clergy's due: relying on himself,
His fields he tended, with successful care,
Early and late, when or unwish'd-for rain
Descended, or unseasonable frosts
Curb'd his increasing hopes; or, when around
The clouds dropt fatness, in the middle sky
The dew suspended staid, and left unmoist
His execrable glebe; recording this,
Be just, and wise, and tremble to transgress.
Learn now the promise of the coming year,
To know, that by no flattering signs abus'd,
Thou wisely may'st provide: the various moon
Prophetic, and attendant stars, explain
Each rising dawn; ere icy crusts surmount
The current stream, the heavenly orbs serene
Twinkle with trembling rays, and Cynthia glows
With light unsully'd: now the fowler, warn'd
By these good omens, with swift early steps
Treads the crimp earth, ranging through fields and glades
Offensive to the birds; sulphureous death
Checks their mid flight, and heedless while they strain
Their tuneful throats, the towering, heavy lead,
O'ertakes their speed; they leave their little lives
Above the clouds, precipitant to earth.
The woodcock's early visit, and abode
Of long continuance in our temperate clime,
Foretel a liberal harvest; he oft times
Intelligent, the harsh Hyperborean ice
Shuns for our equal winters; when our suns
Cleave the chill'd soil, he backward wings his way
To Scandinavian frozen summers, meet
For his numb'd blood. But nothing profits more
Than frequent snows: O, may'st thou often see
Thy furrows whiten'd by the woolly rain
Nutritious! secret nitre lurks within
The porous wet, quickening the languid glebe.

Sometimes thou shalt, with fervent vows, implore
A moderate wind; the orchard loves to wave
With winter winds, before the gems exert
Their feeble heads; the loosened roots then drink
Large increment, earnest of happy years.
Nor will it nothing profit to observe
The monthly stars, their powerful influence
O'er planted fields, what vegetables reign
Under each sign. On our account has Jove
Indulgent to all moons some succulent plant
Allotted, that poor helpless man will slake
His present thirst, and matter find for toil.
Now will the Corinths, now the Rasps, supply
Delicious draughts; the Quinces now, or Plums,
Or Cherries, or the fair Thisbeian fruit,
Are prest to wines; the Britons squeeze the works
Of sedulous bees, and mixing odorous herbs
Prepare balsamic cups, to wheezing lungs
Medicinal, and short-breath'd ancient sires.
But, if thou'rt indefatigably bent
To toil, and omnifarous drinks would'st brew;
Besides the orchard, every hedge and bush
Affords assistance; ev'n afflictive Birch,
Curs'd by unletter'd, idle youth, distils
A limpid current from her wounded bark,
Profuse of nursing sap. When solar beams
Parch thirsty human veins, the damask'd meads,
Unforc'd, display ten thousand painted flowers
Useful in potables. Thy little sons
Permit to range the pastures; gladly they
Will mow the Cowslip-posies, faintly sweet,
From whence thou artificial wines shalt drain
Of icy taste, that, in mid fervours, best
Slake craving thirst, and mitigate the day.
Happy Iërne,* whose most wholesome air
Poisons envenom'd spiders, and forbids
The baleful toad, and viper, from her shore!
More happy in her balmy draughts, enrich'd
With miscellaneous spices, and the root
For thirst-abating sweetness prais'd, which wide

* Ireland.

Extend her fame, and to each drooping heart
Present redress, and lively health convey.
See, how the Belgæ, sedulous and stout,
With bowls of fattening Mum, or blissful cups
Of kernel-relish'd fluids, the fair star
Of early Phosphorus salute, at noon
Jocund with frequent-rising fumes! by use
Instructed, thus to quell their native phlegm
Prevailing, and engender wayward mirth.
What need to treat of distant climes, remov'd
Far from the sloping journey of the year,
Beyond Petsora, and Islandic coasts;
Where ever-during snows, perpetual shades
Of darkness, would congeal their livid blood,
Did not the Arctic tract spontaneous yield
A cheering purple berry, big with wine,
Intensely fervent, which each hour they crave,
Spread round a flaming pile of pines, and oft
They interlard their native drinks with choice
Of strongest Brandy, yet scarce with these aids
Enabled to prevent the sudden rot
Of freezing nose, and quick decaying feet.
Nor less the sable borderers of the Nile,
Nor they who Taprobane manure, nor they,
Whom sunny Borneo bears, are stor'd with streams
Egregious, Rum, and Rice's spirit extract.
For here, expos'd to perpendicular rays,
In vain they covet shades, and Thrascia's gales,
Pining with Equinoxial heat, unless
The cordial glass perpetual motion keep,
Quick circuiting; nor dare they close their eyes,
Void of a bulky charger near their lips,
With which, in often-interrupted sleep,
Their frying blood compels to irrigate
Their dry-furr'd tongues, else minutely to death
Obnoxious, dismal death, th' effect of drought!
More happy they, born in Columbus' world,
Carybbes, and they, whom the Cotton plant
With downy-sprouting vests arrays! their woods
Bow with prodigious nuts, that give at once
Celestial food, and nectar; then, at hand
The Lemon, uncorrupt with voyage long,

To vinous spirits added (heavenly drink!)
They with pneumatic engine ceaseless draw,
Intent on laughter: a continual tide
Flows from th' exhilarating fount. As, when
Against a secret cliff, with sudden shock
A ship is dash'd, and leaking drinks the sea,
Th' astonish'd mariners ay ply the pump,
Nor stay, nor rest, till the wide breach is clos'd:
So they, but cheerful unfatigued, still move
The draining sucker, then alone concern'd
When the dry bowl forbids their pleasing work.
But if to hoarding thou art bent, thy hopes
Are frustrate, should'st thou think thy pipes will flow
With early limpid wine. The hoarded store,
And the harsh draught, must twice endure the sun's
Kind strengthening heat, twice winter's purging cold.
There are, that a compounded fluid drain
From different mixtures, Woodcock, Pippin, Mole,
Rough Elliot, sweet Pearmain: the blended streams,
Each mutually correcting each, create
A pleasurable medley, of what taste
Hardly distinguish'd; as the showery arch,
With listed colours gay, Ore, Azure, Gules,
Delights and puzzles the beholder's eye,
That views the watery brede, with thousand shews
Of painture vary'd, yet, unskill'd to tell
Or where one colour rises, or one faints.
Some Ciders have by art, or age, unlearn'd
Their genuine relish, and of sundry vines
Assum'd the flavour; one sort counterfeits
The Spanish product; this to Gaul's has seem'd
The sparkling Nectar of Champaigne; with that,
A German oft has swill'd his throat, and sworn,
Deluded, that imperial Rhine bestow'd
The generous rummer, whilst the owner, pleas'd,
Laughs inly at his guests, thus entertain'd
With foreign vintage from his cider cask.
Soon as thy liquor from the narrow cells
Of close-prest husks is freed, thou must refrain
Thy thirsty soul; let none persuade to broach
Thy thick, unwholsome, undigested cades:
The hoary frosts, and nothern blasts, take care

Thy muddy beverage to serene, and drive
Precipitant the baser, ropy lees.
And now thy wine's transpicuous, purg'd from all
Its earthly gross, yet let it feed awhile
On the fat refuse, lest too soon disjoin'd,
From sprightly, it to sharp or vapid change.
When to convenient vigour it attains,
Suffice it to provide a brazen tube
Inflext; self-taught, and voluntary, flies
The defecated liquor, through the vent
Ascending, then by downward tract convey'd,
Spouts into subject vessels, lovely clear.
As when a noon-tide sun, with summer beams,
Darts through a cloud, her watery skirts are edg'd
With lucid amber, or undrossy gold:
So, and so richly, the purg'd liquid shines.
Now, also, when the colds abate, nor yet
Full summer shines, a dubious season, close
In glass thy purer streams, and let them gain,
From due confinement, spirit, and flavour new.
For this intent, the subtle chymist feeds
Perpetual flames, whose unresisted force
O'er sand, and ashes, and the stubborn flint
Prevailing, turns into a fusil sea,
That in his furnace bubbles sunny-red:
From hence a glowing drop with hollow'd steel
He takes, and by one efficacious breath
Dilates to a surprising cube, or sphere,
Or oval, and fit receptacles forms
For every liquid, with his plastic lungs,
To human life subservient; by his means
Ciders in metal frail improve: the Moyle,
And tasteful Pippin, in a moon's short year,
Acquire complete perfection: now they smoke
Transparent, sparkling in each drop, delight
Of curious palate, by fair virgins crav'd.
But harsher fluids different lengths of time
Expect: Thy flash will slowly mitigate
The Elliot's roughness. Stirom, firmest fruit,
Embottled (long as Priameian Troy
Withstood the Greeks) endures, ere justly mild.
Soften'd by age, it youthful vigour gains,

Fallacious drink! ye honest men, beware,
Nor trust its smoothness; the third circling glass
Suffices virtue: But may hypocrites,
(That slyly speak one thing, another think,
Hateful as hell) pleas'd with the relish weak,
Drink on unwarn'd, till, by enchanting cups
Infatuate, they their wily thoughts disclose,
And through intemperance grow awhile sincere.
The farmer's toil is done; his cades mature
Now call for vent; his lands exhaust permit
T' indulge awhile. Now solemn rites he pays
To Bacchus, author of heart-cheering mirth.
His honest friends, at thirsty hour of dusk,
Come uninvited; he with bounteous hand
Imparts his smoking vintage, sweet reward
Of his own industry; the well-fraught bowl
Circles incessant, whilst the humble cell
With quavering laugh and rural jests resounds.
Ease, and content, and undissembled love,
Shine in each face; the thoughts of labour past
Increase their joy. As, from retentive cage
When sullen Philomel escapes, her notes
She varies, and of past imprisonment
Sweetly complains; her liberty retriev'd
Cheers her sad soul, improves her pleasing song.
Gladsome they quaff, yet not exceed the bounds
Of healthy temperance, nor encroach on night,
Season of rest; but well bedew'd repair
Each to his home, with unsupplanted feet.
Ere heaven's emblazon'd by the rosy dawn,
Domestic cares awake them; brisk they rise,
Refresh'd, and lively with the joys that flow
From amicable talk, and moderate cups
Sweetly interchang'd. The pining lover finds
Present redress, and long oblivion drinks
Of coy Lucinda. Give the debtor wine:
His joys are short and few; yet when he drinks
His dread retires; the flowing glasses add
Courage and mirth: magnificent in thought,
Imaginary riches he enjoys,
And in the gaol expatiates unconfin'd.
Nor can the poet Bacchus' praise indite,

Debarr'd his grape. The Muses still require
Humid regalement; nor will aught avail
Imploring Phœbus, with unmoisten'd lips.
Thus to the generous bottle all incline,
By parching thirst allur'd. With vehement suns
When dusty summer bakes the crumbling clods,
How pleasant is 't, beneath the twisted arch
Of a retreating bower, in mid-day's reign,
To ply the sweet carouse, remote from noise,
Secur'd of feverish heats! When th' aged year
Inclines, and Boreas' spirit blusters frore,
Beware th' inclement heavens; now let thy hearth
Crackle with juiceless boughs; thy lingering blood
Now instigate with th' apple's powerful streams.
Perpetual showers and stormy gusts confine
The willing ploughman, and December warns
To annual jollities; now sportive youth
Carol incondite rhimes, with suiting notes,
And quaver unharmonious; sturdy swains
In clean array for rustic dance prepare,
Mixt with the buxom damsels; hand in hand
They frisk and bound, and various mazes weave,
Shaking their brawny limbs, with uncouth mien,
Transported, and sometimes an oblique leer
Dart on their loves, sometimes an hasty kiss
Steal from unwary lasses; they with scorn,
And neck reclin'd, resent the ravish'd bliss.
Meanwhile blind British bards with volant touch
Traverse loquacious strings, whose solemn notes
Provoke to harmless revels; these among
A subtle artist stands, in wondrous bag
That bears imprison'd winds (of gentler sort
Than those which erst Laertes' son enclos'd).
Peaceful they sleep; but let the tuneful squeeze
Of labouring elbow rouze them, out they fly
Melodious, and with sprightly accents charm.
Midst these disports, forget they not to drench
Themselves with bellying goblets; nor, when spring
Returns, can they refuse to usher in
The fresh-born year with loud acclaim, and store
Of jovial draughts, now, when the sappy boughs
Attire themselves with blooms, sweet rudiments

Of future harvest: When the Gnossian crown
Leads on expected autumn, and the trees
Discharge their mellow burdens, let them thank
Boon Nature, that thus annually supplies
Their vaults, and with their former liquid gifts
Exhilarates their languid minds, within
The golden mean confin'd. Beyond there's nought
Of health or pleasure. Therefore, when thy heart
Dilates with fervent joys, and eager soul
Prompts to pursue the sparkling glass, be sure
'Tis time to shun it; if thou wilt prolong
Dire compotation, forthwith reason quits
Her empire to confusion, and misrule,
And vain debates; then twenty tongues at once
Conspire in senseless jargon; nought is heard
But din, and various clamor, and mad rant:
Distrust and jealousy to these succeed,
And anger-kindling taunt, the certain bane
Of well-knit fellowship. Now horrid frays
Commence; the brimming glasses now are hurl'd
With dire intent; bottles with bottles clash,
In rude encounter; round their temples fly
The sharp-edg'd fragments; down their batter'd cheeks
Mixt gore and cider flow. What shall we say
Of rash Elpenor, who in evil hour
Dry'd an immeasurable bowl, and thought
T' exhale his surfeit by irriguous sleep,
Imprudent! him death's iron sleep oppress,
Descending careless from his couch; the fall
Luxt his neck joint, and spinal marrow bruis'd.
Nor need we tell what anxious cares attend
The turbulent mirth of wine; nor all the kinds
Of maladies, that lead to Death's grim cave,
Wrought by intemperance, joint-racking gout,
Intestine stone, and pining atrophy,
Chill even when the sun with July heats
Fries the scorch'd soil, and dropsy all afloat,
Yet craving liquids: nor the Centaur's tale
Be here repeated; how, with lust and wine
Inflam'd, they fought, and split their drunken souls
At feasting hour. Ye heavenly Powers that guard
The British isles, such dire events remove

Far from fair Albion, nor let civil broils
Ferment from social cups: May we, remote
From the hoarse, brazen sound of war, enjoy
Our humid products, and with seemly draughts
Enkindle mirth and hospitable love.
Too oft, alas! has mutual hatred drench'd
Our swords in native blood; too oft has pride,
And hellish discord, and insatiate thirst
Of other's rights, or quiet discompos'd.
Have we forgot, how fell destruction rag'd
Wide spreading, when by Eris' torch incens'd
Our fathers warr'd? what heroes, signaliz'd
For loyalty and prowess, met their fate,
Untimely, undeserv'd! how Bertie fell,
Compton, and Granville, dauntless sons of Mars,
Fit themes of endless grief, but that we view
Their virtues yet surviving in their race!
Can we forget, how the mad, headstrong rout
Defy'd their prince to arms, nor made account
Of faith or duty, or allegiance sworn?
Apostate, atheist rebels! bent to ill,
With seeming sanctity and cover'd fraud,
Instill'd by him, who first presum'd t' oppose
Omnipotence; alike their crime, th' event
Was not alike; these triumph'd, and in height
Of barbarous malice and insulting pride,
Abstain'd not from imperial blood. O fact
Unparallel'd! O Charles, O best of kings!
What stars their black disastrous influence shed
On thy nativity, that thou should'st fall
Thus, by inglorious hands, in this thy realm,
Supreme and innocent, adjudg'd to death
By those thy mercy only would have sav'd!
Yet was the Cider-land unstain'd with guilt;
The Cider land, obsequious still to thrones,
Abhorr'd such base disloyal deeds, and all
Her pruning-hooks extended into swords,
Undaunted, to assert the trampled rights
Of monarchy; but, ah! successless she,
How e'er faithful! then was no regard
Of right or wrong. And this, once happy, land,
By home-bred fury rent, long groan'd beneath

Tyrannic sway, till fair revolving years
Our exil'd kings and liberty restor'd.
Now we exult, by mighty Anna's care
Secure at home, while she to foreign realms
Sends forth her dreadful legions, and restrains
The rage of kings: Here nobly she supports
Justice oppress'd; here her victorious arms
Quell the ambitious: From her hand alone
All Europe fears revenge, or hopes redress.
Rejoice, O Albion! sever'd from the world
By Nature's wise indulgence, indigent
Of nothing from without; in one supreme
Entirely blest; and from beginning time
Design'd thus happy; but the fond desire
Of rule and grandeur multiply'd a race
Of kings, and numerous sceptres introduc'd,
Destructive of the public weal. For now
Each potentate, as wary fear, or strength,
Or emulation urg'd, his neighbour's bounds
Invades, and ample territory seeks
With ruinous assault; on every plain
Host cop'd with host, dire was the din of war,
And ceaseless, or short truce haply procur'd
By havoc and dismay, till jealousy
Rais'd new combustion. Thus was peace in vain
Sought for by martial deeds, and conflict stern:
Till Edgar grateful (as to those who pine
A dismal half-year night, the orient beam
Of Phœbus lamp) arose, and into one
Cemented all the long contending powers,
Pacific monarch! then her lovely head
Concord rear'd high, and all around diffus'd
The spirit of love. At ease, the bards new strung
Their silent harps, and taught the woods and vales,
In uncouth rhymes, to echo Edgar's name.
Then gladness smil'd in every eye; the years
Ran smoothly on, productive of a line
Of wise, heroic kings, that by just laws
Establi-h'd happiness at home, or crush'd
Insulting enemies in farthest climes.
See lion-hearted Richard with his force
Drawn from the North, to Jewry's hallow'd plains!

Piously valiant (like a torrent swell'd
With wintry tempests, that disdains all mounds,
Breaking a way impetuous, and involves
Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he press'd
Amidst the thickest battle, and o'erthrew
Whate'er withstood his zealous rage: no pause,
No stay of slaughter, found his vigorous arm,
But th' unbelieving squadrons to flight
Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds
Mangled behind. The Soldan, as he fled,
Oft call'd on Alla, gnashing with despite
And shame, and murmur'd many an empty curse.
Behold third Edward's streamers blazing high
On Gallia's hostile ground! his right withheld,
Awakens vengeance. O imprudent Gauls,
Relying on false hopes, thus to incense
The warlike English! one important day
Shall teach you meaner thoughts. Eager of fight,
Fierce Brutus' offspring to the adverse front
Advance resistless, and their deep array
With furious inroad pierce: the mighty force
Of Edward twice o'erturn'd their desperate king;
Twice he arose, and join'd the horrid shock:
The third time, with his wide-extended wings,
He fugitive declin'd superior strength,
Discomfited; pursued, in the sad chace
Ten thousand ignominious fall; with blood
The vallies float. Great Edward thus aveng'd,
With golden Iris his broad shield emboss'd.
Thrice glorious prince! whom Fame with all her tongues
For ever shall resound. Yet from his loins
New authors of dissention spring; from him
Two branches, that in hosting long contend
For sov'reign sway; and can such anger dwell
In noblest minds? but little now avail'd
The ties of friendship; every man, as led
By inclination, or vain hope, repair'd
To either camp, and breath'd immortal hate,
And dire revenge. Now horrid Slaughter reigns:
Sons 'gainst fathers tilt the fatal lance,
Careless of duty, and their native grounds

Distain with kindred blood; the twanging bows
Send showers of shafts, and on their barbed points
Alternate ruin bear. Here might you see
Barons and peasants on th embattled field
Slain, or half-dead, in one huge, ghastly heap
Promiscuously amass'd. With dismal groans,
And ejulation, in the pangs of death
Some call for aid, neglected; some o'erturn'd
In the fierce shock, lie gasping, and expire,
Trampled by fiery coursers: Horror thus,
And wild uproar, and desolation, reign'd
Unrespited. Ah! who at length will end
This long, pernicious fray? what man has Fate
Reserv'd for this great work?—Hail, happy prince
Of Tudor's race, whom in the womb of Time
Cadwallador foresaw! thou, thou art he,
Great Richmond Henry, that by nuptual rites
Must close the gates of Janus, and remove
Destructive Discord. Now no more the drum
Provokes to arms, or trumpet's clangor shrill,
Affrights the wives, or chills the virgin's blood;
But joy and pleasure open to the view
Uninterrupted! with presaging skill
Thou to thy own unitest Fergus' line
By wise alliance: from thee James descends,
Heaven's chosen favourite, first Britannic king.
To him alone hereditary right
Gave power supreme; yet still some seeds remain'd
Of discontent; two nations under one,
In laws and interest diverse, still pursued
Peculiar ends, on each side resolute
To fly conjunction; neither fear, nor hope,
Nor the sweet prospect of a mutual gain,
Could aught avail till prudent Anna said,
Let there be union: straight with reverence due
To her command, they willingly unite,
One in affection, laws and government,
Indissolubly firm; from Dubris south
To Northern Orcades, her long domain.
And now, thus leagued by an eternal bond,
What shall retard the Britons' bold designs,
Or who sustain their force, in union knit,

Sufficient to withstand the powers combin'd
Of all this globe? at this important act
The Mauritanian and Cathaian kings
Already tremble, and th' unbaptiz'd Turk
Dreads war from utmost Thule. Uncontrol'd
The British navy through the ocean vast
Shall wave her double cross, t' extremest climes
Terrific, and return with odorous spoils
Of Araby, well fraught, or Indus' wealth,
Pearl, and barbarric gold: Meanwhile the swains
Shall unmolested reap what Plenty strows
From well-stor'd horn, rich grain, and timely fruits.
The elder year, Pomona, pleas'd, shall deck
With ruby-tinctur'd births, whose liquid store
Abundant, flowing in well-blended streams,
The natives shall applaud; while glad they talk
Of baleful ills, caused by Bellona's wrath
In other realms; where'er the British spread
Triumphant banners, or their fame has reach'd,
Diffusive, to the utmost bounds of this
Wide universe, Silurian Cider borne
Shall please all tastes, and triumph o'er the vine.

KING.

The ingenious Dr. William King was a native of London, and was born in 1663. Being paternally allied to the family of Clarendon, he received a good classical education at Westminster School, under Dr. Richard Busby, from whence he was elected to Christ Church, Oxford, in his eighteenth year. At this illustrious seminary, he is said to have been a very diligent student; and having devoted his particular attention to civil law, he took a doctor's degree in 1692. But though he possessed unquestionable talents, and distinguished himself in the defence of the Earl of Anglesea, against his lady, who sued for a divorce and obtained it, he gradually gave way to an indolent disposition, and application to business seemed to be his aversion. By the interest of his friends, however, he was appointed judge of the admiralty in Ireland, and held some other important offices in that country; but, on a change of administration there, he returned to England in 1708, with no other portion than wit, and a confirmed and habitual idleness.

In some years previous to this, he had gained considerable reputation as a prose writer, and now he appears to have derived his principal subsistence from the efforts of his pen. Becoming a zealous tory, he defended the cause he had espoused with great spirit, both in prose and verse, which recommended him to Swift, Prior, and others of the same party. By their influence, and as it is said without solicitation, he was appointed writer of the Gazette, and keeper of the paper office. But an act of insolvency, which speedily followed, having increased the business of his situation, his native

indolence induced him to resign, preferring poverty with ease, to independence with application.

Retiring to Lambeth, in 1712, he amused himself with composition; but his health declining he resigned his breath with Christian fortitude, on Christmas-day of that year, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

His poems have been aptly characterised as the amusements of idleness, rather than the effects of study. He possessed a turn for mirth and raillery, and was better qualified to make his readers laugh than to move the tender passions. His "Art of Cookery" evinces abundance of wit and ingenuity; and though he wrote "An Art of Love," it has the merit of being free from that licentiousness which is found in Ovid. In short, though King lived irregularly, he was by no means prone to gross vices. Trifles were his delight, and he pursued them, regardless of fame, fortune, and public opinion.

Mr. Anderson informs us, that he would say a great many ill-natured things, but never do one. He was made up of tenderness and pity, and tears would fall from him on the smallest occasion. Mr. A. further observes, that his character united some striking contrarieties. He was a man of eminent learning and singular piety; but more zealous for the cause, than the appearance of religion. His chief pleasure consisted in trifles, and he was never happier than when he thought he was hid from the world. Few people pleased him in conversation, and it was a certain proof of his liking them if his behaviour was tolerably agreeable. His discourse was cheerful, his wit pleasant and entertaining, and his philosophy and good sense prevailed over his natural temper, which is said not to have been amiable.

UPON A GIANT'S ANGLING.

His angle rod made of a sturdy oak;
His line a cable, which in storms ne'er broke;
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sate upon a rock, and bobb'd for whale.

JUST AS YOU PLEASE.

OR,

THE INCURIOUS.

A VIRTUOSO had a mind to see
One that would never discontented be,
But in a careless way to all agree.
He had a servant, much of Æsop's kind,
Of personage uncouth, but sprightly mind;
"Humpus," says he, "I order that you find
"Out such a man, with such a character,
"As in this paper now I give you here;
"Or I will lug your ears, or crack your pate,
"Or rather you shall meet with a worse fate,
"For I will break your back, and set you straight.
"Bring him to dinner." Humpus soon withdrew,
Was safe, as having such a one in view
At Covent Garden dial, whom he found
Sitting with thoughtless air, and look profound.
Who, solitary gaping without care,
Seem'd to say, "Who is't? wilt go any where?"
Says Humpus, "Sir, my master bade me pray
"Your company to dine with him to-day.'
He snuffs; then follows; up the stairs he goes,
Never pulls off his hat, nor cleans his shoes,
But, looking round him, saw a handsome room,
And did not much repent that he was come;

Close to the fire he draws an elbow chair,
And, lolling easy, doth for sleep prepare.
In comes the family, but he sits still;
Thinks, "Let them take the other chairs that will!"
The master thus accosts him, "Sir, you're wet,
"Pray have a cushion underneath your feet."
Thinks he, "If I do spoil it, need I care?
"I see he has eleven more to spare."
Dinner's brought up; the wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end must be his seat.
"This is not very usual," thinks the clown:
"But is not all the family his own?
"And why should I, for contradiction's sake,
"Lose a good dinner, which he bids me take?
"If from his table she discarded be,
"What need I care, there's the more for me."
After awhile, the daughter's bid to stand,
And bring him whatsoever he'll command.
Thinks he, "The better from the fairer hand!"
Young master next must rise to fill him wine,
And starve himself, to see the booby dine.
He does. The father asks, "What have you there?
"How dare you give a stranger vinegar?"
"Sir, 'twas champagne I gave him.—"Sir, indeed!
"Take him and scourge him till the rascal bleed;
"Dont spare him for his tears or age: I'll try
"If cat-of-nine tails can excuse a lie."
Thinks the clown, "That 'twas wine I do believe;
"But such young rogues are aptest to deceive;
"He's none of mine, but his own flesh and blood,
"And how know I but 't may be for his good."
When the dessert came on, and jellies brought,
Then was the dismal scene of finding fault:
They were such hideous, filthy, poisonous stuff,
Could not be rail'd at, nor reveng'd enough.
Humpris was ask'd who made them. Trembling he
said, "Sir it was my lady gave them me."
"No more such poison shall she ever give,
"I'll turn the witch; 'tisn't fitting she should live:
"She dies in the court. I'll make her fry:
"And pray, good Sir, may't please you to be by?"

Then, smiling, says the clown, "Upon my life,
"A pretty fancy this, to burn one's wife!"
"And since I find 'tis really your design,
"Pray let me just step home, and fetch you mine."

A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE.

When your kind wishes first I sought,
'Twas in the dawn of youth:
I toasted you, for you I sought,
But never thought of truth.

You saw how still my fire increas'd;
I griev'd to be denied;
You said, "till I to wander ceas'd,
"You'd guard your heart with pride."

I that once feign'd too many lies,
In height of passion swore,
By you and other deities,
That I would range no more.

I've sworn, and therefore now am fix'd,
No longer false and vain:
My passion is with honour mix'd,
And both shall ever reign.

THE ART OF COOKERY,

IN IMITATION OF

HORACE'S ART OF COOKERY.

TO DR. LISTER.

Ingenious Lister, were a picture drawn
With Cynthia's face, but with a neck like brawn;
With wings of Turkey, and with feet of calf;
Though drawn by Kneller, it would make you laugh!

Such is, good Sir, the figure of a feast,
By some rich farmer's wife and sister drest;
Which, were it not for plenty and for steam,
Might be resembl'd to a sick man's dream,
Where all ideas huddling run so fast,
That syllabubs come first, and soups the last.
Not but that cooks and poets still were free,
To use their power in nice variety;
Hence, mackarel seem delightful to the eyes,
Though dress'd with incoherent gooseberries.
Crabs, salmon, lobsters, are with fennel spread,
Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead;
Yet no man lards salt pork with orange peel,
Or garnishes his lamb with spitchcock'd eel.
A cook perhaps has mighty things profess'd,
Then sent up but two dishes nicely dress'd:
What signify Scotch-collops to a feast?
Or you can make whipp'd cream; pray what relief
Will that be to a sailor who wants beef;
Who, lately shipwreck'd, never can have ease,
Till re-establish'd in his pork and pease?
When once begun, let industry ne'er cease
Till it has render'd all things of one piece:
At your dessert bright pewter comes too late,
When your first course was all serv'd up in plate.
Most knowing Sir! the greatest part of cooks,
Searching for truth, are cozen'd by its looks:
One would have all things little; hence has tried
Turkey poults fresh'd, from th' egg in batter fried:
Others, to shew the largeness of their soul,
Prepare you muttons swol'd, and oxen whole.
To vary the same things, some think is art:
By larding of hogs-feet and bacon-tart:
The taste is now to that perfection brought,
That care when wanting skill, creates the fault.
In Covent-Garden did a tailor dwell,
Who might deserve a place in his own hell:
Give him a single coat to make, he'd do't;
A vest, or breeches, singly: but the brute
Could ne'er contrive all three to make a suit:
Rather than trust a supper like such cloths,
I'd have me eyes and teeth, without my nose

You that from pliant paste would fabrics raise,
Expecting thence to gain immortal praise,
Your knuckles try, and let your sinews know
Their power to knead, and give the form to dough;
Choose your materials right, your seasoning fix,
And with your fruit resplendent sugar mix:
From thence of course the figure will arise,
And elegance adorn the surface of your pies.
Beauty from order springs: the judging eye
Will tell you if one single plate's awry;
The cook must still regard the present time;
T' omit what's just in season is a crime.
Your infant pease t' asparagus prefer,
Which to the supper you may best defer.
Be cautious how you change old bills of fare,
Such alterations should at least be rare;
Yet credit to the artist will accrue,
Who in known things still makes the appearance new.
Fresh dainties are by Britain's traffic known,
And now by constant use familiar grown.
What lord of old would bid his cook prepare
Mangos, potargo, champignons, caveare?
Or would our thrum-capp'd ancestors find fault,
For want of sugar-tongs, or spoons for salt?
New things produce new words, and thus Monteth
Has by one vessel sav'd his name from death.
The seasons change us all. By autumn's frost,
The shady leaves of trees and fruit are lost.
But then the Spring breaks forth with fresh supplies,
And from the teeming earth new buds arise.
So stubble-geese at Michaelmas are seen
Upon the spit; next May produces green.
The fate of things lies always in the dark:
What cavalier would know St. James's Park?*

* In the time of King Henry VIII. the park was a wild wet field; but that prince, on building St. James's palace, enclosed it, laid it out in walks, and, collecting the waters together, gave to the new-enclosed ground and new-raised building the name of St. James's. It was much enlarged by Charles II. who added to it several fields, planted it with rows of lime-trees, laid out the Mall, formed the canal, with a decoy, and other ponds, for water-fowl.

For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring;
And wild-ducks quack where grashoppers did sing;
A princely palace on that space does rise,
Where Sedley's noble Muse found mulberries.*
Since places alter thus, what constant thought
Of filling various dishes can be taught?
For he pretends too much, or is a fool,
Who'd fix'd those things where fashion is a rule.
King Hardic'nute, midst Danes and Saxons stout,
Carouz'd in nut brown ale, and din'd on grout;
Which dish its pristine honour still retains,
And, when each prince is crown'd, in splendour reigns.
By northern custom, duty was express'd,
To friends departed, by their funeral feast.
Though I've consulted Holinshed and Stow,
I find it very difficult to know
Who, to refresh th' attendants to a grave,
Burnt-claret first or Naples-biscuit gave.
Trotter from quince and apples first did frame
A pye, which still retains his proper name:
Though common grown, yet with white sugar strow'd,
And butter'd right, its goodness is allow'd.
As wealth flow'd in, and plenty sprang from peace,
Good-humour reign'd, and pleasures found increase.
'Twas usual then the banquet to prolong
By music's charm, and some delightful song;
Where every youth in pleasing accents strove
To tell the stratagems and cares of love;
How some successful were, how others crost;
Then to the sparkling glass would give his toast,
Whose bloom did most in his opinion shine,
To relish both the music and the wine.
Why I am styl'd a cook, if I'm so loth
To marinate my fish, or season broth,
Or send up what I roast with pleasing froth;
If I my master's *gusto* won't discern,
Lest, through my bashful folly, scorn to learn?
When among friends good humour takes its birth,
'Tis not a tedious feast prolongs the mirth;

* A comedy called, "The Mulberry Garden."

But tis not reason therefore you should spare,
When, as their future burgess, you prepare
For a fat corporation and their mayor.
All things should find their room in proper place;
And what adorns this treat, would that disgrace.
Sometimes the vulgar will of mirth partake,
And have excessive doings at their wake:
Ev'n tailors at their yearly feasts look great,
And all their cucumbers are turn'd to meat.
A prince, who in a forest rides astray,
And, weary, to some cottage finds the way,
Talks of no pyramids of fowl, or bisks of fish,
But, hungry, sups his cream serv'd up in earthen dish;
Quenches his thirst with ale in nut-brown bowls,
And takes the hasty rasher from the coals:
Pleas'd as king Henry with the miller free,
Who thought himself as good a man as he.
Unless some sweetness at the bottom lie,
Who cares for all the crinkling of the pye?
If you would have me merry with your cheer,
Be so yourself, or so at least appear.
The things we eat by various juice control
The narrowness or largeness of our soul.
Onions will make ev'n heirs or widows weep;
The tender lettuce brings on softer sleep;
Eat beef or pye-crust if you'd serious be;
Your shell-fish raises Venus from the sea;
For nature, that inclines to ill or good,
Still nourishes our passions by our food.
Happy the man that has each fortune tried,
To whom she much has given, and much denied:
With abstinence all delicates he sees,
And can regale himself with toast and cheese:
Your betters will despise you, if they see
Things that are far surpassing your degree;
Therefore beyond your substance never treat;
'Tis plenty, in small fortune, to be neat.
'Tis certain that a steward can't afford
An entertainment equal with his Lord.
Old age is frugal; gay youth will abound
With heat, and see the flowing cup go round

A widow has cold pie; nurse gives you cake;
From generous merchants ham or sturgeon take.
The farmer has brown bread as fresh as day,
And butter fragrant as the dew of May.
Cornwall squab-pie, and Devon white-pot brings;
And Leister beans and bacon, food of kings!

At Christmas-time, be careful of your fame,
See the old tenants' table be the same;
Then, if you would send up the brawner's head,
Sweet rosemary and bays around it spread:
His foaming tusks let some large pippin grace,
Or midst those thundering spears an orange place;
Sauce like himself, offensive to its foes,
The roguish mustard, dangerous to the nose.
Sack and the well-spic'd hippocras the wine,
Wassail the bowl with ancient ribbands fine,
Porridge with plums, and turkeys with the chine.
If you perhaps would try some dish unknown,
Which more peculiarly you'd make your own,
Like ancient sailors still regard the coast;
By venturing out too far you may be lost.
By roasting that which your forefathers boil'd,
And boiling what they roasted, much is spoil'd.
That cook to British palates is complete,
Whose savoury hand gives turns to common meat.

Though cooks are often men of pregnant wit,
Through niceness of their subject, few have writ.
In what an awkward sound that ballad ran,
Which with this blustering paragraph began:

There was a prince of Lubberland,
A potentate of high command,
Ten thousand bakers aid attend him,
Ten thousand brewers did befriend him:
These brought him kissing crusts, and those
Brought him small-beer, before he rose.

The author raises mountains seeming full,
But all the *cry* produces little *wool*:
So, if you see a beggar for a house,
And have a verdict, what d'ye gain? A louse!
Homer, more modest, if we search his books,
Will shew us that his heroes all were cooks:

How lov'd Patroclus with Achilles joins,
To quarter out the ox, and spit the loins.
Oh could that poet live! could he rehearse
Thy journey, *Lister*, in immortal verse!
Muse, sing the man that did to Paris go,
That he might taste their soups, and mushrooms know!
Oh, how would Homer praise their dancing dogs,
Their stinking cheese, and fricasee of frogs!
He'd raise no fables, sing no flagrant lie,
Of boys with custard chok'd at Newberry;
But their whole courses you'd entirely see,
How all their parts from first to last agree.
If you all sorts of persons would engage,
Suit well your eatables to every age.
The favourite child, that just begins to prattle,
And throws away his silver bells, and rattle,
Is very humoursome, and makes great clutter,
Till he has windows on his bread and butter:
He for repeated supper-meat will cry,
But won't tell mammy what he'd have, or why.
The smooth-fac'd youth, that has new guardians chose,
From play-house steps to supper at the Rose,
Where he a main or two at random throws:
Squandering of wealth, impatient of advice,
His eating must be little, costly, nice.
Maturer age, to this delight grown strange,
Each night frequents his club behind the 'Change,
Expecting there frugality and health,
And honour rising from a sheriff's wealth:
Unless he some insurance dinner lacks,
'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontack's.
But then old age, by still intruding years,
Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears:
Morose, perverse in humour, diffident,
The more he still abounds, the less content;
His larder and his kitchen too observes,
And *now*, 'est he should want hereafter, starves;
Thinks scorn of all the present age can give,
And none these threescore years knew how to live.
But now the cook must pass through all degrees,
And by his art discordant tempers please,
And minister to health and to disease.

Far from the parlour have your kitchen plac'd,
Dainties may in their working be disgrac'd:
In private draw your poultry, clean your tripe,
And from your eels their slimy substance wipe.
Let cruel offices be done by night,
For they who like the thing abhor the sight.
Next, let discretion moderate your cost,
And, when you treat, three courses be the most.
Let never fresh machines your pastry try,
Unless grandees or magistrates are by:
Then you may put a dwarf into a pie.
Or, if you'd fright an alderman and mayor,
Within a pasty lodge a living hare;
Then midst their gravest furs shall mirth arise,
And all the Guild pursue with joyful cries.
Crowd not your table: let your number be
Not more than seven, and never less than three.
'Tis the dessert that graces all the feast,
For an ill end disparages the rest:
A thousand things well done, and one forgot,
Defaces obligation by that blot.
Make your transparent sweet-meats truly nice,
With Indian sugar and Arabian spice:
And let your various creams encircled be
With swelling fruit just ravish'd from the tree.
Let plates and dishes be from China brought,
With lively paint and earth transparent wrought.
The feast now done, discourses are renew'd,
And witty arguments with mirth pursued;
The cheerful master, 'midst his jovial friends,
His glass "to their best wishes" recommends.
The grace-cup follows to his sovereign's health,
And to his country, "Plenty, peace, and wealth."
Performing then the piety of *grace*,
Each man that pleases re-assumes his place;
While at his gate, from such abundant store,
He showers his godlike blessings on the poor.
In days of old our fathers went to war,
Expecting sturdy blows and hardy fare:
Their beef they often in their murrions stew'd,
And in their basket-hilts their beverage brew'd.

Some officer perhaps may give consent,
To a large cover'd pipkin in his tent,
Where every thing that every soldier got,
Fowl, bacon, cabbage, mutton, and what not,
Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot.
But, when our conquests were extensive grown,
And through the world our British worth was known,
Wealth on commanders then flow'd in apace,
Their Champaign sparkled equal with their lace;
Quails, Beccofico's, Ortolans, were sent,
To grace the levee of a general's tent;
In their gilt plate all delicates were seen,
And what was earth before became a rich terrene.
When the young players once get to Islington,
They fondly think that all the world's their own:
'Prentices, parish-clerks, and hectors meet;
He that is drunk, or bullied, pays the treat.
Their talk is loose; and o'er the bouncing ale
At constables and justices they rail;
Not thinking custard such a serious thing,
That common council-men 'twill thither bring;
Where many a man, at variance with his wife,
With softening mead and cheese-cake ends the strife.
Ev'n squires come there, and, with their mean discourse,
Render the kitchen, which they sit in, worse.
Midwives demure, and chamber-maids most gay,
Foremen that pick the box, and come to play,
Here find their entertainment at the height,
In cream and codlings revelling with delight.
What these approve, the great men will dislike:
But here's the art, if you the palate strike;
By management of common things so well,
That what was thought the meanest shall excel;
While others strive in vain, all persons own
Such dishes could be dress'd by you alone.
When straiten'd in your time, and servants few,
You'll rightly then compose an *ambigue*;
Where first and second course, and your dessert,
All in one single table have their part.
From such a vast confusion 'tis delight,
To find the jarring elements unite,
And raise a structure grateful to the sight.

Be not too far by old example led,
With caution now we in their footsteps tread:
The French our relish help, and well supply
The want of things too gross by decency.
Our fathers most admir'd their sauces sweet,
And often ask'd for sugar with their meat;
They butter'd currants on fat veal bestow'd,
And rumps of beef with virgin-honey strew'd.
Insipid taste, old friend, to them who Paris know,
Where rocombole, shallot, and the rank garlic, grow.

Tom Bold did first begin the strolling mart,
And drove about his turnips in a cart;
Sometimes his wife the citizens would please,
And from the same machine sell pecks of pease;
Then pippins did in wheel-barrows abound,
And oranges in whimsy-boards went round:
Bess Hoy first found it troublesome to bawl,
And therefore plac'd her cherries on a stall;
Her currents there and gooseberries were spread,
With the enticing gold of gingerbread:
But flounders, sprats, and cucumbers, were cried,
And every sound and every voice was tried.
At last the Law this hideous din suppress'd,
And order'd that the Sundy should have rest;
And that no nymph her noisy food should sell,
Except it were new milk or mackarel.

There is no dish but what our cooks have made,
And merited a charter by their trade.
Not French kickshaws, or oglios brought from Spain,
Alone have found improvement from their brain;
But pudding, brawn, and white pots, own'd to be
Th' effects of native ingenuity.

Our British fleet, which now commands the main,
Might glorious wreaths of victory obtain,
Would they take time: would they with leisure work;
With care would salt their beef, and cure their pork;
Would boil their liquor well when e'er they brew,
Their conquest half is to the victualler due.

Because that thrift and abstinence are good,
As many things, if rightly understood:
Old Cross condemns all persons to be fops,
That can't regale themselves with mutton-chops.

He often for stuft beef to Bedlam runs,
And the clean rummer, as the pesthouse, shuns.
Sometimes poor jack and onions are his dish,
And then he saints those friars who stink of fish.
As for myself, I take him to abstain,
Who has good meat, with decency, though plain:
But, though my edge be not too nicely set,
Yet I another's appetite may whet;
May teach him when to buy, when season's past,
What's stale, what choice, what plentiful, what waste;
And lead him through the various maze of taste.
The fundamental principle of all
Is what ingenious cooks *the relish* call;
For, when the market sends in loads of food,
They all are tasteless till *that* makes them good.
Besides, 'tis no ignoble piece of care,
To know for whom it is you would prepare:
You'd please a friend, or reconcile a brother,
A testy father, or a haughty mother;
Would mollify a judge, would cram a squire,
Or else some smiles from court you may desire;
Or would, perhaps, some hasty supper give,
To shew the splendid state in which you live.
Pursuant to that interest you propose,
Must all your wine and all your meat be chose.
* * * * * *
* * * * * *
A cauldron of fat beef and stoop of ale
On the huzzaing mob shall more prevail,
Than if you gave them with the nicest art
Ragouts of peacocks brains, or filbert-tart.
The French by soups and *haut-gouts* glory raise,
And their desire all terminate in praise.
The thrifty maxim of the wary Dutch
Is, to save all the money they can touch:
"Hans," cries, the father, "see a pin lies there;
"A pin a-day will fetch a groat a-year.
"To your five farthings join three farthings more;
"And they, if added, make your halfpence four."
Thus may your stock by management increase,
Your wars shall gain you more than Britain's peace.

Where love of wealth and rusty coin prevail,
What hopes of sugar'd cakes or batter'd ale?
Cooks garnish out some tables, some they fill,
Or in a prudent mixture shew their skill:
Clog not your constant meals; for dishes few
Increase the appetite, when choice and new.
Ev'n they, who will extravagance profess,
Have still an inward hatred for excess:
Meat, forc'd too much, untouch'd at table lies,
Few care for carving trifles in disguise,
Or that fantastic dish some call *surprise*.
When pleasures to the eye and palate meet,
That cook has render'd his great work complete:
His glory far, like *surloin knighthood*, flies;
Immortal made, as *Kit-cat* by his pyes.
Good-nature must some failings overlook,
Not wilfulness, but errors of the cook.
A string won't always give the sound design'd
By the musician's touch and heavenly mind:
Nor will an arrow from the Parthian bow
Still to the destin'd point directly go.
Perhaps no salt is thrown about the dish,
Or no fried parsley scatter'd on the fish;
Shall I in passion from my dinner fly,
And hopes of pardon to my cook deny,
For things which carelessness might oversee,
And all mankind commit as well as he?
I with compassion once may overlook
A skewer sent to table by my cook:
But think not therefore tamely I'll permit
That he should daily the same fault commit,
For fear the rascal send me up 'n spit!
Poor Roger Fowler had a generous mind,
Nor would submit to have his hand confin'd,
But was, 'tis all, yet never could excel
In any thing but stuffing of his veal:
But, when that dish was in perfection seen,
And that alone, would it not move your spleen?
Tho' you, in long work, soft slumbers creep,
And tir'd sink the artist into sleep.
Ev'n Lumb himself, at the most solemn feast,
Might have some charges not exactly drest.

Tables should be like pictures to the sight,
Some dishes cast in shade, some spread in light,
Some at a distance brighten, some near hand,
Where ease may all their *delicace* command:
Some should be mov'd when broken; others last
Through the whole treat, incentive to the taste.
Locket, by many labours feeble grown,
Up from the kitchen call'd his eldest son:
"Though wise thyself," says he, "though taught by me
"Yet fix this sentence in thy memory:
"There are some certain things that don't excel,
"And yet we say are *tolerably well:*
"There's many worthy men a lawyer prize,
"Whom they distinguish as of *middle* size,
"For pleading well at bar, or turning books;
"But this is not, my son, the fate of cooks,
"From whose mysterious art true pleasures springs
"To *stall* or garter, and to *throne* of kings.
"A simple scene, a disobliging song,
"Which no way to the main design belong,
"Or were they absent never would be miss'd,
"Have made a well-wrought comedy be hiss'd:
"So in a feast no intermediate fault
"Will be allow'd; but, if not best, 'tis naught."
He that of feeble nerves and joints complains,
From nine-pins, quoits, and from trap-ball, abstains;
Cudgels avoids, and shuns the wrestling-place,
Lest vinegar resound his loud disgrace.
But every one to cookery pretends;
Nor maid nor mistress e'er consult their friends.
But, Sir, if you would roast a pig, be free:
Why not with Brawn, with Locket, or with me?
We'll see when 'tis enough, when both eyes out,
Or if it wants the nice concluding bout;
But, if it lies too long, the crackling's pall'd,
Not by the drudging-box to be recall'd.
Our Cambrian fathers, sparing in their food,
First boil'd their hunted goats on bars of wood.
Sharp hunger was their seasoning, or they took
Such salt as issued from the native rock.

Their salading was never far to seek,
The poignant water-grass, or savoury leek;
Until the British bards adorn'd this isle,
And taught them how to roast, and how to boil:
Then Taliessin rose, and sweetly strung
His British harp, instructing whilst he sung:
Taught them that honesty they still possess,
Their truth, their open heart, their modest dress;
Duty to kindred, constancy to friends,
And inward worth, which always recommends;
Contempt of wealth and pleasure, to appear
To all mankind with hospitable cheer.
In after ages, Arthur and his knights,
At his round table to record their fights,
Cities eraz'd, encampments forc'd in field,
Monsters subdued, and hideous tyrants quell'd,
Inspir'd that Cambrian soul which ne'er can yield.
Then Guy, the pride of Warwick, truly great,
To future heroes due example set;
By his capacious cauldron made appear,
From whence the spirits rise, and strength of war.
The present age, to gallantry inclin'd,
Is pleas'd with vast improvements of the mind.
He that of honour, wit, and mirth, partakes,
May be a fit companion o'er beef-steaks;
His name may be to future times enroll'd
In Estcourt's book,* whose gridiron's fram'd of gold.
Scorn not these lines, design'd to let you know
Profits that from a well-plac'd table flow.
'Tis a sage question, if the art of cooks
Is lodg'd by nature or attain'd by books:
That man will never frame a noble treat,
Whose whole dependence lies in some receipt:

* That is, "be admitted a member of The Beef-steak Club."—Richard Estcourt, who was a Player and Dramatic Writer, is celebrated in the Spectator, as possessed of a sprightly wit, and an easy and mutual politeness. His company was much coveted by the great, on account of his qualifications as a boon companion. When the Queen's Beef-steak Club was first instituted, he had the office of Provedore assign'd him; and, as a mark of distinction, used to wear a small gridiron of gold hung about his neck with a green ribband. He died in the year 1713.

Their ne pure nature every thing s spoil'd.
She knows no more than [illegible] bak'd, [illegible]
bou'd
When art and nature join, th' effect will be
Some new regale or charming fricasee
The lad that would a goddess so advance,
That on the hyp he might securely dance,
From tender infancy learns himself to prune,
To Summer's parching heat and Winter's rains.
And from the fire of wine and love abstains;
No [illegible] on his manhood's steps can mount,
Unless [illegible] from his hand;
But [illegible] though never tried,
Is sensible [illegible] taken up and ride.
Preliminaries premis'd, now view him a-field,
Then amidst a parent's cheek, or rock at school
Oh-where, when boy, and wanton talk'd, some cry
But [illegible] an uncertain man should buy,
Others advised with such a plenteous store,
That if [illegible] them treat, they'll ask no more:
[illegible] the risk and hire of their soul.
To see their pure blood [illegible] and rank full.
[illegible] that [illegible] from my sword,
[illegible] should, [illegible] and,
[illegible] grave [illegible] Lucina's aid [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Empedocles, a sage of old, would raise
A name immortal by unusual ways;
At last his fancies grew so very odd,
He thought by *roasting* to be made a god.
Though fat, he leapt with his unwieldy stuff
In Ætna's flames, so to have fire enough.
Were my cook fat, and I a stander-by,
I'd rather than himself his fish should fry.

There are some persons so excessive rude,
That to your private table they'll intrude.
In vain you fly, in vain pretend to fast;
Turn like a fox, they'll catch you at the last.
You must, since bars and doors are no defence,
Ev'n quit your house as in a pestilence.
Be quick, nay very quick, or he'll approach,
And, as you're scampering, stop you in your coach.
Then think of all your sins, and you will see
How right your guilt and punishment agree:
Perhaps no tender pity could prevail,
But you would throw some debtor into gaol.
Now mark th' effect of this prevailing curse,
You are detain'd by something that is worse.

Where it in my election, I should choose,
To meet a ravenous wolf or bear got loose.
He'll eat and talk, and talking still will eat,
No quarter from the parasite you'll get;
But, like a leech well fix'd, he'll suck what's good,
And never part till satisfied with blood.

SPRATT.

Dr. Thomas Spratt, Bishop of Rochester, was the son of a private clergyman, and born at Tallaton, in Devonshire, in 1636. Having received a grammatical education in the country, he was entered a commoner of Wadham College, Oxford, in 1651 where he prosecuted his studies with remarkable diligence, and was equally entitled to praise for his correct and amiable manners. About 1658, he became fellow of his College, and commencing poet, wrote a pindaric ode on the plague of Athens, which he addressed to his friend and fellow collegian Dr. Walter Pope, half-brother to Dr. Wilkins, warden of Wadham College. This is the best and longest poetical piece which he ever wrote; and though it is not free from conceits and false taste, is not unworthy of a place in this collection.

The following year appeared another pindaric ode, "To the Happy Memory of the Lord Protector," which it is probable he was afterwards ashamed of, and would have been happy to have suppressed; for, changing his principles at the restoration, he became a zealous royalist; and notwithstanding the versatility of his principles, by the interest of Buckingham, was made chaplain to the king, to whom he recommended himself by the politeness of his address, and his happy powers of conversation.

Connected as he was with Dr. Wilkins, who might be said to be the father of the Royal Society, it is natural to suppose that he became a member of that institution, on its incorporation in 1667. Five years afterwards, he published the History of the Royal Society, a work which added considerably to his re-

putation, and which is still admired for selection of sentiment and elegance of diction.

Spratt was now in the high-road to preferment: he was successively made prebendary of Westminster, Canon of Windsor, Dean of Westminster, and in 1684 Bishop of Rochester. Next year he was appointed Dean of the Chapel Royal, and soon after, drew on himself much obloquy by sitting in the ecclesiastical commission, a conduct which he does not attempt to defend, and for which he appears to have been heartily sorry in the sequel.

On the abdication of his old master James II, to whom he had shewn too much devotion, he prudently complied with the new establishment, and was allowed to retain his preferments, though for some time he was not exempt from suspicion, but he had the good fortune to escape conviction.

He appears to have exchanged with Cowley the most sincere affections of a friend, and on the death of that poet he publish'd his Latin poems, with the Life of the Author in Latin. This was written with great zeal of friendship and ambition of eloquence, which he afterwards placed before a new edition of his English work, the revising and collecting of which were by will committed to his care.

He died of an apoplexy, at Bromley, in Kent, in the seventy-ninth year of his age; and though his political conduct is perfectly indefensible, his piety and benevolence challenge unqualified praise.

THE PLAGUE OF ATHENS.

I.

Unhappy man! by nature made to sway
And yet is every creature's prey,
Destroy'd by those that should his power obey.
Of the whole world we call mankind the lords,
Flattering ourselves with mighty words;
Of all things we the monarchs are,
And so we rule, and so we domineer;
All creatures else about us stand
Like some prætorian band,
To guard, to help, and to defend;
Yet they sometimes prove enemies,
Sometimes against us rise;
Our very guards rebel and tyrannise.
Thousand diseases sent by fate
(Unhappy servants!) on us wait;
A thousand treacheries within
Are laid, weak life to win;
Huge troops of maladies without
(A grim, a meagre, and a dreadful rout!)
Some formal sieges make,
And with sure slowness do our bodies take;
Some with quick violence storm the town,
And throw all in a moment down;
Some one peculiar fort assail,
Some by general attempts prevail.
Small herbs, alas! can only us relieve;
And small is the assistance they can give;
How can the fading offspring of the field
Sure health and succour yield?
What strong and certain remedy,
What firm and lasting life can ours be,
When that which makes us live doth every winter die?

II.

Nor is this all: we do not only breed
Within ourselves the fatal seed
Of change, and of disease in every part,
Head, belly, stomach, and root of life, the heart;

Not only have our autumn, when we must
Of our own nature turn to dust,
When leaves and fruit must fall;
But are expos'd to mighty tempests too,
Which do at once what they should slowly do,
Which throw down fruit and tree of life withal.
From ruin we in vain
Our bodies by repair maintain,
Bodies compos'd of stuff
Mouldring and frail enough;
Yet from without as well we fear
A dangerous and destructive war.
From heaven, from earth, from sea, from air,
We like the Roman empire shall decay;
And our own force would melt away
By the intestine jar
Of elements, which on each other prey,
The Cæsars and the Pompeys which within we bear;
Yet are (like that) in danger too
Of foreign armies, and external foe.
Sometimes the wasteful and the barbarous rage
Of plague or pestilence attends man's age,
Which neither force nor arts assuage,
Which cannot be avoided or withstood,
But drowns, and over-runs with unexpected flood.

III.

On Ethiopia, and the southern sands,
The unfrequented coasts, and parched lands,
Whither the sun too kind a heat doth send,
The sun, which the worst neighbour is, and the best friend,
Hither a mortal influence came,
A fatal and unhappy flame,
Kindled by heaven's angry beam.
With dreadful frowns, the heavens scatter'd here
Cruel infectious heats into the air:
Now all the stores of poison sent,
Threat'ning at once a general doom,
Lavish'd out all their hate, and meant
In future ages to be innocent,
Not to disturb the world for many years to come.

Hold, heavens! hold; why should your sacred fire,
Which doth to all things life inspire,
By whose kind beams you bring
Forth yearly every thing,
Which doth th' original seed
Of all things in the womb of earth that breed,
With vital heat and quickening seed;
Why should you now that heat employ,
The earth, the air, the fields, the cities to annoy?
That which before reviv'd, why should it now destroy?

IV.

Those Afric deserts straight were double deserts grown,
The ravenous beasts were left alone,
The ravenous beasts then first began
To pity their old enemy—man,
And blam'd the plague for what they would themselves have done.
Nor staid the cruel evil there,
Nor could be long confin'd unto one air;
Plagues presently forsake
The wilderness which they themselves do make.
Away the deadly breaths their journey take,
Driven by a mighty wind,
They a new booty and fresh forage find:
The loaded wind went swiftly on,
And as it pass'd, was heard to sigh and groan.
On Egypt next it seiz'd,
Nor could but by a general ruin be appeas'd,
Egypt, in rage, back on the south did look,
And wonder'd thence should come th' unhappy stroke,
From whence before her fruitfulness she took.
Egypt did now curse and revile
Those very lands from whence she has her Nile;
Egypt now fear'd another Hebrew God,
Another angel's hand, a second Aaron's rod.

V.

Then on it goes, and through the sacred land
Its angry forces did command:
But God did place an angel there
Its violence to withstand,
And turn into another land the putrid air.

To Tyre it came, and there did all discover;
Though that by seas might think itself secure.
Nor staid, as the great conqueror did,
Till it had fill'd and stopp'd the tide,
Which did it from the shore divide,
But pass'd the waters, and did all possess,
And quickly all was wilderness.
Thence it did Persia over-run,
And all that sacrifice unto the sun:
In every limb a dreadful pain they felt,
Tortur'd with secret coals they melt;
The Persians call'd their sun in vain,
Their god increas'd the pain.
They look'd up to their god no more,
But curse the beams they worshipped before,
And hate the very fire which once they did adore.

VI.

Glutted with the ruin of the east,
She took her wings, and down to Athens pass'd;
Just plague! which doth no parties take,
But Greece as well as Persia sack,
While in unnatural quarrels they,
Like frogs and mice, each other slay;
Thou in thy ravenous claws took'st both away.
Thither it came, and did destroy the town,
Whilst all its ships and soldiers looked on;
And now the Asian plague did more
Than all the Asian force could do before.
Without the wall the Spartan army sate,
The Spartan army came too late:
For now there was no farther work for fate,
They saw the city open lay,
An easy and a bootless prey;
They saw the rampires empty stand,
The fleets, the walls, the forts unmann'd.
No need of cruelty or slaughters now,
The plague had finish'd what they came to do;
They might now unresisted enter there,
Did they not the very air
More than the Athenians fear.
The air itself to them was wall and bulwarks too.

VII.

Unhappy Athens! it is true thou wert
The proudest work of nature and of art:
Learning and strength did thee compose,
As soul and body us:
But yet thou only thence art made
A nobler prey for fate t' invade;
Those mighty numbers that within thee breathe,
Do only serve to make a fatter feast for death.
Death in the most frequented palace lives;
Most tribute from the crowd receives;
And though it bears a scythe, and seems to own
A rustic life alone,
It loves no wilderness,
No scatter'd villages,
But mighty populous palaces,
The throng, the tumult, and the town.
What strange unheard-of conqueror is this,
Which by the forces that resist it doth increase!
When other conquerors are
Obliged to make a slower war,
Nay sometimes for themselves may fear,
And must proceed with watchful care,
When thicker troops of enemies appear;
This stronger still, and more successful grows,
Down sooner all before it throws,
If greater multitudes of men do it oppose.

VIII.

The tyrant first the haven did subdue;
Lately th' Athenians, it knew,
Themselves by wooden walls did save,
And therefore first to them th' infection gave,
Lest they new succour thence receive.
Cruel Pyræus! now thou hast undone
The honour thou before hadst won;
Not all thy merchandise,
Thy wealth, thy treasuries,
Which from all coasts thy fleet supplies,
Can to atone this crime suffice.
Next o'er the upper town it spread,
With mad and undiscerning speed;
In every corner, every street,

Without a guide did set its feet.
And too familiar every house did greet.
Unhappy queen of Greece! great Thesus now
Did thee a mortal injury do,
When first in walls he did thee close,
When first he did thy citizens reduce,
Houses and government, and laws to use.
It had been better if thy people still
Dispersed in some field or hill,
Though savage and undisciplin'd, did dwell,
Though barbarous, untame, and rude,
Than by their numbers thus to be subdu'd,
To be by their own swarms annoy'd,
And to be civiliz'd only to be destroy'd.

IX.

Minerva started when she heard the noise,
And dying men's confused voice.
From heaven in haste, she came, to see
What was the mighty prodigy.
Upon the castle pinnacles she sat,
And dar'd not nearer fly,
Nor midst so many deaths to trust her very deity.
With pitying look she saw at every gate
Death and destruction wait:
She wrung her hands, and call'd on Jove,
And all th' immortal powers above;
But though a goddess now did pray,
The heavens refus'd, and turn'd their ear away.
She brought her olive and her shield,
Neither of these, alas! assistance yield.
She look'd upon Medusa's face,
Was angry that she was
Herself of an immortal race,
Was angry that her Gorgon's head
Could not strike her as well as others dead.
She sat and wept awhile, and then away she fled.

X.

Now Death began her sword to whet;
Not all the Cyclops' sweat,
Nor Vulcan's mighty anvils, could prepare
Weapons enough for her.

No weapons large enough, but all the age
Men felt the heat within them rage,
And hop'd the air would it assuage,
Call'd for its help, but th' air did them deceive,
And aggravate the ills it should relieve.
The air no more was vital now,
But did a mortal poison grow:
The lungs, which us'd to fan the heart,
Only now serv'd to fire each part;
What should refresh, increas'd the smart:
And now their very breath,
The chiefest sign of life, was turn'd the cause of death.

XI.

Upon the head first the disease,
As a bold conqueror, doth seize,
Begins with man's metropolis,
Secur'd the capitol, and then it knew
It could at pleasure weaker parts subdue.
Blood started through each eye;
The redness of that sky
Foretold a tempest nigh.
The tongue did flow all o'er
With clotted filth and gore;
As doth a lion's when some innocent prey
He hath devour'd and brought away:
Hoarseness and sores the throat did fill,
And stopt the passages of speech and life;
No room was left for groans or grief;
Too cruel and imperious ill!
Which, not content to kill,
With tyrannous and dreadful pain;
Dost take from men the very power to complain.

XII.

Then down it went into the breast,
There all the seats and shops of life possess'd.
Such noisome smells from thence did come,
As if the stomach were a tomb;
No food would there abide,
Or if it did, turn'd to the enemy's side,
Like very meat new poisons to the plague supply'd.

Next, to the heart the fires came,
The heart did wonder what usurping flame,
What unknown furnace, should
On its more natural heat intrude;
Straight call'd its spirits up, but found too well,
It was too late now to rebel.
The tainted blood its course began,
And carried death where'er it ran;
That which before was nature's noblest art,
The circulation from the heart,
Was most destructful now,
And nature speedier did undo,
For that the sooner did impart
The poison and the smart,
Th' infectious blood to every distant part.

XIII.

The belly felt at last its share,
And all the subtle labyrinths there
Of winding bowels did new monsters bear.
Here seven days it rul'd and sway'd,
And often kill'd, because it death so long delay'd.
But if through strength and heat of age
The body overcame its rage,
The plague departed as the devil doth,
When driven by prayers away he goeth.
If prayers and heaven do him controul,
And if he cannot have the soul,
Himself out of the roof or window throws,
And will not all his labour lose,
But takes away with him part of the house:
So here the vanquish'd evil took from them
Who conquer'd it, some part, some limb.
Some lost the use of hands and eyes,
Some arms, some legs, some thighs;
Some all their lives before forgot,
Their minds were but one darker blot;
Those various pictures in the head,
And all the numerous shapes were fled;
And now the ransack'd memory
Languish'd in naked poverty,
Had lost its mighty treasury;
They pass'd the Lethe lake, although they did not die.

XIV.

Whatever lesser maladies men had,
They all gave place and vanished;
Those petty tyrants fled,
And at this mighty conqueror shrunk their head.
Fevers, agues, palsies, stone,
Gout, cholic, and consumption,
And all the milder generation,
By which mankind is by degrees undone,
Quickly were rooted out and gone;
Men saw themselves freed from the pain,
Rejoic'd, but all, alas, in vain:
'Twas an unhappy remedy,
Which cur'd them that they might both worse and sooner die.

XV.

Physicians now could nought prevail,
They the first spoils to the proud victor fall;
Nor would the plague their knowledge trust,
But fear'd their skill, and therefore slew them first:
So tyrants when they would confirm their yoke,
First make the chiefest men to feel the stroke.
The chiefest and the wisest heads, lest they
Should soonest disobey,
Should first rebel, and others learn from them the way.
No aid of herbs, or juices power,
None of Apollo's art could cure,
But help'd the plague the speedier to devour.
Physic itself was a disease,
Physic the fatal tortures did increase,
Prescriptions did the pains renew,
And Æsculapius to the sick did come,
As afterwards to Rome,
In form of serpent, brought new poisons with him too.

XVI.

The streams did wonder that, so soon
As they were from their native mountains gone,
They saw themselves drunk up, and fear,
And [illegible] Xerxes army near.
Some cast into the pot the scum,
And drink a dry as his forum;

Again they drew, again they drank:
At first the coolness of the stream did thank,
But straight the more were scorch'd, the more did burn;
And, drunk with water, in their drinking sat:
That urn which now to quench their thirst they use,
Shortly their ashes shall enclose:
Others into the chrystal brook
With faint and wondering eyes did look,
Saw what a ghastly shape themselves had took,
Away they would have fled, but them their legs forsook.
Some snatch the waters up,
Their hands, their mouths the cup:
They drank, and found they flam'd the more,
And only added to the burning store.
So have I seen on lime cold water thrown,
Straight all was to a ferment grown,
And hidden seeds of fire together run:
The heap was calm and temperate before,
Such as the finger could endure;
But, when the moistures it provoke,
Did rage, did swell, did smoke,
Did move, and flame, and burn, and straight to ashes broke.

XVII.

So strong the heat, so strong the torments were,
They like some mighty burden bear
The lightest covering of air.
All sexes and all ages do invade,
The bounds which nature laid,
The laws of modesty and nature made:
The virgins blush not, yet uncloth'd appear,
Undress'd to run about, yet never fear.
The pain and the disease did now
Unwillingly reduce men to
That nakedness once more,
Which perfect health and innocence caus'd before.
No sleep, no peace, no rest,
Their wandering and affrighted minds possess'd;
Upon their souls and eyes
Hell and eternal horror lies,

Unusual shapes and images,
Dark pictures and resemblances
Of things to come, and of the world below,
O'er their distemper'd fancies go:
Sometimes they curse, sometimes they pray unto
The gods above, the gods beneath;
Sometimes they cruelties and fury breathe,
Not sleep, but waking now was sister unto death.

XVIII.

Scatter'd in fields the bodies lay,
The earth call'd to the fowls to take their flesh away.
In vain she call'd, they come not nigh,
Nor would their food with their own ruin buy:
But at full meals they hunger, pine, and die.
The vultures afar off did see the feast,
Rejoic'd, and call their friends to taste,
They rallied up their troops in haste
Along came mighty droves,
Forsook their young ones and their groves,
Each one his native mountain and his nest;
They come, but all the carcases abhor,
And now avoid the dead men more
Than weaker birds did living men before.
But if some bolder fowls the flesh assay,
They were destroy'd by their own prey.
The dog, no longer bark'd at coming guest,
Repents its being a domestic beast,
Did to the woods and mountains haste:
The very owls at Athens are
But seldom seen and rare,
The owls depart in open day,
Rather than in infected ivy more to stay.

XIX.

Mountains of bones and carcases,
The streets, the market-place possess,
Threatening to raise a new Acropolis.
Here lies a mother, and her child,
The infant suck'd as yet, and smil'd,
But straight by its own food was kill'd.
There parents hugg'd their children last,
Here parting lovers last embrac'd,

But yet not parting neither,
They both expir'd, and went away together.
Here prisoners in the dungeon die,
And gain a two-fold liberty;
They meet and thank their pains,
Which them from double chains
Of body and of iron free.
Here others, poison'd by the scent
Which from corrupted bodies went,
Quickly return the death they did receive,
And death to others give;
Themselves now dead the air pollute the more,
For which they others curs'd before,
Their bodies kill all that come near,
And even after death they all are murderers here.

XX.

The friend doth hear the friend's last cries,
Parteth his grief for him, and dies,
Lives not enough to close his eyes.
The father at his death
Speaks his son heir with an infectious breath;
In the same hour the son doth take
His father's will and his own make.
The servant need not here be slain,
To serve his master in the other world again;
They languishing together lie,
Their souls away together fly;
The husband gaspeth, and his wife lies by,
It must be her turn next to die:
The husband and the wife
Too truly now are one, and live one life.
That couple which the gods did entertain
Had made their prayer here in vain;
No fates in death could them divide,
They must, without their privilege, together both have dy'd.

XXI.

There was no number now of death,
The sisters scarce stood still themselves to breathe:
The sisters now quite wearied
In cutting single thread,

Began at once to part whole looms,
One stroke did give whole houses dooms:
Now dy'd the frosty hairs,
The aged and decrepid years;
They fell, and only begg'd of fate
Some few months more, but 'twas alas too late.
Then death, as if asham'd of that,
A conquest so degenerate,
Cut off the young and lusty too:
The young were reckoning o'er
What happy days, what joys they had in store:
But fate, e'er they had finish'd their account, them slew.
The wretched usurer died,
And had no time to tell where he his treasures hid;
The merchant did behold
His ships return with spice and gold;
He saw't and turn'd aside his head,
Nor thank'd the gods, but fell amidst his riches dead.

XXII.

The meetings and assemblies cease; no more
The people throng about the orator,
No course of justice did appear,
No noise of lawyers fill'd the ear,
The senate cast away
The robe of honour, and obey
Deaths more resistless sway,
Whilst that with dictatorian power
Doth all the great and lesser officers devour.
No magistrates did walk about;
No purple aw'd the rout:
The common people too
A purple of their own did shew:
And all their bodies o'er
The ruling colours bore.
No judge, no legislators sit,
Since this new Draco came,
And harsher laws did frame,
Laws that, like his, in blood are writ.
The benches and the pleading place they leave,
About the streets they run and rave:
The madness which great Solon did of late
But only counterfeit

For the advantage of the state,
Now his successors do too truly imitate.

XXIII.

Up starts the soldier from his bed,
He, though death's servant, is not freed,
Death him cashier'd, 'cause now his help he did not need.
He that ne'er knew before to yield,
Or to give back, or leave the field,
Would fain now from himself have fled.
He snatch'd his sword now rusted o'er,
Dreadful and sparkling now no more,
And thus in open streets did roar;
How have I, Death, so ill deserv'd of thee,
That now thyself thou shouldst revenge on me?
Have I so many lives on thee bestow'd?
Have I the earth so often dy'd in blood?
Have I, to flatter thee, so many slain?
And must I now thy prey remain?
Let me at least, if I must die,
Meet in the field some gallant enemy.
Send, gods, the Persian troops again:
No, they're a base and a degenerate train;
They by our women may be slain.
Give me, great heavens, some manful foes,
Let me my death amidst some valiant Grecians choose,
Let me survive to die at Syracuse,
Where my dear country shall her glory lose
For you, great gods! into my mind infuse,
What miseries what doom,
Must on my Athens shortly come!
My thoughts inspir'd presage
Slaughters and battles to the coming age:
Oh! might I die upon that glorious stage:
Oh! that! but then he grasp'd his sword, and death concludes his rage.

XXIV.

Draw back, draw back thy sword, O Fate!
Lest thou repent when 'tis too late,
Lest, by thy making now so great a waste,
By spending all mankind upon one feast,
Thou starve thyself at last:

What men wilt thou reserve in store,
Whom in the time to come thou may'st devour,
When thou shalt have destroyed all before?
But, if thou wilt not yet give o'er,
If yet thy greedy stomach calls for more,
If more remain whom thou must kill,
And if thy jaws are craving still,
Carry thy fury to the Scythian coasts,
The northern wilderness and eternal frosts!
Against those barbarous crowds thy arrows whet,
Where arts and laws are strangers yet;
Where thou may'st kill, and yet the loss will not be great.
There rage, there spread, and there infect the air,
Murder whole towns and families there,
Thy worst against those savage nations dare,
Those whom mankind can spare,
Those whom mankind itself doth fear;
Amidst that dreadful night and fatal cold,
There thou may'st walk unseen, and bold,
There let thy flames their empire hold.
Unto the farthest seas, and nature's ends,
Where never summer's sun its beams extends,
Carry thy plagues, thy pains, thy heats,
Thy raging fires, thy torturing sweats,
Where never ray or heat did come;
They will rejoice at such a doom;
They'll bless thy pestilential fire,
Though by it they expire;
They'll thank the very flames with which they do consume.

XXV.

Then if that banquet will not thee suffice,
Seek out new lands where thou may'st tyrannize:
Search every forest, every hill,
And all that in the hollow mountains dwell;
Those wild and untame troops devour,
Thereby thou wilt the rest of men secure,
And that the rest of men will thank thee for.
Let all those human beasts be slain,
Till scarce their memory remain;

Thyself with that ignoble slaughter fill,
'Twill be permitted thee that blood to spill.
Measure the ruder world throughout,
March all the ocean's shores about,
Only pass by and spare the British isle.
Go on, and (what Columbus once shall do
When days and time unto their ripeness grow)
Find out new lands and unknown countries too:
Attempt those lands which yet are hid
From all mortality beside:
There thou may'st steal a victory,
And none of this world hear the cry
Of those that by thy wounds shall die;
No Greek shall know thy cruelty,
And tell it to posterity.
Go, and unpeople all those mighty lands,
Destroy with unrelenting hands;
Go, and the Spaniard's sword prevent,
Go, make the Spaniard innocent;
Go, and root out all mankind there,
That when the European armies shall appear
Their sin may be the less,
They may find all a wilderness,
And without blood the gold and silver there possess.

XXVI.

Nor is this all which we thee grant;
Rather than thou should'st full employment want,
We do permit, in Greece thy kingdom plant.
Ransack Lycurgus' streets throughout,
They've no defence of walls to keep thee out.
On wanton and proud Corinth seize,
Nor let her double waves thy flames appease.
Let Cyprus feel more fires than those of love:
Let Delos, which at first did give the sun,
See unknown flames in her begun,
Now let her wish she might unconstant prove,
And from her place might truly move:
Let Lemnos all thy anger feel,
And think that a new Vulcan fell,
And brought with him new anvils, and new hell.
Nay, at Athens too we give thee up,
All that thou find'st in field, or camp, or shop:

Make havoc there without controul
Of every ignorant and common soul.
But then, kind Plague, thy conquests stop;
Let arts, and let the learned, there escape,
Upon Minerva's self commit no rape;
Touch not the sacred throng,
And let Apollo's priests be, like him, young,
Like him, be healthful too, and strong.
But ah! too ravenous Plague, whilst I
Strive to keep off the misery,
The learned too, as fast as others, round me die;
They from corruption are not free,
Are mortal, though they give an immortality.

XXVII.

They turn'd their authors o'er, to try
What help, what cure, what remedy,
All nature's stores against this plague supply;
And though besides they shunn'd it every where,
They search'd it in their books, and fain would meet it there;
They turn'd the records of the ancient times,
And chiefly those that were made famous by their crimes,
To find if men were punish'd so before;
But found not the disease nor cure.
Nature, alas! was now surpris'd,
And all her forces seiz'd,
Before she was how to resist advis'd.
So when the elephants did first affright
The Romans with unusual sight,
They many battles lose,
Before they knew their foes,
Before they understood such dreadful troops t' oppose.

XXVIII.

Now every different sect agrees
Against their common adversary, the disease,
And all their little wranglings cease;
The Pythagoreans from their precepts swerve,
No more their silence they observe,
Out of their schools they run,
Lament, and cry, and groan:
They now desir'd their metempsychosis;

Not only to dispute, but wish
That they might turn to beasts, or fowls, or fish.
If the Platonics had been here,
They would have curs'd their master's year,
When all things shall be as they were,
When they again the same disease shall bear:
All the philosophers would now,
What the great Stagyrite shall do,
Themselves into the waters headlong throw.

XXIX.

The Stoics felt the deadly stroke,
At first assault their courage was not broke;
They call'd in all the cobweb aid
Of rules and precepts, which in store they had;
They bid their hearts stand out,
Bid them be calm and stout,
But all the strength of precept will not do't.
They can't the storms of passion now assuage;
As common men, are angry, grieve, and rage.
The gods are call'd upon in vain,
The gods gave no release unto their pain,
The gods to fear ev'n for themselves began.
For now the sick unto their temples came,
And brought more than an holy flame,
There at the altars made their prayer,
They sacrific'd, and died there,
A sacrifice not seen before;
That heaven, only us'd unto the gore
Of lambs or bulls, should now
Loaded with priests see its own altars too!

XXX.

The woods gave funeral piles no more,
The dead the very fire devour,
And that almighty conqueror o'erpower.
The noble and the common dust
Into each other's graves are thrust.
No place is sacred, and no tomb;
'Tis now a privilege to consume;
Their ashes no distinction had;
Too truly all by death are equal made.
The ghosts of those great heroes that had fled

From Athens, long since banished,
Now o'er the city hovered;
Their anger yielded to their love,
They left th' immortal joys above,
So much their Athens' danger did them move.
They came to pity, and to aid,
But now, alas! were quite dismay'd,
When they beheld the marbles open lay'd,
And poor men's bones the noble urns invade;
Back to the blessed seats they went,
And now did thank their banishment,
By which they were to die in foreign countries sent.

XXXI.

But what, great Gods! was worst of all,
Hell forth its magazines of lust did call,
Nor would it be content
With the thick troops of souls were thither sent;
Into the upper world it went.
Such guilt, such wickedness,
Such irreligion did increase,
That the few good which did survive
Were angry with the plague for suffering them to live:
More for the living than the dead did grieve.
Some robb'd the very dead,
Though sure to be infected ere they fled,
Though in the very air sure to be punished.
Some nor the shrines nor temples spar'd,
Nor gods nor heavens fear'd,
Though such example of their power appear'd.
Virtue was now esteem'd an empty name,
And honesty the foolish voice of fame;
For, having past those torturing flames before,
They thought the punishment already o'er,
Thought heaven no worse torments had in store;
Here having felt one hell, they thought there was no more.

HALIFAX.

Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, an eminent statesman, the Mecænas of his age, and himself a poet, was descended from the Manchester family, and born at Horton, in Northamptonshire, April 16, 1661. He was educated at Westminster school, and afterwards entered a commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he commenced an acquaintance with the immortal Newton, and lived in habits of friendship with Stepney, and other distinguished wits.

In 1685, he wrote a copy of verses on the death of Charles II. which recommended him to the notice of the Earl of Dorset, by whom he was introduced at court. Two years after, he joined Prior, in composing the "City Mouse, and Country Mouse," a burlesque on Dryden's "Hind and Panther," which increased his celebrity, and gave occasion to the following incident, on which his future fortune turned. Having taken a decided part in favour of the prince of Orange, after the coronation of his Majesty and his Queen, Halifax was introduced by his patron the Earl of Dorset, with this expression: "May it please your Majesty, I have brought a *mouse* to have the honour of kissing your hand." The King smiled, and the cause of the singular appellation having been explained, replied with an air of gaiety, "You will do well to put me in the way of making a *man* of him," and immediately took him under his protection.

About this time, he married the Countess Dowager of Manchester; and having obtained a seat in parliament, signalized himself as an active and able member, which progressively led the way to his being made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Baron Halifax.

At the accession of Queen Anne, however, he was dismissed; but after some time was restored to royal favour, which he again forfeited in 1710, though he remained in the highest credit with her successor, by whom he was created Earl of Halifax, and first Lord of the Treasury. He died of an inflammation of his lungs, in May 1715, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The productions of a poet and a scholar, and himself the patron of literature, could not fail to obtain due celebration. But, judged by an impartial posterity, who are neither under the influence of gratitude nor of prejudice, the poetic talents of Halifax are not allowed to rank very high, although they are nevertheless extremely respectable. "The Man of Honour," however, is confessed to be vigorously written, to contain some pointed sentiments, and striking delineations of character. It is unquestionably his best piece on a general subject, and as such we have given it a place. It breathes a manly spirit of independence on the subject, yet by no means insulting to the sovereign. In fine, it is the language which an honest man ought to use, and what a good prince will not consider as either unloyal or unjust.

THE MAN OF HONOUR.

OCCASIONED BY A POSTSCRIPT OF PENN'S LETTER.

Not all the threats or favour of a crown,
A prince's whisper, or a tyrant's frown,
Can awe the spirit, or allure the mind,
Of him, who to strict honour is inclin'd.
Though all the pomp and pleasure that does wait
On public places, and affairs of state,
Should fondly court him to be base and great;
With even passions, and with settled face,
He would remove the harlot's false embrace.
Though all the storms and tempests should arise,
That church-magicians in their cells advise,
And from their settled basis nations tear,
He would unmov'd the mighty ruin bear;
Secure in innocence contemn them all,
And decently array'd in honours fall.
For this, brave Shrewsbury and Lumley's name
Shall stand the foremost in the list of fame;
Who first with steady minds the current broke,
And to the suppliant monarch boldly spoke;
" Great Sir, renown'd for constancy, how just
" Have we obey'd the crown, and serv'd our trust,
" Espous'd your cause and interest in distress,
" Yourself must witness, and our foes confess!
" Permit us then ill fortune to accuse,
" That you at last unhappy councils use,
" And ask the only thing we must refuse.
" Our lives and fortunes freely we'll expose,
" Honour alone we cannot, must not lose;
" Honour, that spark of the celestial fire,
" That above nature makes mankind aspire;
" Ennobles the rude passions of our frame
" With thirst of glory, and desire of fame;
" The richest treasure of a generous breast,
" That gives the stamp and standard to the rest.
" Wit, strength, and courage, are wild dangerous force,
" Unless this softens and directs their course;

" And would you rob us of the noblest part?
" Accept a sacrifice without a heart?
" 'Tis much beneath the greatness of a throne,
" To take the casket when the jewel's gone;
" Debauch our principles, corrupt our race,
" And teach the nobles to be false and base;
" What confidence can you in them repose,
" Who, ere they serve you, all their value lose?
" Who once enslave their conscience to their lust,
" Have lost their reins, and can no more be just.
" Of honour, men at first, like women nice,
" Raise maiden scruples at unpractis'd vice;
" Their modest nature curbs the struggling flame,
" And stifles what they wish to act, with shame;
" But once this fence thrown down, when they
" perceive
" That they may taste forbidden fruit and live;
" They stop not here their course, but safely in,
" Grow strong, luxuriant, and bold in sin;
" True to no principles, press forward still,
" And only bound by appetite their will:
" Now fawn and flatter, while this tide prevails,
" But shift with every veering blast their sails.
" Mark those that meanly truckle to your power,
" They once deserted, and chang'd sides before,
" And would to-morrow Mahomet adore.
" On higher springs true men of honour move,
" Free is their service, and unbought their love:
" When danger calls, and honour leads the way,
" With joy they follow, and with pride obey:
" When the rebellious foe came rolling on,
" And shook with gathering multitudes the throne,
" Where were the minions then? What arm, what
" force,
" Could they oppose to stop the torrent's course?
" Then, Pembroke, then the nobles firmly stood,
" Free of their lives, and lavish of their blood;
" But, when your orders to mean ends decline,
" With the same constancy they all resign."
This spake the youth, who open'd first the way,
And was the phosphorus to the dawning day;
Follow'd by a more glorious splendid host,
Than any age, or any realm can boast:

So great their fame, so numerous their train,
To name were endless, and to praise in vain;
But Herbert and great Oxford merit more;
Bold is their flight, and more sublime they soar;
So high their virtue as yet wants a name,
Exceeding wonder, and surpassing fame:
Rise, glorious church, erect thy radiant head;
The storm is past, th' impending tempest fled;
Had fate decreed thy ruin or disgrace,
It had not given such sons so brave a race;
When for destruction heaven a realm designs,
The symptoms first appear in slavish minds.
These men would prop a sinking nation's weight,
Stop falling vengeance, and reverse ev'n fate.
Let other nations boast their fruitful soil,
Their fragrant spices, their rich wine and oil;
In breathing colours, and in living paint,
Let them excel; their mastery we grant.
But to instruct the mind, to arm the soul
With virtue which no dangers can control;
Exalt the thought, a speedy courage lend,
That horror cannot shake, or pleasure bend;
These are the English arts, these we profess,
To be the same in misery and success;
To teach oppressors law, assist the good,
Relieve the wretched, and subdue the proud.
Such are our souls: but what doth worth avail
When kings commit to hungry priests the scale?
All merit's light when they dispose the weight,
Who either would embroil or rule the state,
Defame those heroes who their yoke refuse,
And blast that honesty they cannot use;
The strength and safety of the crown destroy,
And the king's power against himself employ;
Affront his friends, deprive him of the brave;
Bereft of these, he must become their slave.
Men, like our money, come the most in play,
For being base, and of a course allay.
The richest medals, and the purest gold,
Of native value, and exactest mould,
By worth conceal'd, in private closets shine,
For vulgar use too precious and too fine;

Whilst tin and copper with new stamping bright,
Coin of base metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the business of the nation's turn,
Rais'd in contempt, us'd and employ'd in scorn;
So shining virtues are for courts too bright,
Whose guilty actions fly the searching light:
Rich in themselves, disdaining to aspire,
Great without pomp, they willingly retire;
Give place to fools, whose rash misjudging sense,
Increases the weak measures of their prince;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor see those dangers which the others shun:
Who, slow to act, each business duly weigh,
Advise with freedom, and with care obey;
With wisdom, fatal to their interest, strive
To make their monarch lov'd, and nation thrive.
Such have no place where priests and women reign,
Who love fierce drivers, and a looser rein.

PARNELL.

THIS amiable man, and agreeable poet, was born in Dublin, in 1679, but was descended from a very respectable family long seated in Cheshire.

At the early age of thirteen, Thomas Parnell was admitted a member of Trinity College, Dublin, a proof of the precocity of his talents. In 1700 he entered into holy orders, though then only twenty-one years of age; another testimony of his progress in learning, and the prejudices in his favour. Five years after, he was made Archdeacon of Clogher; and on the removal of the whigs, towards the end of Queen Ann's reign, was received with open arms by the new ministry, particularly by the Earl of Oxford, to whom he was introduced by Dean Swift. On this occasion, Pope compliments Harley in the following beautiful lines, from a dedicatory poem of Parnell's works:

> For him thou oft has bid the world attend,
> Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
> For Swift and him despis'd the farce of state,
> The sober follies of the wise and great:
> Dextrous the craving, fawning fool to quit,
> And pleas'd to 'scape from flattery to wit.

About this time, Parnell seems to have cherished high expectations of preferment in England; but on the Queen's death, his prospects were clouded; and though he kept up a correspondence with the most eminent literary characters in this country, and occasionally visited his friends here, he was never fortunate enough to obtain any establishment in England. Archbishop King, however, gave him an Irish prebend in 1713, and three

years after, presented him to a living of £100 a year, which he only enjoyed a few months, dying at Chester in 1717, at the early age of thirty-eight. About four years before, he had lost his wife, to whom he seems to have been most sincerely attached; and from this period he was never easy, except when in company, to which he fled as a refuge from the pains of recollection. He left an only daughter, who was alive in 1770.

Parnell has been accused of being too social and convivial in his disposition; but it is allowed that he increased the happiness of every company into which he entered, and the state of his spirits probably required that he should force exhilaration, though the remedy in the end became his disease. He is on all hands acknowledged to have been a man of very great benevolence, and that his manners were as sweet as his song.

Of his poems, which are pretty numerous, the most popular are the Rise of Woman, The Fairy Tale, Health an Eclogue, The Night Piece, and the Hermit. His prose productions breathe none of the ease of his poetical pieces. The whole, however, seems to have been written within the space of ten years: had he lived longer and enjoyed health, he might have performed [illegible] increased his literary reputation by publishing what he left behind him. But his reputation is sufficiently established: the associate of Swift, Pope, Addison, Steele, and Gay, is in no danger of sinking into oblivion, even with inferior claims to immortality. Johnson tells us that Parnell is grossly violated [illegible] though every thing is casual. And Goldsmith adds, that the language of Parnell is the language of the heart, conveying the warm feelings in the simplest expressions.

HESIOD: OR, THE RISE OF WOMAN.

What ancient times (those times we fancy wise)
Have left on long record of woman's rise,
What morals teach it, and what fables hide,
What author wrote it, how that author dy'd,
All these I sing. In Greece they fram'd the tale
(In Greece 'twas thought a woman might be frail);
Ye modern beauties! where the poet drew
His softest pencil, think he dreamt of you;
And, warn'd by him, ye wanton pens, beware
How heaven's concern'd to vindicate the fair.
The case was Hesiod's; he the fable writ;
Some think with meaning, some with idle wit:
Perhaps 'tis either, as the ladies please;
I wave the contest, and commence the lays.

In days of yore (no matter where or when,
'Twas ere the low creation swarm'd with men)
That one Prometheus, sprung of heavenly birth,
(Our author's song can witness) liv'd on earth:
He carv'd the turf to mould a manly frame,
And stole from Jove his animating flame.
The sly contrivance o'er Olympus ran,
When thus the monarch of the stars began:

O vers'd in arts! whose daring thoughts aspire,
To kindle clay with never-dying fire!
Enjoy thy glory past, that gift was thine;
The next thy creature meets, be fairly mine:
And such a gift, a vengeance so design'd,
As suits the counsel of a god to find;
A pleasing bosom-cheat, a specious ill,
Which felt the curse, yet covets still to feel.

He said, and Vulcan straight the Sire commands,
To temper mortar with æthereal hands;
In such a shape to mould a rising fair,
As virgin goddesses are proud to wear;
To make her eyes with diamond-water shine,
And form her organs for a voice divine.

'Twas thus the Sire ordain'd; the power obey'd;
And work'd, and wonder'd at the work he made;
The fairest, softest, sweetest frame beneath,
Now made to seem, now more than seem to breathe.
As Vulcan ends, the cheerful queen of charms
Clasp'd the new-panting creature in her arms:
From that embrace a fine complexion spread,
Where mingled whiteness glow'd with softer red,
Then in a kiss she breath'd her various arts,
Of trifling prettily with wounded hearts;
A mind for love, but still a changing mind;
The lisp affected, and the glance design'd:
The sweet confusing blush, the secret wink,
The gentle swimming walk, the courteous sink;
The stare for strangeness fit, for scorn the frown;
For decent yielding, looks declining down;
The practis'd languish, where well-feign'd desire
Would own its melting in a melting fire;
Gay smiles to comfort; April showers to move;
And all the nature, all the art of love.
Gold sceptered Juno next exalts the fair;
Her touch endows her with imperious air,
Self-valuing fancy, highly-crested pride,
Strong sovereign will, and some desire to chide;
For which, an eloquence, that aims to vex,
With native tropes of anger, arms the sex.
Minerva, skilful goddess, train'd the maid
To twirl the spindle by the twisting thread;
To fix the loom, instruct the reeds to part,
Cross the long weft, and close the web with art;
An useful gift; but what profuse expense,
What world of fashions, took its rise from hence!
Young Hermes next, a close contriving god,
Her brows encircled with his serpent rod;
Then plots and fair excuses fill'd her brain,
The views of breaking amorous vows for gain;
The price of favours: the designing arts
That aim at riches in contempt of hearts;
And, for a comfort in the marriage life,
The little pilfering temper of a wife.
Full on the fair his beams Apollo flung,
And fond persuasion tipp'd her coaxing tongue;

He gave her words, where oily flattery lays
The pleasing colours of the art of praise;
And wit, to scandal exquisitely prone,
Which frets another's spleen to cure its own.
Those sacred virgins whom the bards revere,
Tun'd all her voice, and shed a sweetness there,
To make her sense with double charms abound,
Or make her lively nonsense please by sound.
To dress the maid the decent graces brought
A robe in all the dies of beauty wrought,
And plac'd their boxes o'er a rich brocade,
Where pictur'd loves on every cover play'd;
Then spread those implements that Vulcan's art
Had fram'd to merit Cytherea's heart;
The wire to curl, the close indented comb
To call the locks, that lightly wander, home;
And chief, the mirror, where the ravish'd maid
Beholds and loves her own reflected shade.
Fair Flora lent her stores; the purpled hours
Confin'd her tresses with a wreath of flowers;
Within the wreath arose a radiant crown;
A veil pellucid hung depending down;
Back roll'd her azure veil with serpent fold,
The purfled border deck'd the floor with gold.
Her robe (which closely by the girdle brac'd
Reveal'd the beauties of a slender waist)
Flow'd to the feet, to copy Venus' air,
When Venus' statue have a robe to wear.
The new-sprung creature, finish'd thus for harms,
Adjusts her habit, practises her charms,
With blushes glows, or shines with lively smiles,
Confirms her will, or recollects her wiles:
Then, conscious of her worth, with easy pace
Glides by the glass, and turning views her face.
A finer flax than what they wrought before,
Through time's deep cave, the sister fates explore,
Then fix the loom, their fingers nimbly weave,
And thus their toil prophetic songs deceive.
Flow from the rock, my flax! and swiftly flow,
Pursue thy thread; the spindle runs below.
A creature fond and changing, fair and vain,
The creature woman, rises now to reign.

New beauty blooms, a beauty form'd to fly;
New love begins, a love produc'd to die;
New parts distress the troubled scenes of life,
The fondling mistress, and the ruling wife.
Men born to labour, all with pains provide;
Women have time to sacrifice to pride:
They want the care of man, their want they know,
And dress to please with heart-alluring show;
The show prevailing, for the sway contend,
And make a servant where they meet a friend.
Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts
A loitering race the painful bee supports;
From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,
With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs;
Fly where he will, at home the race remain,
Prune the silk dress, and murmuring eat the gain.
Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,
Whose temper betters by the father's side;
Unlike the rest that double human care,
Fond to relieve, or resolute to share:
Happy the man whom thus his stars advance!
The curse is general, but the blessing chance.
Thus sung the sisters while the gods admire
Their beauteous creature, made for man in ire;
The young Pandora she, whom all contend
To make too perfect not to gain her end:
Then bid the winds that fly to breathe the spring,
Return to bear her on a gentle wing;
With wafting airs the winds obsequious blow,
And land the shining vengeance safe below.
A golden coffer in her hand she bore,
The present treacherous, but the bearer more;
Twas fraught with pangs; for Jove ordain'd above,
That gold should aid, and pains attend on love.
Her gay descent the man perceiv'd afar,
Wondering he ran to catch the falling star:
But so surpris'd, as none but he can tell,
Who lov'd so quickly, and who lov'd so well.
O'er all his veins the wandering passion burns,
He calls her nymph, and every nymph by turns.
Her form to lovely Venus he prefers,
Or swears that Venus must be such as hers.

She, proud to rule, yet strangely fram'd to teaze,
Neglects his offers while her air she plays,
Shoots scornful glances from the bended frown,
In brisk disorder trips it up and down;
Then hums a careless tune to lay the storm,
And sits, and blushes, smiles, and yields, in form.
" Now take what Jove design'd, she softly cry'd,
" This box thy portion, and myself the bride."
Fir'd with the prospect of the double charms,
He snatch'd the box, and bride, with eager arms.
Unhappy man! to whom so bright she shone,
The fatal gift, her tempting self, unknown!
The winds were silent, all the waves asleep,
And heaven was trac'd upon the flattering deep:
But, whilst he looks unmindful of a storm,
And thinks the water wears a stable form,
What dreadful din around his ears shall rise!
What frowns confuse his picture of the skies!
At first the creature man was fram'd alone,
Lord of himself, and all the world his own.
For him the nymphs in green forsook the woods,
For him the nymphs in blue forsook the floods;
In vain the satyrs rage, the tritons rave,
They bore him heroes in the secret cave.
No care destroy'd, no sick disorder prey'd,
No binding age his sprightly form decay'd,
No wars were known, no females heard to rage,
And, poets tell us, 't was a golden age.
When woman came, those ills the box confin'd
Burst furious out, and poison'd all the wind;
From point to point, from pole to pole they flew,
Spread as they went, and in the progress grew:
The nymphs regretting left the mortal race,
And, altering nature, wore a sickly face:
New terms of folly rose, new states of care;
New plagues, to suffer, and to please, the fair!
The days of whining, and of wild intrigues,
Commenc'd, or finish'd, with the breach of leagues;
The mean designs of well-dissembled love;
The sordid matches never join'd above;
Abroad the labour, and at home the noise,
(Man's double sufferings for domestic joys)

The curse of jealousy; expense and strife;
Divorce, the public brand of shameful life;
The rival's sword; the qualm that takes the fair;
Disdain for passion, passion in despair—
These, and a thousand yet unnam'd, we find;
Ah fear the thousand yet unnam'd behind!

Thus, on Parnassus, tuneful Hesiod sung,
The mountain echoed, and the valley rung,
The sacred groves a fix'd attention show,
The crystal Helicon forbore to flow.
The sky grew bright, (and if his verse be true)
The muses came to give the laurel too.
But what avail'd the verdant prize of wit,
If love swore vengeance for the tales he writ?
Ye fair offended, hear your friend relate
What heavy judgment prov'd the writer's fate;
Though when it happen'd no relation clears,
'Tis thought in five, or five and twenty years.

Where, dark and silent, with a twisted shade
The neighbouring woods a native arbour made,
There oft a tender pair, for amorous play
Retiring, toy'd the lavish'd hours away;
A Locrian youth, the gentle Troilus he,
A fair Milesian, kind Evanthe she:
But swelling nature in a fatal hour
Betray'd the secrets of the conscious bower;
The dire disgrace her brothers count their own,
And track her steps, to make its author known.

It chanc'd one evening, 't was the lover's day,
Conceal'd in brakes the jealous kindred lay;
When Hesiod, wandering, mus'd along the plain,
And fix'd his seat where love had fix'd the scene;
A strong suspicion straight possess their mind
(For Poets ever were a gentle kind);
But when Evanthe near the passage stood,
Flung back a doubtful look, and shot the wood,
"Now vile (at once they cry) thy due reward."
And, urg'd with erring rage, assault the bard.
He escape the sea received. The dolphins bore
(Tis so in the stories told) the corpse to shore.

Methinks I view the gen'rous pity yes,
And see the dreams of ancient wisdom rise;

I see the muses round the body cry,
But hear a Cupid loudly laughing by;
He wheels his arrow with insulting hand,
And thus inscribes the moral on the sand.
" Here Hesiod lies: ye future bards, beware
" How far your moral tales incense the fair.
" Unlov'd, unloving, t' was his fate to bleed;
" Without his quiver, Cupid caus'd the deed:
" He judg'd this turn of malice justly due,
" And Hesiod dy'd for joys he never knew."

SONG.

LOVE AND INNOCENCE.

My days have been so wondrous free,
The little birds, that fly
With careless ease from tree to tree,
Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their stream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one sigh to them?

But now my former days retire,
And I m by beauty caught;
The tender chains of sweet desire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twisting pines!
Ye swains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
Ye close retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Assist the dear design;
O teach a young, unpractis'd heart,
To make fair Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of despair;
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the passion in my mind
Is mix'd with soft distress;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

A FAIRY TALE.

IN THE ENGLISH STYLE.

In Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
When midnight fairies danc'd the maze,
Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense and truth,
Though badly shap'd he'd been.

His mountain back mote well he said,
To measure height against his head,
And lift itself above;
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light;
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive fairies made resort
To revel out the night.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas far, the path was lost

That reach'd the neighbour town;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd, the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
And trembling rocks the ground;
And well I ween to count aright,
At once a hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds increase:
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay
Come prankling o'er the place.

But (trust me, Gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awful accent cry'd;
What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presum'd to hide?

At this the swain, whose ventrous soul
No fears of magic art controul,
Advanc'd in open sight;
"Nor have I cause of dread, he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
"Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
"Which made my steps unweeting rove
"Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well, the gallant cries again,
"We fairies never injure men
"Who dare to tell us true.

" Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
" Be mine the task, or ere we part,
" To make thee grief resign ;
" Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce ;
" Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
" Be little Mable thine."

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light music floats in wanton air:
The monarch leads the queen ;
The rest their fairy partners found:
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made,
As heart and lip desire ;
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now, to please the fairy king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antic feats devise ;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has bent him up aloof ;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To sprawl uneath the roof.

From thence, " Reverse my charm, he cries,
" And let it fairly now suffice
" The gambol has been shewn."
But Oberon answers with a smile,
" Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantom-play ;
They smelt the fresh approach of day.

And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud,
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in such a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Appollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dancing as he walks,
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
To see the revel scene:
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befel,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall;
Up spring the tapers as before,
The fairies bragly foot the floor,
And music fills the hall.

But certes sorely sunk with woe
Sir Topaz sees the Elphin show,
His spirits in him die:
When Oberon crys, "A man is near,
"A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
"Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth!
In accents faultering, ay for ruth,
Intreats them pity grant:
For als he been a mister wight
Betrayed by wandering in the night
To tread the circled haunt;

" A Losell vile, at once they roar,
" And little skill'd of fairy lore;
Thy cause to come, we know:
" Now has thy kestrel courage fell;
" And fairies, since a lie you tell,
" Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
The catiff upward flung;
There, like a tortoise in a shop,
He dangled from the chamber-top,
Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deftly they frisk it o'er the place,
They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolic mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
Till all the rout retreat.

By this the stars began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
And down y-drops the knight:
For never spell by fairy laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade,
Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
Then deem'd the dole was o'er.
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch had got
Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
She softly stroak'd my youngling head,

And when the tale was done,
" Thus some are born, my son, she cries,
" With base impediments to rise,
And some are born with none.

" But virtue can itself advance
" To what the favourite fools of chance
" By fortune seem'd design'd;
" Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
" And from itself shake off the weight
" Upon th' unworthy mind."

TO MR. POPE.

To praise, yet still with due respect to praise,
A bard triumphant in immortal bays,
The learn'd to shew, the sensible commend,
Yet still preserve the province of the friend,
What life, what vigour, must the lines require?
What music tune them? what affection fire?
O might thy genius in my bosom shine!
Thou should'st not fail of numbers worthy thine;
The brightest ancients might at once agree
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee.
Horace himself would own thou dost excel
In candid arts to play the critic well.
Ovid himself might wish to sing the dame
Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream;
On silver feet, with annual osier crown'd,
She runs for ever through poetic ground.
How flame the glories of Belinda's hair,
Made by thy muse the envy of the fair!
Less shone the tresses Ægypt's princess wore,
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before.
Here courtly tresses set the world at odds,
Belles war with beaux, and whims descend for gods.
The new machines, in names of ridicule,
Mock the grave frenzy of the chemic fool

But know, ye fair, a point conceal'd with art,
The sylphs and gnomes are but a woman's heart:
The graces stand in sight; a satyr train
Peep o'er their heads, and laugh behind the scene.
In Fame's fair temple, o'er the boldest wits,
Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits,
And sits in measures, such as Virgil's muse
To place thee near him might be fond to choose.
How might he tune th' alternate reed with thee,
Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he,
While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wise,
Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st, the prize.
Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,
And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.
Indulgent nurse of every tender gale,
Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail!
Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,
Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head,
Still slide thy waters soft among the trees,
Thy aspins quiver in a breathing breeze,
Smile all thy vallies in eternal spring,
Be hush'd, ye winds! while Pope and Virgil sing.
In English lays, and all sublimely great,
Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat,
He shines in council, thunders in the fight,
And flames with every sense of great delight.
Long has that poet reign'd, and long unknown,
Like monarchs sparkling on a distant throne;
In all the majesty of Greece retir'd,
Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd,
His language failing, wrapp'd him round with night,
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.
So wealthy mines, that ages long before
Fed the large realms around with golden ore,
When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,
And shepherds only say, The mines were here!
Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,
And all his projects stand inform'd with art)
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;
The mines detected flame with gold again.
How vast, how copious, are thy new designs!
How every music varies in thy lines!

Still as I read, I feel my bosom beat,
And rise in raptures by another's heat.
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,
When Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease,
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest;
And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest:
The shades resound with song—O softly tread!
While a whole season warbles round my head.
This to my friend—and when a friend inspires,
My silent harp its master's hand requires,
Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound,
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground,
Far from the joys that with my soul agree,
From wit, from learning,—far, oh far from thee!
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf,
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf,
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,
Rocks at their side, and torrents at their feet,
Or lazy lakes, unconscious of a flood,
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.
Yet here content can dwell, and learned ease,
A friend delight me, and an author please;
Ev'n here I sing, while Pope supplies the theme,
Shew my own love, though not increase his fame.

HEALTH. AN ECLOGUE.

Now early shepherds o'er the meadow pass,
And print long footsteps in the glittering grass;
The cows, neglectful of their pasture, stand,
By turns, obsequious to the milker's hand.
When Damon softly trod the shaven lawn,
Damon a youth from city cares withdrawn,
Long was the pleasing walk he wander'd through,
A cover'd arbour clos'd the distant view;
There rests the youth, and while the feather'd throng
Raise their wild music, thus contrives a song.
Here, wafted o'er by mild Etesian air,
Thou country goddess, beauteous Health! repair;

Here let my breast through quivering trees inhale
Thy rosy blessings with the morning gale.
What are the fields, or flowers, or all I see?
Ah! tasteless all, if not enjoy'd with thee.
Joy to my soul! I feel the goddess nigh,
The face of nature cheers as well as I;
O'er the flat green refreshing breezes run,
The smiling daisies blow beneath the sun,
The brooks run purling down with silver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compass rove
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
High sunny summits, deeply-shaded dales,
Thick mossy banks, and flowery winding vales,
With various prospect gratify the sight,
And scatter fix'd attention in delight.
Come, country goddess, come; nor thou suffice,
But bring thy mountain-sister, Exercise.
Call'd by thy lovely voice, she turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finish'd chace;
She mounts the rocks, she skims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horses, crowd her early train.
Her hardy face repels the tanning wind,
And lines and meshes loosely float behind.
All these as means of toil the feeble see,
But these are helps to pleasure join'd with thee.
Let Sloth lie softening till high noon in down,
Or lolling fan her in the sultry town,
Unnerv'd with rest; and turn her own disease,
Or foster others in luxurious ease:
I mount the courser, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert-grounds;
I head who stags through tangled thickets tread,
And shake the springs with their branching head;
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And soar to seize, or stooping strike their prey;
To snare the fish, I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl, I load the gun with fate.
Thus thus through change of exercise I range,
And strength and pleasure rise from every change.
Hence, beauteous Health, for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

Oh come, thou goddess of my rural song,
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along,
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whose bright presence clouds of sorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I plat my bowers,
Clip my low hedges, and support my flowers;
To welcome her, this summer-seat I drest,
And here I court her when she comes to rest;
When she from exercise to learned ease
Shall change again, and teach the change to please.
Now friends conversing my soft hours refine,
And Tully's Tusculum revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And such as make me rather good than great;
Or o'er the works of easy fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuse the grove:
The native bard, that on Sicilian plains
First sung the lowly manners of the swains;
Or Maro's muse, that in the fairest light
Paints rural prospects and the charms of sight;
These soft amusements bring content along,
And fancy, void of sorrow, turns to song.
Here, beauteous Health, for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

THE BOOK-WORM.

Come hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day
The book-worm, ravening beast of prey,
Produc'd by parent earth, at odds,
As fame reports it, with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand authors' lives:
Through all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with clustering eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time.

Or down the vale of fancy go
To tear some modern wretch below.
On every corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.
See where his teeth a passage eat:
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat.
But who the shelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live!
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along,
He mounts the gilded edge before,
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er,
He turns, he doubles, there he past,
And here we have him, caught at last.
Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the muse.
(Nay never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roses nipt in every page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd,
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for every single deed,
Relentless justice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.
Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here;
Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;
You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal birds again.
Come, bind the victim.—there he lies,
And here between his numerous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.
The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation's yet to make)

A health to poets! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praise;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage,
But if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye muses, make them poor again.
Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.
How like the son of Jove I stand,
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year:
Ye gods! what sonnets on a wench!
What lean translations out of French!
'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
S—— prints, before the months go round.
But hold, before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or, Tate! thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your works till now)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine,
(That only way you please the nine)
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Durfey do.
Rent from the corpse, on yonder pin,
I hang the scalp that braid it in;
I hang my studious morning-gown,
And write my own inscription down.
"This trophy from the Python won,
"This robe, in which the deed was done,
"These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
"Hung on these shelves, the muses' seat.
"Here ignorance and hunger found
"Large realms of wit to ravage round:
"Here ignorance and hunger fell,
"Two foes in one, I sent to hell.

" Ye poets, who my labours see,
" Come share the triumph all with me!
" Ye critics! born to vex the muse,
" Go mourn the grand ally you lose."

A NIGHT-PIECE ON DEATH.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass with melancholy state
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like thee, they life possest,
And time shall be, that thou shalt rest

Those wint'ring osier bow'd,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground!

Quick to the glancing thought disclose,
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chissel's slender help to fame
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away);
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones,
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
Think, mortal, what it is to die.
Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground!)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones.
When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a king of fears am I!
They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then they draw, my strings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state to ease
From the rough rage of swelling seas.
Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendant cypress, mourning poles,

Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?
Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe;
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun:
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waste:
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

THE HERMIT.*

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heaven itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,

* The story is from Howell's Letters and More's Dialogues; and Goldsmith supposes it to have been originally Arabian. The simplicity, pathos, affection, moral, and impression of this beautiful tale on all classes of readers, as told by Parnell, is scarcely equalled by any thing in the English language.

Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then, with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my son, the reverend sire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home:
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the livery'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.

Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops, to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire; when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wiley partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part:
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and regular, and round:
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the mansion's heavy doors they drew,
Their ready guests with sudden fury blew;
The sable lightning mix'd with showers began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran.
Thrice they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest),

Slow creeking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meager wine,
Each hardly granted, serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering hermit view'd
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such, within himself he cry'd,
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took place
In every settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wanderers want a place to lie,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;

From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round the hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, to close the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repose
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our hermit when this fact was done?
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch!—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purple air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
And mov'd in all the majesty of light.
Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;

Surprise, in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke;
The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke.

Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms, success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
Nay, cease to kneel—Thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker, justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, LEARN TO TRUST!

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God:

Child of his age, for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow:
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back;
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind; this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun,
Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done!
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

HYMN FOR MORNING.

See the star that leads the day,
Rising shoots a golden ray,
To make the shades of darkness go
From heaven above and earth below;
And warn us early with the sight,
To leave the beds of silent night;
From an heart sincere and sound,
From its very deepest ground,
Send devotion up on high,
Wing'd with heat to reach the sky.
See the time for sleep has run,
Rise before, or with the sun:

Lift thy hands and humbly pray
The fountain of eternal day,
That, as the light serenely fair
Illustrates all the tracts of air,
The Sacred Spirit so may rest,
With quickening beams, upon thy breast;
And kindly cleanse it all within,
From darker blemishes of sin;
And shine with grace, until we view
The realm it gilds with glory too.
See the day that dawns in air,
Brings along its toil and care!
From the lap of night it springs,
With heaps of business on its wings:
Prepare to meet them in a mind,
That bows submissively resign'd;
That would to works appointed fall,
That knows that God has order'd all.
And whether, with a small repast,
We break the sober morning fast;
Or in our thoughts and houses lay
The future methods of the day;
Or early walk abroad to meet
Our business, with industrious feet:
Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
His glory still be kept in view.
O, giver of eternal bliss,
Heavenly Father, grant me this;
Grant it all, as well as me,
All whose hearts are fix'd on thee;
Who revere thy Son above,
Who thy Sacred Spirit love.

HYMN FOR NOON.

The sun is swiftly mounted high,
It glitters in the southern sky;
Its beams with force and glory beat,
And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.

Father, also with thy fire
Warm the cold, the dead desire,
And make the sacred love of thee,
Within my soul, a sun to me.
Let it shine so fairly bright,
That nothing else be took for light;
That worldly charms be seen to fade,
And in its lustre find a shade.
Let it strongly shine within,
To scatter all the clouds of sin,
That drive when gusts of passion rise,
And intercept it from our eyes.
Let its glory more than vie
With the sun that lights the sky:
Let it swiftly mount in air,
Mount with that, and leave it there;
And soar, with more aspiring flight,
To realms of everlasting light;
Thus, while here I'm forc'd to be,
I daily wish to live with thee;
And feel that union which thy love
Will, after death, complete above.
From my soul I send my prayer,
Great Creator, bow thine ear;
Thou, for whose propitious sway
The world was taught to see the day;
Who spake the word, and earth begun,
And shew'd its beauties in the sun;
With pleasure I thy creatures view,
And would, with good affection too,
Good affection sweetly free,
Loose from them and move to thee!
O, teach me, due returns to give,
And to thy glory let me live!
And then my days shall shine the more,
Or pass more blessed than before.

HYMN FOR EVENING.

The beam-repelling mists arise,
And evening spreads obscurer skies:
The twilight will the night forerun,
And night itself be soon begun.
Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
And pray the Lord of glory now
To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
May cause a blinder night within.
And whether pleasing vapours rise,
Which gently dim the closing eyes;
Which make the weary members blessed,
With sweet refreshment in their rest;
Or whether spirits in the brain
Dispel their soft embrace again:
And on my watchful bed I stay,
Forsook by sleep, and waiting day;
Be God for ever in my view,
And never he forsake me too;
But still as day concludes in night,
To break again with new-born light,
His wondrous bounty let me find,
With still a more enlightened mind;
When grace and love in one agree,
Grace from God, and love from me;
Grace that will from heaven inspire,
Love that seeks it in desire;
Grace, pitying love that mingled flames,
And fill me with increasing flames.
Thou that hast thy palace far
Above the moon and every star,
Thou that sittest on a throne
To which the night was never known,
Regard my voice and make me blessed,
By kindly granting its request:
If the angels on thy errands employ,
My wishes will afford me joy.
Till then shall I sigh and I shall fear,
And part with darkness evermore.

GARTH.

Of Dr. Samuel Garth, equally distinguished as a poet and a physician, little appears to be known in early life, except that he was descended from a good family in Yorkshire, and that he studied at Peter-House, Cambridge, where he took the degree of doctor in medicine. In 1692, he was admitted fellow of the college of physicians, and began to practice in London, when the extent of his talents and the charms of his conversation speedily brought him into notice.

The College of Physicians had for some time most laudably and generously prescribed gratis for the poor, and furnished them with genuine medicines, at prime cost. The apothecaries taking an alarm at a practice which diminished their emoluments, raised an outcry against it, and made a party even in the College itself. Garth, indignant at such mean and selfish conduct, determined to expose it, and the "Dispensary," which appeared in 1699, not only established the author, but covered his opponents with shame.

Not long after he became an active member of the celebrated Kit Kat Club, so called from one Christopher Kat, a pastry cook. It consisted of thirty noblemen and gentlemen, who were zealously attached to the Protestant succession in the House of Hanover; and Garth wrote some verses which were inscribed on the toasting glasses. But it was [illegible] Garth [illegible] his Harveian Oration, spoke before the College of Physicians, October [illegible] [illegible] than those who were [illegible] [illegible] talents.

Having adhered to the Whig-party with unshaken fidelity, on the accession of George I. he received the honour of knighthood, and the appointments of physician to the king, and physician general to the army. This was no more than a just reward for his services, and a proper compliment to his eminent abilities.

In 1715, he published "Claremont," a beautiful descriptive poem, and highly complimentary to the noble possessor of the place. His last literary performance, was a translation of the works of Ovid, to which he contributed, and prefixed a critical and recommendatory preface to the whole. Of the ancients, Ovid seems to have been his favourite author, and the model by which he wished to form his own taste.

His health now declining, caused a general concern. Lansdowne, though of a different party, says,

> Machaon sick! in every face we find,
> His danger, is the danger of mankind.

He died in January 1718, and was buried at Harrow-on-the-Hill. Garth has been accused of being a voluptuary and a sceptic. This wants confirmation. That he practised many of the best Christian virtues, is attested both by friends and foes; but to what church he belonged, his cotemporaries are not agreed, nor is it very material.

> "For *modes* of faith let graceless bigots fight,
> "His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

Never has this famous couplet been more justly applied.

"His poetry," says Johnson, "has been praised at least equally to its merit;" but at present we think it is less read than it deserves to be, particularly the "Dispensary;" in which scarce a line is left unfinished, nor is it easy to find one expression used by constraint.

THE DISPENSARY.

CANTO I.

SPEAK, Goddess! since 'tis Thou that best canst tell,
How ancient leagues to modern discord fell;
And why physicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own;
How, by a journey to th' Elysian plain
Peace triumph'd, and old time return'd again.
Not far from that most celebrated place,
Where angry * justice shews her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;
There stands a † dome, majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, plac'd high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Rais'd for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd society decline
The propagation of that great design:
In all her mazes, nature's face they view'd,
And as she disappear'd, their search pursued.
Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
Yet to the learn'd unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.
Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes;
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple streams return;

* Old Bailey. † College of Physicians.

How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers;
Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim:
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the same nerves are fashion'd, to sustain
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain;
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
How the dim speck of entity began
T' extend its recent form, and stretch to man;
To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæsar, and the great Nassau;
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;
Why envy oft' transforms with wan disguise,
And why gay mirth sits smiling in the eyes;
All ice, why Lucrece; or Sempronia, fire;
Why Scarsdale rages to survive desire;
When Milo's vigour at th' Olympick's shown,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
How matter, by the vary'd shape of pores,
Or ideots frames, or solemn senators.

Hence 'tis, we wait the wondrous cause, to find,
How body acts upon impassive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire;
Why our complexions oft' our soul declare,
And how the passions in the feature are;
How touch and harmony arise between
Corporeal figure, and a form unseen;
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every summons of the will;
With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the womb of distant causes lie.

But now no grand inquiries are descry'd,
Mean faction reigns where knowlege should preside,
Feuds are increas'd, and learning laid aside.
Thus synods oft' concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings shew a zeal:

The drooping sciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching,
drown'd;
The lonely edifice in sweats complains
That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.
This place, so fit for undisturb'd repose,
The god of sloth for his asylum chose;
Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
Supine with folded arms he thoughtless nods;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
Their drowzy virtue, and dull indolence;
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain;
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.
As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay,
Battening in ease, and slumbering life away;
A spiteful noise his downy chains unties,
Hastes forward, and increases as it flies.
First, some to cleave the stubborn * flint engage,
Till, urg'd by blows, it sparkles into rage:
Some temper lute, some spacious vessels move;
These furnaces erect, and those approve;
Here phials in nice discipline are set,
There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you spy:
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted pestles, brandish'd in the air,
Descend in peals, and civil wars declare.
Loud strokes, with pounding spice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in spires ascend.
So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils sweat,
And swelling sinews echoing blows repeat;
From the volcanos gross eruptions rise,
And curling sheets of smoke obscure the skies.

* An old building near the dispensary.

The slumbering God, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down again,
Listless he stretch'd, and gaping rubb'd his eyes,
Then faulter'd thus betwixt half words and sighs:
How impotent a deity am I!
With godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Through my indulgence, mortals hourly share
A grateful negligence, and ease from care.
Lull'd in my arms, how long have I with-held
The northern monarchs from the dusty field!
How have I kept the British fleet at ease,
From tempting the rough dangers of the seas!
Hibernia owns the mildness of my reign,
And my divinity's ador'd in Spain.
I, swains to sylvan solitudes convey,
Where, stretch'd on mossy beds, they waste away
In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.
What marks of wondrous clemency I've shown,
Some reverend worthies of the gown can own:
Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
Basks in their eyes, and sparkles in their face.
How sleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
When big they strut behind a double chin!
Each faculty in blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull;
No learn'd debates molest their downy trance,
Or discompose their pompous ignorance;
But, undisturb'd, they loiter life away,
So wither green, and blossom in decay;
Deep sunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
Avoid th' inclemencies of morning air,
And leave to tatter'd * crape the drudgery of prayer.
Urim † was civil, and not void of sense,
Had humour, and a courteous confidence:
So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks,
The hallow'd rose declares him orthodox:
He pass'd his easy hours, instead of prayer,
In madrigals, and phillysing the fair;
Constant at feasts, and each decorum knew,
And, soon as the dessert appear'd, withdrew;

* See Boileau's Lutrim. † Dr. Atterbury.

Always obliging, and without offence,
And fancy'd, for his gay impertinence.
But see how ill-mistaken parts succeed;
He threw off my dominion, and would read;
Engag'd in controversy, wrangled well!
In convocation language could excel;
In volumes, prov'd the church without defence,
By nothing guarded but by Providence;
How grace and moderation disagree;
And violence advances charity.
Thus writ till none would read, becoming soon
A wretched scribbler, of a rare buffoon.
Mankind, my fond propitious power has try'd,
Too oft' to own, too much to be deny'd.
And all I ask are shades and silent bowers,
To pass in soft forgetfulness my hours.
Oft' have my fears some distant villa chose,
O'er their *quietus* where fat judges dose,
And lull their cough and conscience to repose:
Or, if some cloister's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore,
The peals of Nassau's arms these eyes unclose,
Mine he molests, to give the world repose.
That ease I offer with contempt he flies,
His couch a trench, his canopy the skies.
Nor climes nor seasons his resolves controul,
Th' equator has no heat, no ice the pole.
With arms resistless o'er the globe he flies,
And leaves to Jove the empire of the skies.
But, as the slothful god to yawn begun,
He shook off the dull mist, and thus went on:
'Twas in this reverend dome I sought repose,
These walls were that asylum I had chose.
Here have I rul'd long undisturb'd with broils,
And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils.
My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
With easy insignificance of thought.
But now some busy, enterprising brain
Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
And labours to dissolve my easy reign.
With that, the god his darling phantom calls,
And from his faltering lips this message falls:

Since mortals will dispute my power, I'll try
Who has the greatest empire, they, or I.
Find envy out, some prince's court attend,
Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd fiend:
Or where dull critics authors' fate foretell;
Or where stale maids, or meagre eunuchs dwell;
Tell the bleak fury what new projects reign
Among the homicides of Warwick-lane;
And what th' event, unless she straight inclines
To blast their hopes, and baffle their designs.
More he had spoke, but sudden vapours rise,
And with their silken cords tie down his eyes.

CANTO II.

Soon as the evening veil'd the mountains heads
And winds lay hush'd in subterranean beds;
Whilst sickening flowers drink up the silver dew,
And beaux, for some assembly, dress anew;
The city saints to prayers and play-house haste;
The rich to dinner, and the poor to rest:
Th' officious phantom then prepar'd with care
To slide on tender pinions through the air.
Oft' he attempts the summit of a rock,
And oft' the hollow of some blasted oak;
At length approaching where bleak envy lay;
The hissing of her snakes proclaim'd the way.
Beneath the gloomy covert of an yew,
That taints the grass with sickly sweats of dew;
No verdant beauty entertains the sight,
But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite;
In a dark grot the baleful baggard lay,
Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day.
But how deform'd, and worn with spiteful woes,
When Accius has applause, Dorsennus shews.
The cheerful blood her meagre cheeks forsook,
And basilisks sat brooding in her look;
A bald and bloated toad stool rais'd her head;
The plumes of boding ravens were her bed:
From her chapp'd nostrils scalding torrents fall,
And her sunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.

Volcanos labour thus with inward pains,
While seas of melted ore lay waste the plains.
Around the fiend in hideous order sate
Foul bawling infamy, and bold debate;
Gruff discontent, through ignorance misled,
And clamorous faction at her party's head;
Restless sedition still dissembling fear,
And sly hypocrisy with pious leer.
Glouting with sullen spite the fury shook
Her clotted locks, and blasted with each look;
Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant scrolls,
Where fame the acts of demi-gods enrols;
And, as the rent records in pieces fell,
Each scrap did some immortal action tell.
This show'd, how fix'd as fate Torquatus stood,
That, the fam'd passage of the Granic flood;
The Julian eagles, here, their wings display,
And there, like setting stars, the Decii lay;
This does Camillus as a god extol,
That points at Manlius in the capitol;
How Cocles did the Tiber's surges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave.
Great Cyrus, here, the Medes and Persians join,
And, there, th' immortal battle of the Boyne.
As the light messenger the fury spy'd,
Awhile his curdling blood forgot to glide:
Confusion on his fainting vitals hung,
And faltering accents flutter'd on his tongue:
At length, assuming courage, he convey'd
His errand, then he shrunk into a shade.
The hag lay long revolving what might be
The blest event of such an embassy:
Then blazons in dread smiles her hideous form;
So lightning gilds the unrelenting storm.
Thus she—Mankind are blest, they riot still
Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.
By devastation the rough warrior gains,
And traitors fatten most when famine reigns;
For so lay-sharers the physicians wait,
And politicians thrive in broils of state;
The lover's easy when the fair-one sighs,
And gods subsist not but by sacrifice.

Each other being some indulgence knows:
Few are my joys, but infinite my woes.
My present pain Britannia's genius wills,
And thus the fates record my future ills.
A heroine shall Albion's sceptre bear,
With arms shall vanquish earth, and heaven with prayer.
She on the world her clemency shall shower,
And only to preserve exert her power.
Tyrants shall then their impious aims forbear,
And Blenheim's thunder more than Ætna's fear.
Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
The happy enterprises of the great,
I'll calmly stoop to more inferior things,
And try if my lov'd snakes have teeth or stings.
She said; and straight shrill Colon's * person took,
In morals loose, but most precise in look.
Blackfriars' annals lately pleas'd to call
Him warden of apothecaries-hall;
And, when so dignify'd, did not forbear
That operation which the learn'd declare
Gives cholics ease, and makes the ladies fair.
In trifling show his tinsel talent lies;
And form the want of intellects supplies.
In aspect grand and goodly he appears,
Rever'd as patriarchs in primæval years.
Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
A barren superfluity of words;
The patient's ears remorseless he assails,
Murders with jargon where his medicine fails.
The fury thus assuming Colon's grace,
So slung her arms, so shuffl'd in her pace.
Onward she hastens to the fam'd abodes,
Where Horoscope † invokes th' infernal gods:
And reach'd the mansion where the vulgar run,
For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.
This visionary various projects tries,
And knows that to be rich is to be wise.
By useful observations he can tell
The sacred charms that in true sterling dwell;

* Lee, an apothecary. † Dr. Barnard.

How gold makes a patrician of a slave,
A dwarf an Atlas, a Thersites brave.
It cancels all defects, and in their place
Finds sense in Brownlow, charms in Lady Grace;
It guides the fancy, and directs the mind;
No bankrupt ever found a fair-one kind.
So truly Horoscope its virtues knows,
To this lov'd idol 'tis, alone, he bows;
And fancies such bright heraldry can prove,
The vile plebeian but the third from Jove.
Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
Bold to prescribe, and busy to apply.
His shop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs
With foreign trinkets, and domestic toys.
Here mummies lay most reverendly stale;
And there the tortoise hung her coat of mail:
Not far from some huge shark's devouring head
The flying fish their finny pinions spread;
Aloft in rows large poppy-heads were strung,
And near a scaly alligator hung;
In this place, drugs in musty heaps decay'd;
In that, dry'd bladders and drawn teeth were laid.
An inner room receives the numerous shoals
Of such as pay to be reputed fools.
Globes stand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
And planetary schemes amuse the eye.
The sage, in velvet chair, here lolls at ease,
To promise future health for present fees:
There, from tripod, solemn shams he utters,
And what the stars know nothing of, foretells.
One asks how soon Panthea may be won,
And begs to feel the marriage-fetters on:
Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof,
In pow'r when courtiers fall will strike them off.
Some by what means they may redress their wrong
When fathers the possession keep too long.
And some would know the issue of their cause,
And whether gold can solder up its flaws.
Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
To cure by art what fruitful nature gave;
And Fortia, old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curse, and begs a son:

Whilst Iris his cosmetic wash would try,
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
Some ask for charms, and others philters choose,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans lose.
Young Hylas, botch'd with stains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful frame;
Cloy'd with desire, and surfeited with charms,
A hot-house he prefers to Julia's arms.
And old Lucullus would th' arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold veins the sparks of love.
Bleak envy these dull frauds with pleasure sees,
And wonders at the senseless mysteries.
In Colon's voice she thus calls out aloud
On Horoscope environ'd by the crowd:
Forbear, forbear, thy vain amusements cease,
Thy woodcocks from their gins awhile release;
And to that dire misfortune listen well,
Which thou should'st fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, thou ever wast esteem'd by me
The great Alcides of our company.
When we with noble scorn resolv'd to ease
Ourselves from all parochial offices;
And to our wealthier patients left the care
And draggled dignity of scavenger;
Such zeal in that affair thou didst express,
Nought could be equal, but the great success.
Now call to mind thy generous prowess past,
Be what thou should'st, by thinking what thou wast:
The faculty of Warwick-lane design,
If not to storm, at least to undermine.
Their gates each day ten thousand night-caps crowd,
And mortars utter their attempts aloud.
If they should once unmask our mystery,
Each nurse, ere long, would be as learn'd as we;
Our art expos'd to every vulgar eye;
And none, in complaisance to us, would die.
What if we claim their right t' assassinate,
Must they needs turn apothecaries straight?
Prevent it, gods! all stratagems we try,
To crowd with new inhabitants your sky.
'Tis we who wait the destinies' command,
To purge the troubled air, and weed the land.

And dare the college insolently aim
To equal our fraternity in fame?
Then let crabs-eyes with pearl for virtue try,
Or Highgate-hill with lofty Pindus vie;
So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
And Hare-court pump with Aganippe's streams.
Our manufactures now they meanly sell,
And their true value treacherously tell;
Nay, they discover too, their spite is such,
That health, than crowns more valued, costs not much;
Whilst we must steer our conduct by these rules,
To cheat as tradesmen or to starve as fools.
At this fam'd Horoscope turn'd pale, and straight
In silence tumbled from his chair of state:
The crowd in great confusion sought the door,
And left the magus fainting on the floor;
Whilst in his breast the fury breath'd a storm,
Then sought her cell, and re-assum'd her form.
Thus from the sore although the insect flies,
It leaves a brood of maggots in disguise.
Officious Squirt* in haste forsook his shop,
To succour the expiring Horoscope.
Oft' he essay'd the magus to restore,
By salt of succinum's prevailing power;
Yet still supine the solid lumber lay,
An image of scarce-animated clay:
Till fates, indulgent when disasters call,
By Squirt's nice hand apply'd a urinal.
The wight no sooner did the stream receive,
But roaz'd, and bless'd the stale restorative.
The springs of life their former vigour feel;
Such zeal he had for that vile utensil.
So when the great Pelides Thetis found,
He knew the sea-weed scent, and the azure [illegible]

* Dr. Barry. T. [illegible]

CANTO III.

All night the sage in pensive tumults lay,
Complaining of the slow approach of day;
Oft' turn'd him round, and strove to think no more
Of what shrill Colon said the day before.
Cowslips and poppies o'er his eyes he spread,
And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head.
But those bless'd opiates still in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies:
Tumultuous cares lay roiling in his breast,
And thus his anxious thoughts the sage exprest.
Oft has this planet roll'd around the sun,
Since to consult the skies I first begun:
Such my applause, so mighty my success,
Some granted my predictions more than guess.
But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
This faith, there can be no mistake in gain.
For the dull world must honour pay to those,
Who on their understanding most impose.
First man creates, and then he fears the elf;
Thus others cheat him not, but he himself;
He loathes the substance, and he loves the show;
You'll ne'er convince a fool, himself is so:
He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
And still the only pleasure's the deceit.
So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye,
Which no existence has, but in the eye.
As distant prospects please us, but when near
We find but desert rocks and fleeting air;
From stratagem to stratagem we run,
And he knows most, who latest is undone.
Mankind one day serene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, sullen, and severe;
New passions new opinions still excite;
And what they like at noon they leave at night.
They gain with labour what they quit with ease;
And health, for want of change, becomes disease,
Religion's bright authority they dare,
And yet are slaves to superstitious fear.

They counsel others, but themselves deceive;
And though they're cozen'd still, they still believe.
So false their censure, fickle their esteem,
This hour they worship, and the next blaspheme.
Shall I then, who with penetrating sight
Inspect the springs that guide each appetite;
Who with unfathom'd searches hourly pierce
The dark recesses of the universe;
Be aw'd, if puny emmets would oppress;
Or fear their fury, or their name caress?
If all the fiends that in low darkness reign
Be not the fictions of a sickly brain,
That prospect, the dispensary they call,
Before the moon can blunt her horns, shall fall.
With that, a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
Shoots through the crystal kingdoms of the skies.
The savage kind in forests cease to roam,
And sots, o'ercharg'd with nauseous loads, reel home;
Drums, trumpets, hautboys, wake the slumbering pair,
Whilst bridegroom sighs, and thinks the bride less fair;
Light's cheerful smiles o'er th' azure waste are spread,
And miss, from inns of court, bolts out unpaid;
The sage, transported at th' approaching hour,
Impetuously thrice thunder'd on the floor;
Officious Squirt that moment had access,
His trust was great, his vigilance no less.
To him thus Horoscope:
My kind companion in this dire affair,
Which is more light, since you assume a share,
Fly with what haste you us'd to do of old,
When clyster was in danger to be cold;
With expedition on the beadle call,
To summon all the company to th' hall.
Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
Swift as from phial streams of harts-horn rise.
The magus in the interim mumbles o'er
Vile terms of art to some infernal power,
And draws mysterious circles on the floor.
But from the gloomy vault no glaring spright
Ascends, to blast the tender bloom of light.
No mystic sounds from hell's detested womb,
In dusky exhalations upwards come.

And now to raise an altar he decrees,
To that devouring harpy call'd Disease:
Then flowers in canisters he hastes to bring,
The wither d product of a blighted spring;
With cold solanum from the Pontic shore,
The roots of mandrake, and black hellebore;
The griper senna, and the puker rue,
The sweetener sassafras, are added too;
And on the structure next he heaps a load
Of sulphur, turpentine, and mastic wood;
Gums, fossils too, the pyramids increas'd;
A mummy next, once monarch of the east;
Then from the compter he takes down the file,
And with prescriptions lights the solemn pile.
Feebly the flames on clumsy wings aspire,
And smothering fogs of smoke benight the fire.
With sorrow he beheld the sad portent,
Then to the hag these orisons he sent:
Disease! thou ever most propitious power,
Whose kind indulgence we discern each hour!
Thou well canst boast thy numerous pedigree,
Begot by sloth, maintain'd by luxury.
In gilded palaces thy prowess reigns,
But flies the humble sheds of cottage swains,
To you such might and energy belong,
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the strong.
The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us your vassals only kind.
If, in return, all diligence we pay,
To fix your empire, and confirm your sway,
Far as the weekly-bills can reach around,
From Kent-street end, to fam'd St. Giles's pound;
Behold this poor libation with a smile,
And let auspicious light break through the pile.
He spoke; and on the pyramid he laid
Bay-leaves and vipers'-hearts, and thus he said:
As these consume in this mysterious fire,
So let the curs'd dispensary expire!
And as those crackle in the flames, and die,
So let its vessels burst, and glasses fly!
But a sinister cricket straight was heard;
The altar fell, the offering disappear'd.

As the fam'd wight the omen did regret,
Squirt brought the news, the company was met.
Nigh where Fleet-ditch descends in sable streams,
To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames,
There stands a structure on a rising hill,
Where Tyros take their freedom out to kill.
Some pictures in these dreadful shambles tell,
How, by the Delian god, the Python fell;
And how Medea did the philtre brew,
That could in Æson's veins young force renew;
How mournful Myrrha for her crimes appears,
And heals hysteric matrons still with tears;
How Mentha and Althea, nymphs no more,
Revive in sacred plants, and health restore;
How sanguine swains their amorous hours repent,
When pleasure's past, and pains are permanent;
And how frail nymphs oft', by abortion, aim
To lose a substance, to preserve a name.
Soon as each member in his rank was plac'd,
The assembly, Diasenna* thus address'd:
My kind confederates, if my poor intent,
As 'tis sincere, had been but prevalent,
We here had met on some more safe design,
And on no other business but to dine;
The faculty had still maintain'd their sway,
And interest then had bid us but obey;
This only emulation we had known,
Who best could fill his purse, and thin the town.
But now from gathering clouds destruction pours,
Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours:
Mists from black jealousies the tempest form,
Whilst late divisions reinforce the storm.
Know, when these feuds, like those at law, were past,
The winners will be losers at the last.
Like heroes in sea fights we seek renown;
To fire some hostile ship, we burn our own.
Whoe'er throws dust against the wind, descries
He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes,
That juggler which another's sleight will show,
But teaches how the world his own may know.

* Gilstrop, an apothecary.

Thrice happy were those golden days of old,
When dear as Burgundy, ptisans were sold;
When patients chose to die with better will,
Than breathe, and pay the apothecary's bill;
And, cheaper than for our assistance call,
Might go to Aix or Bourbon, spring and fall.
Then priests increas'd, and piety decay'd,
Churchmen the church's purity betray'd,
Their lives and doctrine slaves and atheists made.
The laws were but the hireling judge's sense;
Juries were sway'd by venal evidence.
Fools were promoted to the council-board,
Tools to the bench, and bullies to the sword.
Pensions in private were the senate's aim;
And patriots for a place abandon'd fame.
But now no influencing art remains,
For Somers has the seal, and Nassau reigns.
And we, in spite of our resolves, must bow,
And suffer by a reformation too.
For now late jars our practices detect,
And mines, when once discover'd, lose effect.
Dissensions, like small streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run:
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they proceed, the more they still disjoin.
'Tis therefore my advice, in haste we send,
And beg the faculty to be our friend;
Send swarms of patients, and our quarrels end.
So awful beadles, if the vagrant treat,
Straight turn familiar, and their fasces quit.
In vain we but contend, that planet's power
Those vapours can disperse it rais'd before.
As he prepar'd the mischief to recite,
Keen Colocynthus* paus'd, and foam'd with spite,
Sour ferments on his shining surface swim,
Work up the froth, and bubble o'er the brim:
Not beauties fret so much if freckles come,
Or nose should redden in the drawing-room;
Or lovers that mistake th' appointed hour,
Or in the lucky minute, want the power.

* Dare, an apothecary.

Thus he—Thou scandal of great Pæan's art,
At thy approach the springs of nature start,
The nerves unbrace: nay, at the sight of thee,
A scratch turns cancer, itch a leprosy,
Could'st thou propose, that we the friends of fates,
Who fill churchyards, and who unpeople states,
Who baffle nature, and dispose of lives,
Whilst Russel,* as we please, or starves or thrives,
Should e'er submit to their despotic will,
Who out of consolation scarce can kill?
The towering Alps shall sooner sink to vales,
And leeches, in our glasses, swell to whales;
Or Norwich trade in instruments of steel,
And Birmingham in stuffs and druggets deal!
Alleys at Wapping furnish us new modes,
And Monmouth street, Versailles with riding-hoods!
The sick to th' hundreds in pale throngs repair,
And change the gravel pits for Kentish air!
Our properties must on our arms depend;
'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.

To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
The wise through thought th' insults of death defy:
The fools through blest insensibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquish'd by the brave.
It eases lovers, sets the captive free;
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

Sound but to arms, the foe shall soon confess
Our force increases, as our funds grow less;
And what requir'd such industry to raise,
We'll scatter into nothing as we please;
Thus they'll acknowledge, to annihilate
Shews no less wondrous power than to create.
We'll raise our numerous cohorts, and oppose
Th' feeble forces of our pigmy foes;

* A celebrated undertaker of funerals.

Legions of quacks shall join us on the place,
From great Kirleus down to Doctor Case.
Though such vile rubbish sink, yet we shall rise;
Directors still secure the greatest prize.
Such poor supports serve only like a stay;
The tree once fix'd, its rest is torn away.
So patriots, in time of peace and ease,
Forget the fury of the late disease:
On dangers past serenely think no more,
And curse the hand that heal'd the wound before.
Arm therefore, gallant friends, 'tis honour's call;
Or let us boldly fight, or bravely fall!
To this the session seem'd to give consent,
Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much th' event.
At length, the growing difference to compose,
Two brothers, nam'd Ascarides,* arose.
Both had the volubility of tongue,
In meaning faint, but in opinion strong.
To speak they both assum'd alike pretence;
The elder gain'd his just pre-eminence.
Thus he: 'Tis true, when privilege and right
Are once invaded, honour bids us fight.
But ere we once engage in honour's cause,
First know what honour is, and whence it was.
Scorn'd by the base, 'tis courted by the brave;
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's slave;
Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air,
And both exists by hope and by despair;
Angry whene'er a moment's ease we gain,
And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.
It lives, when in death's arms the hero lies:
But when his safety he consults, it dies.
Bigoted to this idol, we disclaim
Rest, health, and ease, for nothing but a name.
Then let us, to the field before we move,
Know, if the gods our enterprise approve.
Suppose th' unthinking faculty unveil
What we, through wiser conduct, would conceal:
Is't reason we should quarrel with the glass
That shows the monstrous features of our face?

* The Pearces, apothecaries.

Or grant some grave pretenders have of late
Thought fit an innovation to create;
Soon they'll repent what rashly they begun:
Though projects please, projectors are undone.
All novelties must this success expect,
When good, our envy; and when bad, neglect:
If reason could direct, ere now each gate
Had borne some trophy of triumphal state;
Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe
Troy and Namur to Jove and to Nassau.
Then, since no veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or th' appearing good;
The project that we vainly apprehend
Must, as it blindly rose, as vilely end.
Some members of the Faculty there are,
Who interest, prudently, to oaths prefer.
Our friendship, with feign'd airs, they poorly court,
And boast, their politics are our support.
Them we'll consult about this enterprise,
And boldly execute what they advise.
But from below, while such resolves they took,
Some Aurum Fulminans the fabric shook.
The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat,
Regard their safety, and their rage forget.
So when at Bathos earth's big offspring strove
To scale the skies, and wage a war with Jove;
Soon as the ass of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling rebels in confusion fled.

CANTO IV.

Not far from that frequented theatre,
Where wandering punks each night at five repair;
Where purple emperors in buskins tread,
And rule imaginary worlds for bread:
Where Bentley,* by old writers, wealthy grew,
And Briscoe* lately was undone by new;

* Two booksellers.

There triumphs a physician of renown,
To none, but such as rust in health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly, to impart
His known experience, and his healing art.
When Burgess deafens all the listening press
With peals of most seraphic emptiness;
Or when mysterious Freeman mounts on high,
To preach his parish to a lethargy;
This Æsculapius waits hard by, to ease
The martyrs of such Christian cruelties.
Long has this darling quarter of the town,
For lewdness, wit, and gallantry, been known.
All sorts meet here, of whatsoe'er degree,
To blend and justle into harmony.
The critics each adventurous author scan,
And praise or censure as they like the man.
The weeds of writings for the flowers they cull;
So nicely tasteless, so correctly dull!
The politicians of Parnassus prate,
And poets canvass the affairs of state;
The cits ne'er talk of trade and stock, but tell
How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.
The country-dames drive to Hippolito's,
First find a spark, and after lose a nose.
The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
He grows a madman, and then turns a wit.
And in the cloister pensive Strephon waits,
Till Cloe's hackney comes, and then retreats;
And if th' ungenerous nymph a shaft lets fly,
More fatally than from a sparkling eye,
Mirmillo,* that fam'd Opifer, is nigh.
The treading tribe oft thither throng to dine,
And want of elbow-room supply in wine.
Cloy'd with variety, they surfeit there,
Whilst the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
'Twas here the champions of the party met,
Of their heroic enterprize to treat.
Each hero a tremendous air put on,
And stern Mirmillo in these words begun:

* Dr. Gibbons.

'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you here;
No grievance you can know, but I must share.
'Tis plain, my interest you've advanc'd so long,
Each fee, though I was mute, would find a tongue.
And, in return, though I have strove to rend
Those statutes, which on oath I should defend;
Such arts are trifles to a generous mind:
Great services as great returns should find.
And you'll perceive, this hand, when glory calls,
Can brandish arms as well as urinals.

Oxford and all her passing bells can tell,
By this right-arm what mighty numbers fell.
Whilst others meanly ask'd whole months to slay,
I oft dispatch'd the patient in a day:
With pen in hand I push'd to that degree,
I scarce had left a wretch to give a fee.
Some fell by laudanum, and some by steel,
And death in ambush lay in every pill.
For, save or slay, this privilege we claim,
Though credit suffers, the reward's the same.

What though the art of healing we pretend,
He that designs it least, is most a friend.
Into the right we err, and must confess
To oversights we often owe success.
Thus Bessus got the battle in the play;
His glories cowardice restor'd the day.
So the fam'd Grecian piece ow'd its desert
To chance, and not the labour'd strokes of art.

Physicians, if they're wise, should never think
Of any arms but such as pen and ink:
But th' enemy, at their expense, shall find
When honour calls, I'll scorn to stay behind.

He said, and seal'd th' engagement with a kiss,
Which was return'd by younger Ascaris;*
Who thus advanc'd: Each word, Sir, you impart,
Has something killing in it, like your art.
How much we to your boundless friendship owe,
Our files can speak, and your prescriptions show.
Your ink descends in such excessive showers,
'Tis plain, you can regard no health but ours.

* Mr. Parnel.

Whilst poor pretenders puzzle o'er a case,
You but appear, and give the *coup de grace.*
O that near Xanthus' banks you had but dwelt,
When Ilium first Achaian fury felt!
The horned river then had curs'd in vain
Young Peleus' arm, that choak'd his stream with slain;
No trophies you had left for Greeks to raise;
Their ten years toil, you'd finish'd in ten days.
Fate smiles on your attempts; and, when you list,
In vain the cowards fly, or brave resist.
Then let us arm, we need not fear success;
No labours are too hard for Hercules.
Our military ensigns we'll display;
Conquest pursues, where courage leads the way.
To this design shrill Querpo * did agree,
A zealous member of the faculty;
His sire's pretended pious steps he treads,
And where the doctor fails, the saint succeeds.
A conventicle flesh'd his greener years,
And his full age the righteous rancour shares.
Thus boys hatch game-eggs under birds of prey,
To make the fowl more furious for the fray.
Slow Carus † next discover'd his intent,
With painful pauses muttering what he meant.
His sparks of life, in spite of drugs, retreat,
So cold, that only calentures can heat.
In his chil veins the sluggish puddle flows,
And loads with lazy fogs his sable brows.
Legions of lunatics about him press;
His province is, lost reason to redress.
So when perfumes their fragrant scent give o'er,
Nought can their odour, like a jakes, restore.
When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile books besieg'd around.
The gazing throng acknowledge their surprise,
And, deaf to reason, still consult their eyes.
Well he perceives, the world will often find,
To catch the eye is to convince the mind.
Thus a weak state by wise distrust inclines
To numerous stores, and strength in magazines.

* Dr. Howe. † Dr. Tyson.

So fools are always most profuse of words,
And cowards never fail of longest swords.
Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
And from the world to dust and worms retreat.
Here dregs and sediment of auctions reign,
Refuse of fairs, and gleanings of Duck lane.
And up these walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
With Swiss philosophy, and Runic rhymes.
Hither retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
Mede's works entire, and endless reams of Blome.
Where would the long neglected Collins fly,
If bounteous Carus should refuse to buy?
But each vile scribbler's happy on this score:
He'll find some Carus still to read him o'er.
Nor must we the obsequious Umbra* spare,
Who soft by nature, yet declar'd for war.
But when some rival power invades a right,
Flies set on flies, and turtles turtles fight.
Else courteous Umbra to the last had been
Demurely meek, insipidly serene.
With him, the present still some virtues have;
The vain are sprightly; and the stupid, grave;
The slothful, negligent; the foppish, neat;
The lewd are airy, and the sly discreet;
A wren, an eagle; a baboon, a beau;
Colt,† a Lycurgus, and a Phocion, Rowe.‡
Heroic ardour now th' assembly warms,
Each combatant breathes nothing but alarms.
For future glory while the scheme is laid,
Fam'd H r oscope thus offers to dissuade:
Since of each enterprise th' event's unknown,
We'll quit the sword, and hearken to the gown.
Nigh lives Vagellius,§ one reputed long
For strength of lungs, and pliancy of tongue.
For fees, to any form he moulds a cause.
The worst has merits, and the best has flaws.
Five guineas make a criminal to-day;
And ten to-morrow wipe the stain away.

* Dr. Gould. † Sir H. Dutton Colt.
‡ Mr. Anthony Rowe. § Sir Barth. Shower.

Whatever he affirms is undeny'd,
Milo's the lecher, Clodius th' homicide;
Cato pernicious, Catiline a saint,
Orford suspected, Duncomb innocent.
To law then, friends, for 'tis by fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our money, shall succeed.
Know, when I first invok'd disease by charms
To prove propitious to our future arms,
Ill omens did the sacrifice attend,
Nor would the Sibyl from her grot ascend.
As Horoscope urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a bard:*
In vain your magic mysteries you use,
Such sounds the Sibyl's sacred ears abuse.
These lines the pale divinity shall raise,
Such is the power of sound, and force of lays.
" †Arms meet with arms, falchions with falchions
" clash,
" And sparks of fire struck out from armour flash.
" Thick clouds of dust contending warriors raise,
" ‡ And hideous war o'er all the region brays.
" Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,
" Some massy balls of brass, some mighty tubs
" Of cinders bore—
" § Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous wreck
" Affright the skies, and fry the ocean's back."
As he went rumbling on, the fury straight
Crawl'd in, her limbs could scarce support her weight.
A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound,
And faintly her furr'd lips these accents found:
Mortal, how dar'st thou with such lines address
My awful seat, and trouble my recess?
In Essex marshy hundreds is a cell,
Where lazy fogs and drizzling vapours dwell:
Thither raw damps on drooping wings repair,
And shivering quartans shake the sickly air.
There, when fatigu'd, some silent hours I pass,
And substitute physicians in my place.

* Sir Richard Blackmore.
† King Arthur, p. 307.
‡ King Arthur, p. 327.
§ Prince Arthur, p. 103.

Then dare not, for the future, once rehearse
The dissonance of such untuneful verse;
But in your lines let energy be found,
And learn to rise in sense, and sink in sound.
Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear;
None please the fancy, who offend the ear.
In sense and numbers if you would excel,
Read Waycherley, consider Dryden well.
In one, what vigorous turns of fancy shine!
In th' other, Syrens warble in each line.
If Dorset's sprightly Muse but touch the lyre,
The smiles and graces melt in soft desire,
And little loves confess their amorous fire.
The gentle Isis claims the ivy crown,
To bind th' immortal brows of Addison.
As tuneful Congreve tries his rural strains,
Pan quits the woods, the listening fawns the plains;
And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.
And Britain, since Pausanias* was writ,
Knows Spartan virtue, and Athenian wit.
When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
Or, what Apollo dictates, Prior sings;
The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention show,
And silver Sequana forgets to flow.
Such just examples carefully read o'er,
Slide without falling; without straining, soar.
Oft' though your strokes surprise, you should not choose
A theme so mighty for a virgin Muse.
Long did Apelles his fam'd piece decline;
His Alexander was his last design.
'Tis Montague's rich vein alone must prove,
None but a Phidias should attempt a Jove.
The fury paus'd, till with a frightful sound
A rising whirlwind burst th' unhallow'd ground.
Then she—the deity we Fortune call,
Though distant, rules and influences all,
Straight for her favour to her court repair;
Important embassies ask wings of air.

* Pausanias, written by Mr. Norton.

Each wondering stood; but Horoscope's great soul,
That dangers ne'er alarm, nor doubts controul,
Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind,
Out-flew the rack, and left the hours behind.
The evening now with blushes warms the air,
The steer resigns the yoke, the hind his care.
The clouds above with golden edgings glow,
And falling dews refresh the earth below.
The bat with sooty wings flits through the grove,
The reeds scarce rustle, nor the aspines move,
And all the feather'd folks forbear their lays of love.
Through the transparent regions of the skies,
Swift as a wish, the missionary flies:
With wonder he surveys the upper air,
And the gay gilded meteors sporting there;
How lambent jellies, kindling in the night,
Shoot through the æther in a trail of light:
How rising streams in th' azure fluid blend,
Or fleet in clouds, or soft in showers descend;
Or, if the stubborn rage of cold prevail,
In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail;
How honey-dews embalm the fragrant morn,
And the fair oak with luscious sweets adorn;
How heat and moisture mingle in a mass,
Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze;
Why nimble corruscations strike the eye,
And bold tornados bluster in the sky;
Why a prolific Aura upwards tends,
Ferments, and in a living shower descends;
How vapours hanging on the towering hills
In breezes sigh, or weep in warbling rills;
Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,
And river gods their thirsty urns supply.
The wondering sage pursues his airy flight,
And braves the chill unwholesome damps of night:
He views the tracts where luminaries rove,
To settle seasons here, and fates above;
The bleak Arcturus still forbid the seas,
The stormy Kids, the weeping Hyades;
The shining lyre with strains attracting more
Heaven's glittering mansions now than hell's before;

Glad Cassiopeia circling in the sky,
And each fair Churchill of the galaxy.
Aurora, on Etesian breezes borne,
With blushing lips breathes out the sprightly morn:
Each flower in dew their short-liv'd empire weeps,
And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion sleeps.
As through the gloom the Magus cuts his way,
Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day;
Dim he discerns majestic Atlas rise,
And bend beneath the burden of the skies;
His towering brows aloft no tempests know,
Whilst lightning flies, and thunder rolls below.
Distant from hence beyond a waste of plains,
Proud Teneriff, his giant brother, reigns;
With breathing fire his pitchy nostrils glow,
As from his sides he shakes the fleecy snow.
Around this hoary prince, from watery beds,
His subject islands raise their verdant heads;
The waves so gently wash each rising hill,
The land seems floating, and the ocean still.
Eternal spring with smiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year,
From crystal rocks transparent rivulets flow;
The tuberose ever breathes, and violets blow.
The vine undress'd her swelling clusters bears,
The labouring hind the mellow olive cheers;
Blossoms and fruit at once the citron shews,
And, as she pays, discovers still she owes.
The orange to her sun her pride displays,
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays.
No blasts e'er discompose the peaceful sky,
The springs but murmur, and the winds but sigh.
The tuneful swans on gliding rivers float,
And warbling dirges die on every note.
Where Flora treads, her Zephyr garlands flings,
And scatters odours from his purple wings;
Whilst birds from woodbine bowers and jasmine groves
Chant their glad nuptials, and unenvy'd loves.
Mild seasons, rising hills, and silent dales,
Cool grottos, silver brooks, and flowery vales,
Groves fill'd with balmy shrubs, in pomp appear,
And scent with gales of sweets the circling year.

These happy isles, where endless pleasures wait,
Are styl'd by tuneful bards—The Fortunate.
On high, where no hoarse winds nor clouds resort,
The hoodwink'd goddess keeps her partial court.
Upon a wheel of amethyst she sits,
Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits.
In this still labyrinth, around her lie
Spells, philters, globes and schemes of palmistry:
A sigil in this hand the gipsy bears,
In th' other a prophetic sieve and sheers.
The dame, by divination, knew that soon
The Magus would appear—and then begun:
Hail sacred seer! thy embassy I know:
Wars must ensue, the fates will have it so.
Dread feats shall follow, and disasters great,
Pills charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet:
Both sides shall conquer, and yet both shall fail;
The mortar now, and then the urinal.
To thee alone my influence I owe;
Where nature has deny'd, my favours flow.
'Tis I that give, so mighty is my power,
Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
I am the wretch's wish, the rook's pretence,
The sluggard's ease, the coxcomb's providence.
Sir Scrape-quill, once a supple smiling slave,
Looks lofty now, and insolently grave;
Builds, settles, purchases, and has each hour
Caps from the rich, and curses from the poor.
Spadillio, that at table serv'd of late,
Drinks rich Tokay himself, and eats in plate;
Has levees, villas, mistresses in store,
And owns the racers which he rubb'd before.
Souls heavenly born my faithless boons defy;
The brave is to himself a deity.
Though blest Astrea's gone, some soil remains
Where fortune is the slave, and merit reigns.
The Tiber boasts his Julian progeny,
Thames his Nassau, the Nile his Ptolomy.
Iberia, yet for future sway design'd,
Shall, for a Hesse, a greater Mordaunt find.
Thus Ariadne in proud triumph rode;
She lost a hero, and she found a god.

CANTO V.

When the still night, with peaceful poppies crown'd,
Had spread her shady pinions o'er the ground;
And slumbering chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
While groves and streams are the soft virgin's theme;
The surges gently dash against the shore,
Flocks quit the plains, and galley-slaves the oar;
Sleep shakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes;
Mirmillo is the only wretch it flies;
He finds no respite from his anxious grief;
Then seeks from this soliloquy relief.
Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the town,
Oppress'd with fees, and deafen'd with renown.
None e'er could die with due solemnity,
Unless his passport first was sign'd by me.
My arbitrary bounty's undeny'd;
I give reversions, and for heirs provide.
None could the tedious nuptial state support,
But I, to make it easy, make it short.
I set the discontented matrons free,
And ransom husbands from captivity.
Shall one of such importance then engage
In noisy riot and in civil rage?
No: I'll endeavour straight a peace, and so
Preserve my character, and person too.
But discord, that still haunts with hideous mien
Those dire abodes where Hymen once hath been,
O'erheard Mirmillo's anguish; then begun
In peevish accents to express her own:
Have I so often banish'd lazy peace
From her dark solitude, and lov'd recess?
Have I made South and Sherlock disagree,
And puzzle truth with learn'd obscurity?
And does the faithful Ferguson profess
His ardour still for animosities?
Have I, Britannia's safety to ensure,
Expos'd her naked, to be most secure?
Have I made parties opposite, unite,
In monstrous leagues of amicable spite,

To curse their country, whilst the common cry
Is freedom; but their aim, the ministry?
And shall a dastard's cowardice prevent
The war, so long I've labour'd to foment?
No, 'tis resolv'd, he either shall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan divinity.
With that the hag approach'd Mirmillo's bed,
And, taking Querpo's meagre shape, she said:
At noon of night I hasten, to dispel
Tumults that in your pensive bosom dwell.
I dreamt but now I heard your heaving sighs,
Nay, saw the tears debating in your eyes.
O that 'twere but a dream! but threats I find
Lour in your looks, and rankle in your mind.
Speak, whence it is this late disorder flows,
That shakes your soul, and troubles your repose.
Mistakes in practice scarce could give you pain;
Too well you know, the dead will ne'er complain.
What looks discover, said the homicide,
Would be a fruitless industry to hide.
My safety first I must consult, and then
I'll serve our suffering party with my pen.
All should, reply'd the hag, their talent learn;
The most attempting oft' the least discern.
Let Peterborough speak, and Vanburgh write,
Soft Acon court, and rough Cæcinna fight:
Such must succeed; but, when th' enervate aim
Beyond their force, they still contend for shame.
Had Colbatch printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the Saffold of the town.
Asses and owls, unseen, their kind betray,
If these attempt to hoot, or those to bray.
Had Wesley never aim'd in verse to please,
We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.
Still censures will on dull pretenders fall;
A Codrus should expect a Juvenal.
Ill lines, but like ill-paintings, are allow'd,
To set off, and to recommend the good.
So diamonds take a lustre from their foil;
And to a Bentley 'tis we owe a Boyle.
Consider well the talent you possess;
To strive to make it more, would make it less:

And recollect what gratitude is due,
To those whose party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd magnificence,
But to your stars your magazine of sense.
Haspt in a tombril, awkward have you shin'd,
With one fat slave before, and none behind.
Then haste and join your true intrepid friends,
Success on vigour and dispatch depends.
Labouring in doubts Mirmillo stood; then said,
'Tis hard to undertake, if gain dissuade;
What fool for noisy feuds large fees would leave?
Ten harvests more would all I wish for give.
True man! reply'd the elf; by choice diseas'd,
Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd.
A present good they slight, an absent choose;
And what they have, for what they have not lose.
False prospects all their true delights destroy,
Resolv'd to want, yet labouring to enjoy.
In restless hurries thoughtlessly they live,
At substance oft' unmov'd, for shadows grieve.
Children at toys, as men at titles, aim;
And in effect both covet but the same.
This Philip's son prov'd in revolving years;
And first for rattles, then for worlds shed tears.
The fury spoke; then in a moment fir'd
The hero's breast with tempests, and retir'd.
In boding dreams Mirmillo spent the night,
And frightful phantoms danc'd before his sight,
Till the pale pleiads clos'd their eyes of light.
At length gray morn glows in the eastern skies,
The larks in raptures through the æther rise,
The azure mists scud o'er the dewy lawns,
The chaunter at his early matins yawns,
The amaranth opes its leaves, the lys its bells,
And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells.
As bold Mirmillo the gray dawn descries,
Arm'd cap-a-pee, where honour calls, he flies,
And finds the legions planted at their post;
Where mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the most.
His arms were made, if we may credit fame,
By Mulciber, the Mayor of Birmingham.

Of temper'd stibium the bright shield was cast,
And yet the work the metal far surpass'd.
A foliage of the vulnerary leaves,
Graved round the brim, the wondering sight deceives.
Around the centre fate's bright trophies lay,
Probes, saws, incision knives, and tools to slay.
Embost upon the field, a battle stood
Of leeches spouting hæmorrhoidal blood.
The artist too express'd the solemn state
Of grave physicians at a consult met;
About each symptom how they disagree,
But how unanimous in case of fee.
Whilst each assassin his learn'd colleague tires
With learn'd impertinence, the sick expires.
Beneath this blazing orb bright Querpo shone,
Himself an Atlas, and his shield a moon.
A pestle for his truncheon led the van,
And his high helmet was a close-stool pan.
His crest an Ibis, brandishing her beak,
And winding in loose folds her spiral neck.
This when the young Querpoïdes beheld,
His face in nurse's breast the boy conceal'd;
Then, peept, and with the effulgent helm would play,
And as the monster gap'd, would shrink away.
Thus sometimes joy prevail'd, and sometimes fear;
And tears and smiles alternate passions were.
As Querpo towering stood in martial might,
Pacific Carus sparkled on the right.
An oran outang o'er his shoulders hung,
His plume confess'd the capon whence it sprung.
His motley mail scarce could the hero bear,
Haranguing thus the tribunes of the war:
Fam'd chiefs,
For present triumphs born, design'd for more,
Your virtue I admire, your valour more.
If battle be resolv'd, you'll find this hand
Can deal out destiny, and fate command.
Our foes in throngs shall hide the crimson plain,
And their Apollo interpose in vain.
Though gods themselves engage, a Diomed
With ease could show a deity can bleed.

But war's rough trade should be by fools profest,
The truest rubbish fills a trench the best.
Let quinsies throttle, and the quartan shake,
Or dropsies drown, and gout and cholics rack;
Let sword and pestilence lay waste, while we
Wage bloodless wars, and fight in theory;
Who wants not merit, needs not arm for fame;
The dead I raise, my chivalry proclaim;
Diseases baffled, and lost health restor'd,
In fame's bright list my victories record.
More lives from me their preservation own,
Than lovers lose if fair Cornelia frown.
Your cures, shrill Querpo cry'd, aloud you tell,
But wisely your miscarriages conceal.
Zeno, a priest, in Samothrace of old,
Thus reason'd with Philopidas the bold:
Immortal gods you own, but think them blind
To what concerns the state of human kind.
Either they hear not, or regard not prayer;
That argues want of power and this of care.
Allow that wisdom infinite must know;
Power infinite must act. "I grant it so."
Haste straight to Neptune's fane; survey with zeal
The walls. "What then?" reply'd the infidel.
Observe those numerous throngs, in effigy,
The gods have sav'd from the devouring sea.
"'Tis true, their pictures that escap'd you keep,
"But where are theirs that perish'd in the deep?"
Vaunt now no more the triumph of your skill.
But, though unfee'd, exert your arm, and kill.
Our scouts have learn'd the posture of the foe;
In war surprises surest conduct show.
But fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells;
How truth in Burnet, how in Cavendish, reigns,
Varro's magnificence with Maro's strains;
But how at church and bar all gape and stretch
If Winnington but plead, or South or Only preach;
On nimble wings to Warwick-lane repairs,
And what the enemy intends, declares.

Confusion in each countenance appear'd,
A council's call'd, and Stentor * first was heard;
His labouring lungs the thron'd prætorium rent,
Addressing thus the passive president:
Machaon,† whose experience we adore,
Great as your matchless merit, is your power:
At your approach, the baffled tyrant death
Breaks his keen shafts, and grinds his clashing teeth.
To you we leave the conduct of the day;
What you command, your vassals must obey.
If this dread enterprise you would decline,
We'll send to treat, and stifle the design.
But, if my arguments had force, we'd try
To humble our audacious foes, or die;
Our spite, they'll find, to their advantage leans;
The end is good, no matter for the means.
So modern casuists their talents try,
Uprightly for the sake of truth to lie.
He had not finish'd, till th' out-guards descry'd
Bright columns move in formidable pride;
The passing pomp so dazzled from afar,
It seem'd a triumph, rather than a war,
Though wide the front, though gross the phalanx grew,
It look'd less dreadful, as it nearer grew.
The adverse host for action straight prepare;
All eager to unveil the face of war.
Their chiefs lace on their helms, and take the field,
And to their trusty squire resigns the shield:
To paint each knight, their ardour and alarms,
Would ask the muse that sung the frogs in arms.
And now the signal summons to the fray;
Mock falchions flash, and paltry ensigns play.
Their patron god his silver bow-strings twangs;
Tough harness rustles, and bold armour clangs;
The piercing caustics ply their spiteful power;
Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics scour;
The deadly drugs in double doses fly;
And pestles peal a martial symphony.

* Dr. Goodall. † Sir Thomas Millington.

Now from their level'd syringes they pour
The liquid volley of a missive shower.
Not storms of sleet, which o'er the Baltic drive
Push'd on by northern gusts, such horror give.
Like spouts in southern seas the deluge broke,
And numbers sunk beneath th' impetuous stroke.
So when Leviathans dispute the reign
And uncontrol'd dominion of the main,
From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,
And isles of sea-weed on the waves are borne,
Such watery stores from their spread nostrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is sea, and which is sky.
And now the staggering braves, led by despair,
Advance, and to return the charge prepare;
Each seizes for his shield a spacious scale,
And the brass weights fly thick as showers of hail.
Whole heaps of warriors welter on the ground,
With gally-pots and broken phials crown'd;
Whilst empty jars the dire defeat resound.
Thus when some storm its crystal quarry rends,
And Jove in rattling showers of ice descends;
Mount Athos shakes the forests on his brow,
Whilst down his wounded sides fresh torrents flow,
And leaves and limbs of trees o'er spread the vale below.
But now, all order lost, promiscuous blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the battle grows.
From Stentor's * arm a massy opiate flies,
And straight a deadly sleep clos'd Carus' eyes.
At Colon † great Serterit Buckthorn flung,
Who with fierce gripes, like those of death, was stung;
But with a dauntless and disdainful mien,
Hurl'd back steel pill, and hit him on the spleen.
Chiron ‡ attack'd Talthibius with such might,
One pass had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,
Who straight retreated to evade the wound,
But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.
This Pæan § saw, and to the victor said,
Thou shalt not long survive th' unwieldy dead,

* Dr. Goodall against Dr. Tyson. † Dr. Birch.

‡ Dr. Gill against Dr. Ridley. § Dr. Chamberlain.

Thy fate shall follow; to confirm it, swore,
By the image of Priapus, which he bore:
And rais'd an eagle-stone, invoking loud
On Cynthia, leaning o'er a silver cloud:
Great queen of night, and empress of the seas,
If faithful to thy midnight mysteries,
If, still observant of my early vows,
These hands have eas'd the mourning matron's throes,
Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright;
So may loud cymbals aid thy labouring light.
He said, and let the ponderous fragment fly
At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by.
Though the haranguing god survey'd the war,
That day the muses' sons were not his care;
Two friends, adepts, the Trismegists by name,
Alike their features, and alike their flame;
As simpling near fair Tweed each sung by turn,
The listening river would neglect his urn.
Those lives they fail'd to rescue by their skill,
Their muse could make immortal with her quill;
But learn'd inquiries after nature's state
Dissolv'd the league, and kindled a debate.
The one, for lofty labours fruitful known,
Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own.
At his once favour'd friend a tome he threw,
That from its birth had slept unseen till now;
Stunn'd with the blow, the batter'd bard retir'd,
Sunk down, and in a simile expir'd.
And now the cohorts shake, the legions ply,
The yielding flanks confess the victory.
Stentor, undaunted still, with noble rage
Sprung through the battle, Querpo to engage.
Fierce was the onset, the dispute was great,
Both could not vanquish, neither would retreat;
Each combatant his adversary mauls,
With batter'd bed-pans, and stav'd urinals.
On Stentor's crest the usual crystal breaks,
And tears of amber gutted down his cheeks;
But whilst the champion, as late rumours tell,
Design'd a sure decisive stroke, he fell:
And as the victor hovering o'er him stood,
With arms extended, thus the suppliant sued:

When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die;
Death's but a sure retreat from infamy.
But to the lost if pity might be shown,
Reflect on young Querpoïdes thy son;
Then pity mine, for such an infant grace
Smiles in his eyes, and flatters in his face.
If he was near, compassion he'd create,
Or else lament his wretched parent's fate.
Thine is the glory, and the field is thine;
To thee the lov'd Dispensary I resign.
At this the victors own such extasies,
As Memphian priests if their Osiris sneeze:
Or champions with Olympic clangor fir'd;
Or simpering prudes with sprightly Nantz inspir'd;
Or sultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown;
Or fasting zealots when the sermon's done.
Awhile the chief the deadly stroke declin'd,
And found compassion pleading in his mind.
But whilst he view'd with pity the distress'd,
He spy'd Signetur * writ upon his breast.
Then tow'rds the skies he toss'd his threatening head,
And, fir'd with more than mortal fury, said:
Sooner than I'll from vow'd revenge desist,
His holiness shall turn a quietest;
Jansenius and the Jesuits agree,
The inquisition wink at heresy,
Warm convocations own the church secure,
And more consult her doctrine than her power.
With that he drew a lancet in his rage,
To puncture the still supplicating sage.
But while his thoughts that fatal stroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of fee.
The chief great Paean's golden tresses knew,
He own'd the god, and his rais'd arm with-drew.
Thus often at the Temple-stairs we've seen
Two tritons, of a rough athletic mien,
Sourly dispute some quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles brais'd, and face besmear'd in blood:

* The members of the college that [illegible] called by the apothecaries "Signatum."

But, at the first appearance of a fare,
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair.
The Hero so his enterprize recalls,
His fist unclinches, and the weapon falls.

CANTO VI.

While the shrill clangor of the battle rings,
Auspicious Health appear'd on zephyr's wings;
She seem'd a cherub most divinely bright,
More soft than air, more gay than morning-light.
A charm she takes from each excelling fair,
And borrows Carlisle's shape, and Grafton's air.
Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams dispense,
With Churchill's bloom, and Berkley's innocence;
On Iris thus the differing beams bestow
The dye, that paints the wonders of her bow;
From the fair nymph a vocal music falls,
As to Machaon thus the goddess calls:
Enough, th' atchievement of your arms you've shown,
You seek a triumph you should blush to own.
Haste to th' Elysian fields, those blest abodes,
Where Harvey sits among the demi-gods.
Consult that sacred sage, he'll soon disclose
The method that must mollify these woes.
Let Celsus * for that enterprize prepare,
His conduct to the shades shall be my care.
Aghast the heroes stood dissolv'd in fear,
A form so heavenly bright they could not bear;
Celsus, alone unmov'd, the sight beheld,
The rest in pale confusion left the field.
So when the pygmies, marshal'd on the plains,
Wage puny war against th' invading cranes;
The puppets to their bodkin spears repair,
And scatter'd feathers flutter in the air;
But, when the bold imperial bird of Jove
Stoops on his sounding pinions from above,

* Dr Bateman.

Among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
And the Strimonian squadron seeks the clouds.
And now the delegate prepares to go
And view the wonders of the realms below;
Then takes Amomum for the golden bough.
Thrice did the goddess with her sacred wand
The pavement strike; and straight at her command
The willing surface opens, and descries
A deep descent that leads to nether skies.
Hygeia to the silent region tends;
And with his heavenly guide the charge descends.
Thus Numa, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
Was by Ægeria guarded and inspir'd.
Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds where sleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.
Hence pansies trick themselves in various hue,
And hence jonquils derive their fragrant dew;
Hence the carnation and the bashful rose
Their virgin blushes to the morn disclose;
Hence the chaste lily rises to the light,
Unveils her snowy breasts, and charms the sight;
Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
To oblige complaining lovers with their shade:
And hence on Daphne's laurel'd forehead grow
Immortal wreaths for Phœbus and Nassau.
The insects here their lingering trance survive:
Benumb'd they seem'd, and doubtful if alive.
From winter's fury hither they repair,
And stay for milder skies and softer air.
Down to these cells obscener reptiles creep,
Where hateful newts and painted lizards sleep:
Where shivering snakes the summer solstice wait,
Unfurl their painted folds, and slide in state.
Here their new form the numb'd crucae have
Their numerous feet in slender bandage ty'd:
Soon as the kindling car begins to rise,
This upstart race their native clod despise,
And proud of painted wings attempt the skies.
Now those profounder regions they explore,
Where metals ripen in vast cakes of ore.

Here, sullen to the sight, at large is spread
The dull unwieldy mass of lumpish lead.
There, glimmering in their dawning beds, are seen
The light aspiring seeds of sprightly tin.
The copper sparkles next in ruddy streaks;
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.
The silver then, with bright and burnish'd grace,
Youth and a blooming lustre in its face,
To th' arms of those more yielding metals flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies.
So close they cling, so stubbornly retire;
Their love's more violent than the chemist's fire.
Near these the delegate with wonder spies
Where floods of living silver serpentise;
Where richest metals their bright looks put on,
And golden streams through amber channels run:
Where light's gay god descends, to ripen gems,
And lend a lustre brighter than his beams.
Here he observes the subterranean cells,
Where wanton nature sports in idle shells.
Some helicoeids, some conical appear:
These, mitres emulate, those turbans are.
Here marcasites in various figure wait,
To ripen to a true metallic state:
Till drops, that from impending rocks descend
Their substance petrify, and progress end.
Nigh, livid seas of kindled sulphur flow,
And whilst enrag'd, their fiery surges glow,
Convulsions in the labouring mountains rise,
And hurl their melted vitals to the skies.
He views with horror next the noisy cave,
Where with hoarse dins imprison'd tempests rave;
Where clamorous hurricanes attempt their flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight.
The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celsus fear'd.
So Andromeda, whilst her hero fought,
Shook for his danger, but her own forgot.
And now the goddess with her charge descends,
Whilst scarce one chearful glimpse their steps befriends.
Here his forsaken seat old Chaos keeps;
And, undisturb'd by form, in silence sleeps;

A grisly wight, and hideous to the eye,
An awkward lump of shapeless anarchy.
With sordid age his features are defac'd;
His lands unpeopled, and his countries waste.
To these dark realms much learned lumber creeps,
There copious Morton safe in silence sleeps;
Where mushroom libels in oblivion lie,
And, soon as born, like other monsters, die.
Upon a couch of jet, in these abodes,
Dull Night, his melancholy consort, nods.
No ways and means their cabinet employ;
But their dark hours they waste in barren joy.
Nigh this recess, with terror they survey
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannic sway.
In the close covert of a cypress grove,
Where goblins frisk, and airy spectres rove,
Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
And there the monarch's triumphs are descry'd;
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie;
Dim lamps with sickly rays scarce seem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow;
Restless anxiety, forlorn despair,
And all the faded family of care;
Old mouldering urns, racks, daggers, and distress,
Make up the frightful horror of the place.
Within its dreadful jaws those furies wait,
Which execute the harsh decrees of fate.
Febris is first: the hag relentless hears
The virgin's sighs, and sees the infant's tears.
In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign;
And restless ferments revel in each vein.
Then Hydrops next appears amongst the throng;
Bloated, and big, she slowly sails along.
But, like a miser, in excess she's poor,
And pines for thirst amidst her watery store.
Next loathsome Lepra, that offensive spright,
With foul eruptions stain'd, offends the sight;
Still deaf to beauty's soft persuading power;
Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom secure.
Whole meagre Phthisis gives a silent blow,
Her symptoms are sure, but her advances slow:

No loud alarms, nor fierce assaults, are shown;
She starves the fortress first, then takes the town.
Behind stood crowds of much inferior fame,
Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name;
The vassals of their monarch's tyranny,
Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.
Now Celsus, with his glorious guide, invades
The silent region of the fleeting shades;
Where rocks and rueful deserts are descry'd,
And sullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide;
Then shows the ferry-man the plant he bore,
And claims his passage to the further shore.
To whom the Stygian pilot, smiling, said,
You need no passport to demand our aid.
Physicians never linger on this strand:
Old Charon's present still at your command.
Our awful monarch and his consort owe
To them the peopling of the realms below.
Then in his swarthy hand he grasp'd the oar,
Receiv'd his guests aboard, and shov'd from shore.
Now, as the goddess and her charge prepare
To breathe the sweets of soft Elysian air,
Upon the left they spy a pensive shade,
Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head:
Pale grief sat heavy on his mournful look;
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celsus spoke:
Tell me, thou much afflicted shade, why sighs
Burst from your breast, and torrents from your eyes:
And who those mangled manes are, which show
A sullen satisfaction at your woe?
Since, said the ghost, with pity you'll attend,
Know, I'm Guâicum,* once your firmest friend;
And on this barren beach in discontent
Am doom'd to stay, till th' angry powers relent.
Those spectres, scam'd with scars, that threaten there,
The victims of my late ill-conduct are.
They vex with endless clamours my repose:
This wants his palate; that demands his nose:
And here they execute stern Pluto's will,
And ply me every moment with a pill.

* Dr. Morton.

Then Celsus thus: O much-lamented state!
How rigid is the sentence you relate!
Methinks I recollect your former air,
But ah! how much you're chang'd from what you were!
Insipid as your late ptisans you lie,
That once were sprightlier far than Mercury.
At the sad tale you tell, the poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable souls asleep;
The unctuous larix, and the healing pine,
Lament your fate in tears of turpentine.
But still the offspring of your brain shall prove
The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove:
When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works shall rise
In rockets, till they reach the wondering skies.
If mortals e'er the Stygian powers could bend,
Intreaties to their awful seats I'll send.
But, since no human arts the fates dissuade,
Direct me how to find bless'd Harvey's shade.
In vain th' unhappy ghost still urg'd his stay;
Then, rising from the ground, he shew'd the way.
Nigh the dull shore a shapeless mountain stood,
That with a dreadful frown survey'd the flood.
Its fearful brow no lively greens put on;
No frisking goats bound o'er the ridgy stone.
To gain the summit the bright goddess try'd;
And Celsus follow'd, by degrees, his guide.
Th' ascent thus conquer'd, now they tower on high,
And taste the indulgence of a milder sky.
Loose breezes on their airy pinions play,
Soft infant blossoms their chaste odours pay,
And roses blush their fragrant lives away.
Cool streams through flowery meadows gently glide;
And, as they pass, their painted banks they chide.
These blissful plains no blights nor mildews fear,
The flowers ne'er fade, and shrubs are myrtles here.
The morn awakes the tulip from her bed,
Ere noon in painted pride she decks her head;
Rob'd in rich dye she triumphs on the green,
And every flower does homage to their queen.
So, when bright Venus rises from the flood,
Around in throngs the wondering Nereids crowd,

The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal shell,
And every grace unsung, the waves conceal.
The delegate observes, with wondering eyes,
Ambrosial dews descend, and incense rise;
Then hastens onward to the pensive grove,
The silent mansion of disastrous love.
Here jealousy with jaundic'd looks appears,
And broken slumbers, and fantastic fears.
The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
And to the woods in mournful murmurs sings.
No winds but sighs there are, no floods but tears:
Each conscious tree a tragic signal bears.
Their wounded bark records some broken vow,
And willow-garlands hang on every bough.
Olivia here in solitude he found,
Her downcast eyes fix'd on the silent ground:
Her dress neglected, and unbound her hair,
She seem'd the dying image of despair.
How lately did this celebrated *thing*
Blaze in the box, and sparkle in the ring;
Till the green sickness and love's force betray'd
To death's remorseless arms th' unhappy maid!
All o'er confus'd the guilty lover stood,
The light forsook his eyes, his cheeks the blood:
An icy horror shiver'd in his look,
As to the cold-complexion'd nymph he spoke:
Tell me, dear shade, from whence such anxious care,
Your looks disorder'd, and your bosom bare?
Why thus you languish like a drooping flower,
Crush'd by the weight of some relentless shower?
Your languid looks your late ill-conduct tell;
Oh that, instead of trash, you'd taken steel!
Stabb'd with th' unkind reproach, the conscious maid
Thus to her late insulting lover said:
When ladies listen not to loose desire,
You style our modesty our want of fire:
Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
You still find reasons to believe we love:
Vainly you think a liking we betray,
And never mean the peevish things we say.
Few are the fair-ones of Rufilla's make,
Unask'd she grants, unsigh'd she'll hers forsake

But several Cælia's, several ages boast,
That like, where reason recommends the most.
Where heavenly truth and tenderness conspire,
Chaste passion may persuade us to desire.
Your sex, he cry'd, as custom bids, behaves;
In forms the tyrant ties such haughty slaves.
To do nice conduct right, you nature wrong;
Impulses are but weak, where reason's strong.
Some want the courage; but how few the flame!
They like the thing, that startle at the name.
The lonely phœnix, though profess'd a nun,
Warms into love, and kindles at the sun;
Those tales of spicy urns and fragrant fires
Are but the emblems of her scorch'd desires.
Then, as he strove to clasp the fleeting fair,
His empty arms confess'd th' impassive air.
From his embrace th' unbody'd spectre flies,
And, as she mov'd, she chid him with her eyes.
They hasten now to that delightful plain,
Where the glad manes of the bless'd remain:
Where Harvey gathers simples, to bestow
Immortal youth on heroes' shades below.
Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The venerable sage her presence knew:
Thus he—
Hail, blooming goddess! thou propitious power,
Whose b'essings mortals more than life implore!
With so much lustre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts where those appear.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Finds ease in chains, or anguish in a crown.
With just resentments and contempt you see
The foul dissensions of the faculty;
How your sad sickening art now hangs her head,
And, once a science, is become a trade.
Her sons a while her rifle her mysterious store,
But study nature less, and lucre more.
Not so when Rome to th' Epidaurian grove
A temple, where devoted incense blaz'd,
On the clear Tiber views the lofty fane:
As the learn'd son is worshipp'd like the sire;

The sage with Romulus like honours claim;
The gift of life and laws were then the same.
I show'd of old, how vital currents glide,
And the meanders of the refluent tide.
Then, Willis, why spontaneous actions here,
And whence involuntary motions there:
And how the spirits, by mechanic laws,
In wild careers tumultuous riots cause.
Nor would our Wharton, Bates, and Glisson, lie
In the abyss of blind obscurity.
But now such wondrous searches are foreborn,
And Pæan's art is by divisions torn.
Then let your charge attend, and I'll explain
How her lost health your science may regain.
Haste, and the matchless Atticus address,
From Heaven and great Nassau he has the mace.
Th' oppress'd to his asylum still repair;
Arts he supports, and learning is his care;
He softens the harsh rigour of the laws,
Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy claws;
And graciously he casts a pitying eye
On the sad state of virtuous poverty.
Whene'er he speaks, Heaven! how the listening throng
Dwells on the melting music of his tongue!
His arguments are emblems of his mien,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, though serene;
And, when the power of eloquence he'd try,
Here lightning strikes you, there soft breezes sigh.
To him you must your sickly state refer,
Your charter claims him as your visiter.
Your wounds he'll close, and sovereignly restore
Your science to the height it had before.
Then Nassau's health shall be our glorious aim,
His life shall be as lasting as his fame.
Some princes' claims from devastations spring;
He condescends in pity to be king;
And, when amidst his olives plac'd he stands,
And governs more by candour than commands,
Ev'n then not less a hero he appears,
Than when his laurel diadem he wears.
Would Phœbus, or his Granville, but inspire
Their sacred vehemence of poetic fire;

To celebrate in song that godlike power,
Which did the labouring universe restore;
Fair Albion's cliffs would echo to the strain,
And praise the arm that conquer'd, to regain
The earth's repose, and empire o'er the main.
Still may th' immortal man his cares repeat,
To make his blessings endless as they're great:
Whilst malice and ingratitude confess
They've strove for ruin long without success.
When, late, Jove's eagle from the pile shall rise
To bear the victor to the boundless skies,
Awhile the god puts off paternal care,
Neglects the earth, to give the heavens a star.
Near thee, Alcides, shall the hero shine;
His rays resembling, as his labours, thine.
Had some fam'd patriot, of the Latian blood,
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
But thus preserv'd the Latian liberties,
Aspiring columns soon had reach'd the skies:
Loud Io's the proud capitol had shook,
And all the statues of the gods had spoke.
No more the sage his raptures could pursue:
He pausd; and Celsus with his guide withdrew.

CLAREMONT.*

What frenzy has of late possess'd the brain!
Though few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
So rank our soil, or bards rise in such store,
Their rich retaining patrons scarce are more.
The last indulge the fault the first commit;
And take off still the offal of their wit.

* This poem was written upon giving the name of Claremont to a villa then belonging to the Earl of Clare. The situation is [illegible] and the supposition, that it [illegible] one to think [illegible] this retreat Ovid [illegible] in the days of Nero [illegible] Ibis pushed the Earl of Clare [illegible] and [illegible] with [illegible] the stream, and by consequence reflected from it.

So shameless, so abandon'd are their ways;
They poach Parnassus, and lay snares for praise.
None ever can without admirers live,
Who have a pension or a place to give.
Great ministers ne'er fail of great deserts;
The herald gives them blood, the poet parts.
Sense is of course annex'd to wealth and power;
No muse is proof against a golden shower.
Let but his lordship write some poor lampoon,
He's Horac'd up in doggrel like his own:
Or, if to rant in tragic rage he yield is,
False fame cr'es—Athens; honest truth—Moorfields.
Thus fool'd, he flounces on through floods of ink;
Flags with full sail; and rises but to sink.
Some venal pens so prostitute the bays,
Their panegyrics lash; their satires praise.
So nauseously, and so unlike, they paint,
N——'s an Adonis; M——r, a saint.
Metius with those fam'd heroes is compar'd,
That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
But such a shameless muse must laughter move,
That aims to make Salmoneus vie with Jove.
To form great works, puts fate itself to pain;
Ev'n nature labours for a mighty man,
And, to perpetuate her hero's fame,
She strains no less a poet next to frame.
Rare as the hero's, is the poet's rage;
Churchills and Drydens rise but once an age.
With earthquakes towering Pindar's birth begun,
And an eclipse produc'd Alcmena's son.
The sire of gods o'er Phœbus cast a shade;
But, with a hero, well the world repaid.
No bard for bribes should prostitute his vein;
Nor dare to flatter where he should arraign.
To grant big Thraso valour, Phormio sense,
Should indignation give, at least offence.
I hate such mercenaries, and would try
From this reproach to rescue poetry.
Apollo's sons should scorn the servile art,
And to court-preachers leave the fulsome part.
What then—You'll say, Must no true sterling pass,
Because impure allays some coin debase?

Yes, praise, if justly offer'd, I'll allow;
And, when I meet with merit, scribble too.
The man who's honest, open, and a friend,
Glad to oblige, uneasy to offend;
Forgiving others, to himself severe;
Though earnest, easy; civil, yet sincere;
Who seldom but through great good-nature errs;
Detesting fraud as much as flatterers;
'Tis he my muse's homage should receive;
If I could write, or Holles could forgive.
But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
A name so lov'd by me, so lately thine.
When Pelham you resign'd what could repair
A loss so great, unless Newcastle's heir?
Hydaspes, that the Asian plains divides,
From his bright urn in purest crystal glides;
But, when new-gathering streams enlarge his course,
He's Indus nam'd and rolls with mightier force;
In fabled floods of gold his current flows,
And wealth on nations, as he runs, bestows.
Direct me, Clare, to name some nobler muse,
That for her theme thy late recess may choose:
Such bright descriptions shall the subject dress;
Such vary'd scenes, such pleasing images,
That swains shall leave their lawns, and nymphs their bowers,
And quit Arcadia for a seat like your's.
But say, who shall attempt th' adventurous part
Where Nature borrows dress from Vanburgh's art?
If, by Apollo taught, he touch the lyre,
Stones mount in columns, palaces aspire,
And rocks are animated with his fire.
'Tis he can paint in verse those rising hills,
Their gentle vallies, and their silver rills;
Those groves, and opening glades with verdure spread,
Flowers sighing sweets, and shrubs that balsam bleed;
With ev'ry variety the prospect crown'd,
And [illegible] the bright horizon smiling round:
While I [illegible] not to tell how ancient fame
[illegible] from whence the vale took its name.
In times of old, when British nymphs were known
To love no foreign fashions like their own;

When dress was monstrous, and fig-leaves the mode,
And quality put on no paint but woad;
Of Spanish red unheard was then the name,
For cheeks were only taught to blush for shame;
No beauty, to increase her crowd of slaves,
Rose out of wash, a Venus out of waves;
Not yet lead comb was on the toilet plac'd;
Not yet broad eye-brows were reduc'd by paste;
No shape-smith set up shop, and drove a trade
To mend the work wise Providence had made;
Tires were unheard of, and unknown the looms,
And thrifty silkworms spun for times to come;
Bare limbs were then the marks of modesty;
All like Diana were below the knee.
The men appear'd a rough, undaunted race,
Surly in show, unfashion'd in address;
Upright in actions, and in thought sincere;
And strictly were the same they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in probity alone;
For villains had no titles but their own.
None travel'd to return politely mad;
But still what fancy wanted, reason had.
Whatever Nature ask'd, their hands could give;
Unlearn'd in feasts, they only eat to live.
No cook with art increas'd physicians' fees,
Nor serv'd up death in soups and fricasees:
Their taste was, like their temper, unrefin'd;
For looks were then the language of the mind.
Ere right and wrong, by turns, set prices bore;
And conscience had its rate like common whore;
Or tools to great employments had pretence;
Or merit was made out by impudence;
Or coxcombs look'd assuming in affairs;
And humble friends grew haughty ministers;
In those good days of innocence, here stood
Of oaks, with heads unshorn, a solemn wood,
Frequented by the Druids, to bestow
Religious honours on the Misseltoe.
The naturalists are puzzled to explain
How trees did first this stranger entertain:
Whether the busy birds ingraft it there;
Or else some deity's mysterious care,

As Druids thought; for, when the blasted oak
By lightning falls, this plant escapes the stroke.
So, when the Gauls the towers of Rome defac'd,
And flames drove forward with outrageous waste,
Jove's favour'd capitol uninjur'd stood:
So sacred was the mansion of a God.
Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids chose,
Here, for the bleeding victims, altars rose.
To Hermes oft they paid their sacrifice;
Parent of arts, and patron of the wise.
Good rules in mild persuasions they convey'd;
Their lives confirming what their lectures said.
None violated truth, invaded right;
Yet had few laws, but will and appetite.
The people's peace they studied, and profest
No politics but public interest.
Hard was their lodging, homely was their food,
For all their luxury was doing good.
No mitred priest did then with princes vie,
Nor o'er his master claim supremacy;
Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure,
For being several centuries obscure.
None lost their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
For not believing what none understood.
Nor simony, nor sinecure, were known;
Nor would the bee work honey for the drone.
Nor was the way invented, to dismiss
Fair Abigails with fat pluralities.
But then, in fillets bound, a hallow'd band
Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land.
Could tell what murrains in what months begin,
And how the stars travel'd with the sun:
When his dim orb seem'd wading through the skies,
They told that rain on dropping wings drew nigh:
And that the winds their bellowing throats would try,
When reddening clouds reflect his blood-shot eye:
All their remarks on nature's laws require
More lines than would e'en Alpin's readers tire.
Thus sway'd in sacred veneration hoar
Oaks, by the Samian sage rever'd;
Those never no annihilation knows,
But wanders from these tenements to those,

For when the plastic particles are gone,
They rally in some species like their own:
The self-same atoms, if new-jumbled, will
In seas be restless, and in earth be still;
Can, in the truffle, furnish out a feast,
And nauseate, in the scaly squill, the taste.
Those falling leaves that whither with the year,
Will, in the next, on other stems appear.
The sap, that now forsakes the bursting bud,
In some new shoot will circulate green blood.
The breath to-day that from the jasmine blows,
Will, when the season offers, scent the rose;
And those bright flames that in carnations glow,
Ere long will blanch the lily with a snow.
They hold that matter must be still the same,
And varies but in figure and in name;
And that the soul not dies, but shifts her seat,
New rounds of life to run, or past repeat.
Thus, when the brave and virtuous cease to live,
In beings brave and virtuous they revive.
Again shall Romulus in Nassau reign;
Great Namu, in a Brunswick prince, ordain
Good laws; and Halcyon years shall hush the world again.
The truths of old traditions were their theme;
Or gods descending in a morning dream
Pass'd acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And could events, not ripe for fate, unfold:
Beneath the shady covert of an oak,
In rhymes uncouth, prophetic truths they spoke.
Attend then, Clare; nor is the legend long;
The story of thy villa is their song.
The fair Montana, of the sylvan race,
Was with each beauty bless'd, and every grace.
His sire, green Faunus, guardian of the wood;
His mother, a swift Naiad of the flood.
Her silver urn supply'd the neighbouring streams,
A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames.
Not lovelier seem'd Narcissus to the eye;
Nor, when a flower, could boast more fragrancy:
His skin might with the down of swans compare,
More smooth than pearl; than mountain snow more fair:

In shape so poplars or the cedars please;
But those are not so straight, nor graceful these:
His flowing hair in unforc'd ringlets hung;
Tuneful his voice, persuasive was his tongue;
The haughtiest fair scarce heard without a wound,
But sunk to softness at the melting sound.
The fourth bright lustre had but just begun
To shade his blushing cheeks with doubtful down.
All day he rang'd the woods, and spread the toils,
And knew no pleasures but in sylvan spoils.
In vain the nymphs put on each pleasing grace;
Too cheap the quarry seem'd, too short the chace:
For, though possession be th' undoubted view,
To seize is far less pleasure than pursue.
Those nymphs, that yield too soon, their charms impair,
And prove at last but despicably fair.
His own undoing glutton love decrees;
And palls the appetite he meant to please;
His slender wants too largely he supplies;
Thrives on short meals, but by indulgence dies.
A grot there was, with hoary moss o'ergrown,
Rough with rude shells, and arch'd with mouldering stone;
Sad silence reigns within the lonesome wall,
And weeping rills but whisper as they fall;
The clasping ivies up the ruin creep,
And there the bat and drousy beetle sleep.
This cell sad Echo chose, by love betray'd,
A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
Hither, fatigu'd with toil, the sylvan flies,
To shun the calenture of sultry skies;
But feels a fiercer flame: love's keenest dart
Finds through his eyes a passage to his heart.
Pensive the virgin sate with folded arms,
Her tears but lending lustre to her charms.
With pity he beholds her wounding woes;
But wants himself the pity he bestows.
O whether of a mortal born! he cries:
Or some celestial daughter of the distant skies;
[illegible] compassion, leave your cryst'al sphere,
[illegible] favour'd charge, and with her share

Slight not my suit, nor too ungentle prove;
But pity one, a novice yet in love.
If words avail not, see my suppliant tears;
Nor disregard those dumb petitioners.
From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
Asserting all the empire of her eyes.
Full thrice three days he lingers out in grief,
Nor seeks from sleep, or sustenance, relief.
The lamp of life now casts a glimmering light;
The meeting lids his setting eyes benight.
What force remains, the hapless lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred deities:
Haste, parents of the flood, your race to mourn;
With tears replenish each exhausted urn;
Retake the life you gave, but let the maid
Fall a just victim to an injur'd shade.
More he endeavour'd; but the accents hung
Half form'd, and stopp'd unfinish'd on his tongue.
For him the graces their sad vigils keep;
Love broke his bow, and wish'd for eyes to weep.
What gods can do, the mournful faunus tries;
A mount erecting where the sylvan lies.
The rural powers the wondrous pile survey,
And piously their different honours pay.
Th' ascent with verdant herbage Pales spread;
And nymphs, transform'd to laurels, lent their shade.
Her stream a Naiad from the basis pours;
And Flora strows the summit with her flowers.
Alone Mount Latmos claims pre-eminence,
When silver Cynthia lights the world from thence.
Sad Echo now laments her rigour, more
Than for Narcissus her loose flame before.
Her flesh to sinew shrinks, her charms are fled;
All day in rifted rocks she hides her head.
Soon as the evening shews a sky serene,
Abroad she strays, but never to be seen.
And ever, as the weeping Naiads name
Her cruelty, the nymph repeats the same;
With them she joins, her lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely dales he rang'd before.
Her sex's privilege she yet retains;
And, though to nothing wasted, voice remains.

So sung the Druids—then, with rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the Delphic god inspir'd:
Ere twice ten centuries shall fleet away,
A Brunswick prince shall Britain's sceptre sway.
No more fair liberty shall mourn her chains;
The maid is rescu'd, her lov'd Perseus reigns.
From Jove he comes, the captive to restore;
Nor can the thunder of his fire do more.
Religion shall dread nothing but disguise;
And justice need no bandage for her eyes.
Britannia smiles, nor fears a foreign lord;
Her safety to secure, two powers accord,
Her Neptune's trident, and her monarch's sword.
Like him, shall his Augustus shine in arms,
Though captive to his Carolina's charms.
Ages with future heroes she shall bless,
And Venus once more found an Alban race.
Then shall a Clare in honour's cause engage:
Example must reclaim a graceless age.
Where guides themselves for guilty views mislead,
And laws e'en by the legislators bleed;
His brave contempt of state shall teach the proud,
None but the virtuous are of noble blood:
For tyrants are but princes in disguise,
Though sprung by long descents from Ptolemies.
Right he shall vindicate, good laws defend;
The firmest patriot, and the warmest friend.
Great Edward's order early he shall wear,
New light restoring to the sully'd star.
Oft will his leisure this retirement choose,
Still finding future subjects for the muse;
And, to record the sylvan's fatal flame,
The place shall live in song, and Claremont b[illegible]
name.

VERSES WRITTEN FOR

THE TOASTING GLASSES

OF THE

KIT-CAT-CLUB. 1703.

LADY CARLISLE.

CARLISLE's a name can every muse inspire;
To Carlisle fill the glass, and tune the lyre.
With his lov'd bays the god of day shall crown
A wit and lustre equal to his own.

THE SAME.

At once the sun and Carlisle took their way,
To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
The flowers to both their glad creation ow'd,
Their virtues he, their beauties she bestow'd.

LADY ESSEX.

The bravest hero, and the brightest dame,
From Belgia's happy clime Britannia drew;
One pregnant cloud we find does often frame
The awful thunder and the gentle dew.

THE SAME.

To Essex fill the sprightly wine;
The health's engaging and divine.
Let purest odours scent the air,
And wreaths of roses bind our hair:
In her chaste lips these blushing lie,
And those her gentle sighs supply.

LADY HYDE.

The god of wine grows jealous of his art,
He only fires the head, but Hyde the heart.
The queen of love looks on, and smiles to see
A nymph more mighty than a deity.

ON LADY HYDE IN CHILD-BED.

Hyde, though in agonies, her graces keeps,
A thousand charms the nymph's complaints adorn;
In tears of dew so mild Aurora weeps,
But her bright offspring is the cheerful morn.

LADY WHARTON.

When Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toasting pass'd the night,
With more than nectar he the banquet bless'd,
For Wharton was the Venus of the feast.

ROWE.

As a dramatic poet, Nicholas Rowe ranks very high, nor does he deserve less praise for his translation of Lucan, incomparably the best which any ancient classic has received, in the English language.

He was the son of John Rowe, Esq. serjeant at law, and was born at Little Beckford, in Bedfordshire in 1673. Under the celebrated Dr. Busby, he received all the advantages of a classical education at Westminster school; but being intended for his father's profession, he was entered a student of the Middle Temple, at the age of sixteen. His father dying three years after, he seems to have relinquished the study of the sages of the law for poetry, and to have formed himself on the models of the Greek tragedians. At twenty-five, he produced the "Ambitious Stepmother," which was performed with great applause, and this success induced him wholly to devote himself to literature. Of the tragedies which he produced at short intervals, "Jane Shore," "Tamerlane," and "The Fair Penitent," need only to be named to speak his dramatic celebrity. In comedy, however, he made an attempt, but completely failed. His poems, on general subjects, are neither numerous, nor of equal merit.

The duke of Queensberry made him his undersecretary, and for the space of three years, he discharged the duties of his office, with credit and attention. On his grace's death, however, his prospects as a politician closed; and he retired to the studies most congenial to his mind.

On the accession of George I. Mr. Rowe was made

poet laureat, and likewise one of the surveyors of the customs of the port of London. The prince of Wales appointed him, about the same time, clerk of his council, and lord chancellor Parker conferred on him the post of secretary of presentations. These honours and distinctions, however, he did not long enjoy. He died in 1718, in the 45th year of his age, and was gathered to the poets in Westminster-abbey.

The person of Rowe is said to have been graceful and well made, and his face regular and of manly beauty. He was twice married: by his first wife he had a son, and by his second a daughter. In conversation he was affable and engaging; and the extent of his acquirements was even greater than his public fame. Wellwood, his biographer, informs us, that he died like a Christian and a philosopher, in charity with all mankind, and in perfect resignation to the will of God. "He kept up," says he, "his good humour to the last, and took leave of his wife and friends, immediately before his last agony, with the same indifference for life, as if he had been upon taking but a short journey." This is higher praise than all the fame of learning can confer, and the most exalted talents at the closing hour of life, would be happy to enjoy it!

Mr. Pope, in some of his letters, says, "Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and passed a week in the forest. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertained me; but I must acquaint you, there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him, which makes it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures."

THE

THE GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

TO THE READER.

I HOPE the reader will forgive the liberty I have taken in translating these verses somewhat at large, without which it would have been almost impossible to have given any kind of turn in English poetry to so dry a subject. The sense of the author is, I hope, no where mistaken; and if there seems in some places to be some additions in the English verses to the Greek text, they are only such as may be justified from Hierocles's Commentary, and delivered by him as the larger and explained sense of the author's short precept. I have in some few places ventured to differ from the learned Mr. Dacier's French interpretation, as those that shall give themselves the trouble of a strict comparison will find. How far I am in the right, is left to the reader to determine.

FIRST to the gods thy humble homage pay;
The greatest this, and first of laws obey:
Perform thy vows, observe thy plighted troth,
And let religion bind thee to thy oath.
The heroes next demand thy just regard,
Renown'd on earth, and to the stars preferr'd,
To light and endless life, their virtue's sure reward.
Due rites perform and honours to the dead,
To every wise, to every pious shade.
With lowly duty to thy parents bow,
And grace and favour to thy kindred shew:
For what concerns the rest of human kind,
Choose out the man to virtue best inclin'd;
Him to thy arms receive, him to thy bosom bind.

Possest of such a friend, preserve him still,
Nor thwart his counsels with thy stubborn will;
Pliant to all his admonitions prove,
And yield to all his offices of love:
Him from thy heart, so true, so justly dear,
Let no rash word nor light offences tear.
Bear all thou canst, still with his failings strive
And to the utmost still, and still forgive;
For strong necessity alone explores
The secret vigour of our latent powers,
Rouzes and urges on the lazy heart,
Force, to itself unknown before, t' exert.
By use thy stronger appetites assuage,
Thy gluttony, thy sloth, thy lust, thy rage:
From each dishonest act of shame forbear;
Of others, and thyself, alike beware.
Let reverence of thyself thy thoughts control,
And guard the sacred temple of thy soul.
Let justice o'er thy word and deed preside,
And reason ev'n thy meanest actions guide:
For know that death is man's appointed doom,
Know that the day of great account will come,
When thy past life shall strictly be survey'd,
Each word, each deed, be in the balance laid,
And all the good and all the ill most justly be repaid.
For wealth, the perishing uncertain good,
Ebbing and flowing like the fickle flood,
That knows no sure, no fix'd abiding-place,
But wandering loves from hand to hand to pass;
Revolve the getter's joy and loser's pain,
And think if it be worth thy while to gain.
Of all those sorrows that attend mankind,
With patience bear the lot to thee assign'd;
Nor think it chance, nor murmur at the load;
For know what man calls fortune is from God.
In what thou mayst, no wicked act seek to elude,
And let her healing hand be never thy guide;
Yet still whate'er the right means do in ordain,
What cause soever multiplies thy pains,
Let not those pains as ills be understood;
For God delights not to afflict the good.

The reasoning art, to various ends apply'd,
Is oft a sure, but oft an erring guide.
Thy judgment therefore sound and cool preserve,
Nor lightly from thy resolution swerve;
The dazzling pomp of words does oft deceive,
And sweet persuasion wins the easy to believe.
When fools and liars labour to persuade,
Be dumb, and let the babblers vainly plead.
This above all, this precept chiefly learn,
This nearly does, and first, thyself concern;
Let not example, let no soothing tongue,
Prevail upon thee with a Syren's song,
To do thy soul's immortal essence wrong.
Of good and ill by words or deeds exprest,
Choose for thyself, and always choose the best.
Let wary thought each enterprise forerun,
And ponder on thy task before begun,
Lest folly should the wretched work deface,
And mock thy fruitless labours with disgrace.
Fools huddle on, and always are in haste,
Act without thought, and thoughtless words they waste.
But thou, in all thou dost, with early cares
Strive to prevent at first a fate like theirs;
That sorrow on the end may never wait,
Nor sharp repentance make thee wise too late.
Beware thy meddling hand in aught to try,
That does beyond thy reach of knowledge lie;
But seek to know, and bend thy serious thought
To search the profitable knowledge out.
So joys on joys for ever shall increase,
Wisdom shall crown thy labours, and shall bless
Thy life with pleasure, and thy end with peace.
Nor let the body want its part, but share
A just proportion of thy tender care:
For health and welfare prudently provide,
And let it's lawful wants be all supply'd.
Let sober draughts refresh, and wholesome fare
Decaying nature's wasted force repair;
And sprightly exercise the duller spirits cheer.
In all things still which to this care belong,
Observe this rule, to guard thy soul from wrong.

By virtuous use thy life and manners frame,
Manly and simply pure, and free from blame.
Provoke not envy's deadly rage, but fly
The glancing curse of her malicious eye.
Seek not in needless luxury to waste
Thy wealth and substance with a spendthrift's haste.
Yet flying these, be watchful, lest thy mind,
Prone to extremes, an equal danger find,
And be to sordid avarice inclin'd.
Distant alike from each, to neither lean,
But ever keep the happy golden mean.
Be careful still to guard thy soul from wrong,
And let thy thought prevent thy hand and tongue.
Let not the stealing god of sleep surprise,
Nor creep in slumbers on thy weary eyes,
Ere every action of the former day
Strictly thou dost and righteously survey.
With reverence at thy own tribunal stand,
And answer justly to thy own demand.
Where have I been? In what have I transgress'd?
What good or ill has this day's life express'd?
Where have I fail'd in what I ought to do?
In what to God, to man, or to myself I owe?
Inquire severe whate'er from first to last,
From morning's dawn, till evening's gloom, has past:
If evil were thy deeds, repenting mourn,
And let thy soul with strong remorse be torn.
If good, the good with peace of mind repay,
And to thy secret self with pleasure say,
Rejoice, my heart, for all went well to-day.
These thoughts, and chiefly these thy mind should move:
Employ thy study, and employ thy love.
These are the rules which wait to virtue's end,
And teach thy feet her heavenly paths to tread.
Thus by his name I swear, whose sacred lore
First to mankind explain'd the mystic store,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

To range through heaven above and earth below,
Immortal gods and mortal men to know.
So shalt thou learn what power does all control,
What bounds the parts, and what unites the whole:
And rightly judge, in all this wondrous frame,
How universal nature is the same;
So shalt thou ne'er thy vain affections place
On hopes of what shall never come to pass.
Man, wretched man, thou shalt be taught to know,
Who bears within himself the inborn cause of woe.
Unhappy race! that never yet could tell,
How near their good and happiness they dwell.
Depriv'd of sense, they neither hear nor see;
Fetter'd in vice, they seek not to be free,
But stupid, to their own sad fate agree:
Like ponderous rolling stones, oppress with ill,
The weight that loads them makes them roll on still,
Bereft of choice and freedom of the will;
For native strife in every bosom reigns,
And secretly an impious war maintains:
Provoke not this, but let the combat cease,
And every yielding passion sue for peace.
Would'st thou, great Jove, thou father of mankind,
Reveal the dæmon for that task assign'd,
The wretched race an end of woes would find.
And yet be bold, O man, divine thou art,
And of the gods' celestial essence part.
Nor sacred nature is from thee conceal'd,
But to thy race her mystic rules reveal'd.
These if to know thou happily attain,
Soon shalt thou perfect be in all that I ordain.
Thy wounded soul to health thou shalt restore,
And free from every pain she felt before.
Abstain, I warn, from meats unclean and foul,
So keep thy body pure, so free thy soul;
So rightly judge, thy reason so maintain;
Reason which heaven did for thy guide ordain,
Let that best reason ever hold the rein.
Then if this mortal body thou forsake,
And thy glad flight to the pure æther take,

Among the gods exalted shalt thou shine,
Immortal, incorruptible, divine:
The tyrant death securely shalt thou brave,
And scorn the dark dominion of the grave.

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

A SONG.

"To the Tune of "Grim King of the Ghosts."

DESPAIRING beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, silly swain that I was!
Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd,
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I blessid her dear tongue;
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great.
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folks of the town.
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove,
Or go call like our maids in the way,
Or live in a cottage on love.

What though I have skill to complain,
Though the muses my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around;
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talk'd of, or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.

REPLY, BY ANOTHER HAND.

I.

Ye winds to whom Colin complains,
In ditties so sad and so sweet,
Believe me, the shepherd but feigns
He's wretched, to show he has wit.
No charmer like Colin can move,
And this is some pretty new art;
Ah! Colin's a juggler in love,
And likes to play tricks with my heart.

II.

When he will, he can sigh and look pale,
Seem doleful and alter his face,
Can tremble, and alter his tale,
Ah! Colin has every pace:
The willow my lover prefers
To the breast, where he once begg'd to lie,
And the stream, that he swells with his tears,
Are rivals belov'd more than I.

III.

His head my fond bosom would bear,
And my heart would soon beat him to rest,
Let the swain that is slighted despair,
But Colin is only in jest:
No death the deceiver designs,
Let the maid that is ruin'd despair:
For Colin but dies in his lines,
And gives himself that needless care.

IV.

Can shepherds, bred far from the [illegible],
So warmly talk of [illegible],
But Colin took [illegible] his [illegible],
For [illegible] so [illegible],
My [illegible],
Nor [illegible],
But [illegible],
[illegible].

V.

Ah! then I will break my lov'd crook,
To thee I'll bequeath all my sheep,
And die in the much-favour'd brook,
Where Colin does now sit and weep:
Then mourn the sad fate that you gave,
In sonnets so smooth and divine;
Perhaps, I may rise from my grave,
To hear such soft music as thine.

VI.

Of the violet, daisy, and rose,
The heart's ease, the lily, and pink,
Did thy fingers a garland compose,
And crown'd by the rivulet's brink;
How oft, my dear, swain, did I swear,
How much my fond love did admire
Thy verses, thy shape, and thy air,
Though deck'd in thy rural attire!

VII.

Your sheep-hook you rul'd with such art,
That all your small subjects obey'd;
And still you reign'd king of this heart,
Whose passion you falsely upbraid.
How often, my swain, have I said,
Thy arms are a palace to me,
And how well I could live in a shade,
Though adorned with nothing but thee!

VIII.

Oh! what are the sparks of the town,
Though never so fine and so gay?
I freely would leave beds of down,
For thy bright on a bed of new hay:
Then, Colin, return once again,
Again make me happy in love,
Let me find thee a faithful true swain,
And to constant a nymph I will prove.

ADDISON.

Though some of his cotemporaries certainly excelled Addison as a poet, he must be allowed to have carried English prose to its highest degree of purity and perfection.

The father of Joseph Addison was rector of Milston, in Wiltshire, where this distinguished luminary was born, May 1, 1672. Being of a weakly habit of body, at first he received a domestic education; but on his father being made Dean of Litchfield, in 1683, the son was placed at the Grammar school in that city, from whence he was removed to the Charter-House, where Steele was his fellow pupil, and afterward his friend through life.

In the fifteenth year of his age, he was entered of Queen's College, Oxford, where he obtained great reputation by the elegance of his Latin poetry; and this facilitated his election as a Demy of Magdalen College, whose classic groves boast the honour of having been trod by this child of genius and of virtue, and where he continued to justify the hopes that had been entertained of his talents and his worth.

> "When panting Virtue her last effort made,
> "He brought his Cato to the wish'd for aid;
> "Presumptuous Folly, Vice, and Rage with Pow'r,
> "To Vengeance yielding, fell beneath his sword."

But though he had obtained distinction by his Latin composition at a very early age, it is said that he was twenty-two, before he made himself known as an English writer. Having, however, obtained the patronage of Lord Somers, the King, in 1699, bestowed upon him a pension of 300*l*. a year, to enable him to travel. He accordingly spent by the direction of his patron, some time in France, and then visited Italy, where he resided for some time, and spent a considerable part of his pension.

Returning home, about 1702, he published his first

out of power, and his pension discontinued. In this state he remained, till the victory of Blenheim having diffused triumph and confidence, he was solicited to celebrate the exploits of Marlborough, when he produced "The Campaign," and was immediately after created a commissioner of appeals.

In 1709 he became Secretary to the Marquis of Wharton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and while in that kingdom, assisted Steele in the Tatler, which being completed, he took a principal share in the Spectator, and afterwards in the Guardian, and other periodical essays. The genius of Addison shone with superior lustre in all these works, which are characterised by a facility of composition, exquisite humour, correct taste, and all the graces of fine writing.

The famous tragedy of Cato appeared in 1713, and raised the name of Addison to the highest pitch of celebrity.

"His poetry" says Johnson, "is polished and pure, the product of a mind too judicious to commit faults, but not sufficiently vigorous to attain excellence." Of his prose there is only one opinion, and that opinion is just.

But all his fame and his merits could not secure him from domestic infelicity. He married the Countess of Warwick in 1716. Next year, he was appointed one of the Secretaries of State to George I. but the duties of that station being little suitable to his accustomed habits, he solicited his dismission, and obtained a pension of £1500 a year. This *otium cum dignitate* he did not live long to enjoy, dying of an asthmatic complaint in June 1719, in the 48th year of his age. Conscious that he had lived to do good, his death was full of hope. His last words to his son in law, the young Earl of Warwick, are said to have been, "See in what peace of mind a Christian can die!"

He taught us how to live, and O! so high
The price for knowledge, taught us how to die!

A SONG

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, AT OXFORD.

I.

Cecilia, whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest;
Attend, harmonious saint, and see
Thy vocal sons of harmony;
Attend, harmonious saint, and hear our prayers;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And, as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune every string and every tongue,
Be thou the muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays;
The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace,
From every voice the tuneful accents fly.
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and swells upon the bass.
Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing;
The work of every skilful tongue,
The sound of every trembling string,
The sound and triumph of every lay.

III.

For ever on our [illegible] the day,
To music and Cecilia:
Music, the [illegible]
And all of [illegible]
Music [illegible]
[illegible]
With [illegible]
And [illegible]

When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire;
The listening savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance.
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a shade.

IV.

Music religious heats inspires,
It wakes the soul, and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well-pleas'd and courted with a song.
Soft moving sounds and heavenly airs
Give force to every word, and recommend our prayers.
When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its power,
And sound survive the ruins of the world:
Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee:
All heaven shall echo with their hymns divine.
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day
To music and Cecilia,
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds.
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on every tongue;
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the blest above,
In joy, and harmony, and love.

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL, APRIL 3, 1694.

Since, dearest Harry, you will needs request
A short account of all the muse possest,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes:
Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their several beauties known,
And show their verses worth, though not my own.
Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful nine;
Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose.
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit:
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barbarous age;
An age that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons, and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleas'd at distance all the sights
Of armies and of palfries, battles, and knights,
And damsels in distress, and desperate wights.
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press:
He more had pleas'd us, had he pleas'd us less.
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise.
As in the milky-way a shining white
O'erflows the heavens with one continued light;
That not a single star can shew his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet, that I dare to name
Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess:
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to the lyre:
Pindar, whom others in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain!
Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler flight.
Blest man! whose spotless life and charming lays,
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise;
Blest man! who now shall be for ever known,
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.
But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestic numbers walks:
No vulgar hero can his muse engage;
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see! he upwards springs, and towering high
Spurns the dull province of mortality,
Shakes heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' Almighty thunderer in arms.
Whatever his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst every verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with archangel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's out-spread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!

What sound of brazen wheels, what thunders scare,
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise;
What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness!
O had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men;
His other works might have deserv'd applause!
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, though serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now, my muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn every line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muse, tune thy verse, with art, to Waller's praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire:
So long shall Waller's strains our passions move,
And Sacharissa's beauty kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard, and flattering song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong.
Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storm that bore him hence.
Oh had thy muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne,
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide waves run purple blood!
Or if Marlia's charms thy breast could fire,
In smoother numbers and a softer verse;
Thy pen had well describ'd her eyes and lips,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.

Next great Rochester appears in view,
How much above the rest in wit and fire!
Rochester whose lewd muse and humour wanders loose
The best of princes, and the best of men.
Now Dryden, now your noble rage display,
With Congreve's brilliancies, and

But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next, whose tuneful muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay with thee;
Did not the muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve, and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more.
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's muse shall in his friend survive.
I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montague remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment fam'd;
To Dorset he directs his artful muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains;
How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines!
We see his army set in just array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
Nor Simois chok'd with men, and arms, and blood:
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
Though gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams,
But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd,
He aids the hero, whom before he prais'd.
I've done at length; and now, dear friend, receive
The last poor present that my muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practice them with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell
And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.

A LETTER FROM ITALY,

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

IN THE YEAR 1701.

" Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
" Magna virûm! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
" Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes."
VIRG. Georg. ii.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease,
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.
For whereso'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his watery store,
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,

The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortalis'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry,
Yet run for ever by the muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That destitute of strength derives its course
From thirsty urns, and an unfruitful source;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd;
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.
Oh could the muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trod'den weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride:
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An Amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with sculptre pierce the skies,
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans' deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wondering at their height through airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wandering muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost:
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my muse.
How fir[illegible] beyond [illegible] the happy land.
Ancient architects [illegible] with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her teeming shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,

While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The reddening orange and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with towering piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the smooth canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state,
To threaten bold presumptuous realms with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's prayer.
The Dane, and Swede, roused up by fierce alarms
Bless the wise conduct of her pow'rful arms.

Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease.
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.
Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head.
And foils her godlike sons would dismate
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite:
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle-in my struggling muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I've already trouble'd you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song:
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream:
Unfit for heroes: whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, should praise.

THE CAMPAIGN. A POEM.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

"——
"
"
"

Accept, great leader, what the muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
Ten thousand wonders opening to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year:
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on every side;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Apennines in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd;
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her sovreign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd, and half-abandon'd to despair
His hopes on heaven, and confidence in prayer.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
Thy favourites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy ties:
Their sov'reign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice:
By showers of blessings heaven approves their choice;
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud them most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
In distant climes far from the perjur'd Gaul;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts,
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes' ghosts,
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.
Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wondrous year within his thought;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues:
Infected by the burning scorpion's heat,
The sultry scales round his chaf'd temples beat:
Till on the borders of the Mayne he finds
Delusive shadows, and refreshing winds.
Our British youth, with unborn treasure bold,
Unwearied scorn of servitude to hold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny dismay'd,
(Their Monarch's image more than half betray'd)
Hourly instructed in their native right,
To prize their crowns, and love their country's light.
Still on the rising sun they fix their eyes,
Through dreadful ways of dust, and paths of fire,
With ardour to the Neckar's bounds they come,
With equal strides and level front they move.

That cheerfully his labours past forgets,
The mid-night watches, and the noon-day heats.
O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass),
Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
Fire every breast, and boil in every vein:
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.
At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shown:
To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heaven dares intrust the cause of human-kind.
Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harrass'd troops the heroe's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thundering peals of British shouts resound:
Doubling their speed, they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the stanch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unravelling by degrees:
But when the scent comes warm in every breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.
The march concludes, the various realms are pas
Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last:
Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;

Batteries on batteries guard each fatal pass,
Threatening destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious sight,
His march o'er paid by such a promis'd fight.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day:
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh what host of foes
Were never to behold that evening close!
Thickening their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle, kindled into tenfold rage,
With showers of bullets and with storms of fire
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many generous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While Marlborough lives, Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to shameful flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,

Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortify'd in vain;
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by watery moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes disperst in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
In every rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlborough's form in every shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donavert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields
(The Danube's great increase), Britannia shares,
The food of armies and support of wars:
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty Lord.

Deluded prince! how is thy greatness crost,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there! Surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st the assistance of the Gallic arms;

The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the power of France,
While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.
Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land,
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixt with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat:
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in every brake:
The listening soldier fixt in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by generous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.
But now the trumpet terrible from far
In shriller clangors animates the war;
Confederate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavari's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And, while the thick embattled host he views
Stretcht out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.
The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd;

The day was come when heaven design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.
Behold in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control:
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;
Though fens and floods possest the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.
But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous sound
The victors shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.
But see the haughty household troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a general's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and void of fear
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:

Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
Each fights, as in his arm th' important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.
The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixt,
'Midst heaps of spears and standards driven around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, borne on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Seine her flowery fields divides,
Or where the Doire through winding vineyards glides,
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's towers, the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havock of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran, with tears resigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground.

Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive, wept.
An English Muse is touch'd with generous woe,
And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe!
Greatly distrest! thy loud complaints forbear,
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won;
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.
With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Now seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king dishonours, to complete
Marlborough's great work, and finish the defeat.
From Memminghen's high domes, and Augsburg's walls,
The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls;
Freed by the terror of the victor's name
The rescu'd states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.
The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In every thought the towering genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If sieges in his labouring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region, can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils complete?
Where the swoln Rhine rushing with all its force
Divides the hostile nations in its course,

While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And though the dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons, and increase of heats;
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely, that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to incamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies:
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of Marlborough's sword, and Hochstet's fatal plain:
In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.
Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!
Achilles thus was form'd with every grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flusht with an immortal bloom,

That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.
The royal youth by Marlborough's presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's sight.
The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescued nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms:
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlborough presses to the bold attack.
Plants all his batteries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The works of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.
Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty:
And who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
Whilst in diffusive showers her bounties fall
Like heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distrest,
Make every subject glad, and a whole people blest
Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;

That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.
Marlborough's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint them truest praise them most.

COWLEY'S EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

TRANSLATED BY MR. ADDISON.

From life's superfluous cares enlarg'd,
His debt of human toil discharg'd,
Here Cowley lies! beneath this shed,
To every worldly interest dead;
With decent poverty content,
His hours of ease not idly spent;
To fortune's goods a foe profest,
And hating wealth by all carest.
'Tis true he's dead; for oh! how small
A spot of earth is now his all:
Oh! wish that earth may lightly lay,
And every care be far away;
Bring flowers; the short-liv'd roses bring,
To life deceas'd, fit offering:
And sweets around the poet strow,
Whilst yet with life his ashes glow.

AN ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. DANIEL PURCELL.

Performed at Oxford, 1699.

I.

PREPARE the hallow'd strain, my muse,
Thy softest sounds and sweetest numbers choose;
The bright Cecilia's praise rehearse,
In warbling words, and gliding verse,
That smoothly run into a song,
And gently die away, and melt upon the tongue.

II.

First let the sprightly violin
The joyful melody begin,
And none of all her strings be mute,
While the sharp sound and shriller lay
In sweet harmonious notes decay,
Soften'd and mellow'd by the flute.
* " The flute that sweetly can complain,
" Dissolve the frozen nymph's disdain;
" Panting sympathy impart,
" Till she partake her lover's smart."

CHORUS.

III.

Next let the solemn organ join
Religious airs, and strains divine,
Such as may lift us to the skies,
And set all heaven before our eyes:
" Such as may lift us to the skies;
" So far at least till they
" Descend with kind surprise,
" And meet our pious harmony half-way."

* The four last lines of the second and third stanzas were added by Mr. Tate.

IV.

Let then the trumpet's piercing sound
Our ravish'd ears with pleasure wound:
  The soul o'erpowering with delight,
As with a quick uncommon ray,
A streak of lightning clears the day,
  And flashes on the sight.
Let echo too perform her part,
Prolonging every note with art,
  And in a low expiring strain
  Play all the concert o'er again.

V.

Such were the tuneful notes that hung
On bright Cecilia's charming tongue:
Notes that sacred heats inspir'd,
And with religious ardour fir'd:
The love-sick youth, that long suppress'd
His smother'd passion in his breast,
No sooner heard the warbling dame,
  But by the secret influence turn'd,
He felt a new diviner flame,
  And with devotion burn'd.
With ravish'd soul, and looks amaz'd,
Upon her beauteous face he gaz'd;
  Nor made his amorous complaint:
In vain her eyes his heart had charm'd,
Her heavenly voice her eyes disarm'd,
  And chang'd the lover to a saint.

GRAND CHORUS.

VI.

And now the choir complete rejoices,
With trembling strings and breathing voices.
  The tuneful ferment rises high,
  And works with mingled melody:
Quick divisions run their rounds,
A thousand trills and quivering sounds
  In airy circles o'er us fly,
Till, wafted by a gentle breeze,
They faint and lose themselves by degrees
  And at a distance die.

AN ODE.

I.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spankled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

II.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wonderous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

III.

What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

AN HYMN.

I.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within thy ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence these comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It greatly clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face:
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

x.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

xi.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

xii.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.

xiii.

Through all eternity to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

AN HYMN.

i.

When rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face;
O how shall I appear!

ii.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

iii.

When thou, O Lord! shall stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul;
O how shall I appear!

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

V.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And add my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

VI.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd
To make that pardon sure.

HUGHES.

John Hughes was a native of Marlborough, in Wiltshire, where he was born in June 1677. His parents being dissenters, he was educated at an academy in London, under a minister of that persuasion, and had for his school-fellows, Watts, Say, and other distinguished names.

Poetry, painting, and music early engaged his mind; and at nineteen, he wrote a tragedy, which is still said to be preserved in manuscript.

His constitution was delicate; but this did not prevent him from study or busines. He held a place in the office of Ordnance, yet found leisure to indulge himself in literature. "The Triumph of Peace" appeared in 1697, and was received with approbation. Two years after, he published "The Court of Neptune," and continued at intervals to produce other pieces, among which the "Birth of the Rose," and the "Ecstasy," are particularly admired.

Acknowledged as a man of genius, he was now received among the wits of that attic age, and contributed several essays to the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian. He likewise produced several works of greater length, as editor, translator, or original writer, in all which capacities, he deservedly gained applause.

His circumstances hitherto had been far from easy; but, in 1717, Lord Chancellor Cowper appointed him secretary to the commission of the peace, which gave him a modest competence. His declining health, however, rendered this change in his condition of little avail. He died on the 17th of February 1720, the very

night that his admired tragedy of the "Siege of Damascus" was performed, and just lived to hear of its success, though he was at that awful moment too devoutly employed in the meditations of a departing Christian, to regard sublunary fame.

Pope says of Hughes, "that what he wanted in genius, he made up as an honest man." Indeed his character appears to have been in every respect highly estimable, as a learned, upright, benevolent, and religious man. As a poet, he certainly is not entitled to rank in the highest class; but most of his pieces are pleasing and elegant, and all of them are friendly to virtue. As an essayist, he shares the praise with Steele and Addison.

The papers which Mr. Hughes contributed to the *Tatler*, are ascertained by Mr. Anderson, as follows, Nos. 64, 73, 113. And to the *Spectator*, Nos. 35, 53, 66, 91, 104, 141, 210, 220, 230, 231, 237, 252, 311, 375, 525, 537, 541, &c. In a late edition of the Spectator, No. 467, containing the character of Manlius, supposed to be intended for Lord Chancellor Cowper, is ascribed to Hughes, who was honoured with the patronage of that able and patriotic statesman.

Mr. Hughes died on the first night's performance of the play, 17 Feb. 1719-20, in the 43d year of his age, loved and lamented.

THE PICTURE.

Come, my muse, a Venus draw;
Not the same the Grecians saw,
By the fam'd Apelles wrought,
Beauteous offspring of his thought.
No fantastic goddess mine.
Fiction far she does outshine.
Queen of fancy! hither bring
On thy gaudy-featur'd wing
All the beauties of the spring.
Like the bee's industrious pains
To collect his golden gains,
So from every flower and plant
Gather first th' immortal paint.
Fetch me lilies, fetch me roses,
Daisies, violets, cowslip-posies,
Amaranthus, parrot pride,
Woodbines, pinks and what beside
Does th' embroider'd meads adorn;
Where the fawns and satyrs play
In the merry month of May.
Steal the blush of opening morn;
Borrow Cynthia's silver white,
When she shines at noon of night,
Free from clouds to veil her light.
Juno's bird his tail shall spread,
Iris' bow its colour shed,
All to deck this charming piece,
Far surpassing ancient Greece.
First her graceful stature show,
Not too tall, nor yet too low.
Fat she must not be, nor lean;
Let her shape be straight and clean;
Small her waist, and, thence increas'd,
Gently swells her rising breast.
Next, in comely order trace
All the glories of her face.
Paint her neck of ivory,
Smiling cheeks and forehead high,

Ruby lips, and sparkling eyes,
Whence resistless lightning flies.
Foolish muse! what hast thou done?
Scarce th' outlines are yet begun,
Ere thy pencil's thrown aside!
'Tis no matter, love reply'd;
Love's unlucky god stood by,
At one stroke behold how I
Will th' unfinish'd draught supply.
Smiling then he took his dart,
And drew her picture IN MY HEART.

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

OCCASIONED BY THE PEACE OF RESWICK, 1697.

HEAR, Britain, hear a rough unpractis'd tongue!
Though rough my voice, the muse inspires the song,
The heaven-born muse; ev'n now she springs her flight,
And bears my raptur'd soul through untrac'd realms of light.
We mount aloft, and in our airy way,
Retiring kingdoms far beneath survey.
Amid the rest a spacious tract appears,
Obscure in view, and on its visage wears
Black hovering mists, which thickening by degrees,
Extend a lowering storm o'er earth and seas.
But, lo! an eastern light, arising high,
Drives the tempestuous wreck along the sky!
Then thus the muse—Look down, my son! and see
The bright procession of a deity!
She spoke; the storm disper's'd: vanish'd the night;
And well-known Europe stands disclos'd to sight.
Of various states, the various bounds appear;
There wide Hispania, fruitful Gallia here;
Belgia's moist soil, conspicuous from afar,
And Flandria, long the field of a destructive war.
Germania too, with cluster'd vines o'erspread;
And lovely Albion from her wat'ry bed,
Beauteous above the rest, rears her auspicious head.

Beneath her chalky cliffs, sea-nymphs resort,
And awful Neptune keeps his reedy court;
His darling Thames, rich presents in his hand
Of bounteous Ceres, traverses the land;
And seems a mighty snake, whose shining pride
Does through the meads in sinuous volumes glide.
Ah! charming isle! fairest of all the main!
Too long thou dost my willing eye detain.
For see a hero on the adverse strand!
And, lo! a blooming virgin in his hand!
All hail, celestial pair!—a goddess she,
Of heavenly birth confest, a more than mortal, he!
Victorious laurels on his brows he wears;
Th' attending fair a branching olive bears;
Slender her shape, in silver bands confin'd;
Her snowy garments lovely flow behind,
Rich with embroider'd stars, and ruffle in the wind.
But once such differing beauty met before,
When warrior Mars did love's bright queen adore;
Ev'n love's bright queen might seem less winning fair,
And Mars submit to his heroic air.
Not Jove himself, imperial Jove can show
A nobler mien, or more undaunted brow,
When his strong arm, through heav'n's æthereal plains,
Compels the kindled bolt, and awful rule maintains.
And now embark'd they seek the British isles.
Pleas'd with the charge, propitious ocean smiles.
Before, old Neptune smooths the liquid way;
Obsequious Tritons on the surface play;
And sportful dolphins, with a nimble glance,
To the bright sun their glittering scales advance.
In oozy beds profound, the billows sleep,
No clamorous winds awake the silent deep;
Rebuk'd, they whisper in a gentle breeze,
And all around is universal peace.
Proceed, my muse! The following pomp declare;
Say who, and what, the bright attendants were!
First Ceres, in her chariot seated high,
By harness'd dragons drawn along the sky;
A cornucopia fill'd her weaker hand,
Charg'd with the various offspring of the land,

Fruit, flowers, and corn; her right a sickle bore;
A yellow wreath of twisted wheat she wore.
Next father Bacchus with his tigers grac'd
The show, and, squeezing clusters as he pass'd,
Quaff'd flowing goblets of rich-flavour'd wine.
In order, last succeed the tuneful nine;
Apollo too was there; behind him hung
His useless quiver, and his bow unstrung;
He touch'd his golden lyre, and thus he sung.
" Lead on, great William! in thy happy reign
" Peace and the muses are restor'd again.
" War, that fierce lion, long disdaining law,
" Rang'd uncontroll'd, and kept the world in awe,
" While trembling kingdoms crouch'd beneath his paw.
" At last the reeling monster, drunk with gore,
" Falls at thy feet subdued, and quells his roar;
" Tamely to thee he bends his shaggy mane,
" And on his neck admits the long-rejected chain.
" At thy protecting court, for this blest day,
" Attending nations their glad thanks shall pay:
" Not Belgia, and the rescued isle alone,
" But Europe shall her great deliverer own.
" Rome's mighty grandeur was not more confest,
" When great Antonius travell'd through the east,
" And crowds of monarchs did each morning wait
" With early homage at his palace gate.
" Haste then, bright prince! thy Britain's transport meet:
" Haste to her arms, and make her bliss complete!
" Whate'er glad news has reach'd her listening ear,
" While her lion, absent lord provokes her fear:
" Her joys are insuspense, her pleasures unsincere.
" He comes, thy hero comes! O beauteous sight!
" Revive thy genius with a cheerful smile!
" Let thy rejoicing sons fresh palms prepare,
" To grace the trophies of the vanish'd war;
" On high be hung the martial sword and shield,
" The shield with ribbons [illegible], and spent with ivy
" wreath'd!
" Let speaking paint in various tablets show
" Past scenes of battle to the present foe!
" Round this triumphant pile, in festival dance,
" The shouting swains shall lead in hand advance.

" The wealthy farmer from his toils shall cease;
" The ploughman from the yoke his smoking steers
" release,
" And join to solemnize the festival of peace.
" No more for want of hands th' unlabour'd field,
" Chok'd with rank weeds, a sickly crop shall yield.
" Calm peace returns; behold her shining train!
" And fruitful plenty is restor'd again."—
Apollo ceas'd——The muses take the sound,
From voice to voice th' harmonious notes rebound,
And echoing lyres transmit the volant fugue around!
Meanwhile the steady bark, with prosperous gales,
Fills the large sheets of her expanded sails,
And gains the intended port: thick on the strand
Like swarming bees, th' assembled Britons stand,
And press to see their welcome sovereign land:
At his approach, unruly transport reigns
In every breast, and rapture fires their veins.
A general shout succeeds, as when on high
Exploded thunder rends the vaulted sky.
A short convulsion shakes the solid shore,
And rocks th' adjacent deep, unmov'd before;
Loud acclamations through the valleys ring,
While to Augusta's wall the crowd attend their king.
And now behold * a finish'd temple rise,
On lofty pillars climbing to the skies!
Of bulk stupendous, its proud pile it rears,
The gradual product of successive years.
An inner-gate that folds with iron leaves,
The charm'd spectator's entering steps receives,
Where curious works in twisted stems are seen
Of branching foliage, vacuous between.
O'er this a vocal organ, mounted high
On marble columns, strikes the wondering eye;
And feeds at once two senses with delight,
Sweet to the ear, and splendid to the sight.
Marble the floor, enrich'd with native stains
Of various dye, and streak'd with azure veins.

* The choir of St. Paul's was first opened on the day of thanksgiving for this peace.

Ev'n emulous art with nature seems to strive,
And the carv'd figures almost breathe and live;
The painted altar, glorious to behold,
Shines with delightful blue, and dazzling gold,
Here first th' illustrious three, of heavenly race,
Religion, liberty, and peace, embrace;
Here joyful crowds their pious thanks express,
For peace restor'd, and heaven's indulgence bless.
Auspicious structure! born in happy days,
Whose first employment is the noblest, praise!
So, when by just degrees th' eternal thought
His six days labour to perfection brought,
With laws of motion first endued the whole,
And bade the heavens in destin'd circles roll,
The polish'd spheres commenc'd their harmony:
All nature in a chorus did agree,
And the world's birth-day was a jubilee.

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Once, on a solemn festal day
Held by th' immortals in the skies,
Flora had summon'd all the deities
That rule o'er gardens, or survey
The birth of greens and springing flowers,
And thus address'd the genial powers.

Ye shining graces of my courtly train,
The cause of this assembly know!
In sovereign majesty I reign
O'er the gay flowery universe below;
Yet, my increasing glory to maintain,
A queen I'll choose with spotless honour fair,
The delegated crown to wear.
Let me your counsel and assistance take,
T' accomplish this momentous task.

The deities that stood around,
At first return'd a murmuring sound;
Then said, Fair goddess, do you know
The factious feuds this must create,
What jealous rage and mutual hate
Among the rival flowers will grow?
The vilest thistle that infests the plain
Will think his tawdry painted pride
Deserves the crown, and, if deny'd,
Perhaps with traitor plots molest your reign.
Vain are your fears, Flora reply'd,
'Tis fix'd—and hear how I'll the cause decide.

Deep in a venerable wood,
Where oaks, with vocal skill endued,
Did wondrous oracles of old impart,
Beneath a little hill's inclining side,
A grotto's seen where nature's art
Is exercis'd in all her smiling pride.
Retir'd in this sweet grassy cell,
A lovely wood nymph once did dwell.
She always pleas'd; for more than mortal fire
Shone in her eyes, and did her charms inspire;
A Dryad bore the beauteous nymph, a Sylvan was her sire.

Chaste, wise, devout, she still obey'd
With humble zeal heaven's dread commands,
To every action ask'd our aid,
And oft before our altars pray'd;
Pure was her heart, and undefil'd her hands.
She's dead—and from her sweet remains
The wondrous mixture I would take,
This much desir'd, this perfect flower to make.
Assist, and thus with our transforming pains
We'll dignify the garden-beds, and grace our favourite plains.
Th' applauding deities with pleasure heard,
And for the grateful work prepar'd.
A busy face the god of gardens wore;
Vertumnus of the party too,
From various sweets th' exhaling spirits drew;

While in full canisters, Pomona bore
Of richest fruits a plenteous store;
And Vesta promis'd wondrous things to do.
Gay Venus led a lively train
Of smiles and graces: the plump god of wine
From clusters did the flowing nectar strain,
And fill'd large goblets with his juice divine.
Thus charg'd, they seek the honour'd shade,
Where liv'd and died the spotless maid.
On a soft couch of turf the body lay;
Th' approaching deities press'd all around,
Prepar'd the sacred rites to pay:
In silence, and with awe profound.
Flora thrice bow'd, and thus was heard to pray:
Jove! mighty Jove! whom all adore;
Exert thy great creative power!
Let this fair corpse be mortal clay no more;
Transform it to a tree, to bear a beauteous flower—
Scarce had the goddess spoke; when see!
The nymph's extended limbs the form of branches wear;
Behold the wondrous change, the fragrant tree!
To leaves was turn'd her flowing hair;
And rich diffus'd perfumes regal'd the wanton air.
Heavens! what new charm, what sudden light,
Improves the grot, and entertains the sight!
A sprouting bud begins the tree t' adorn;
The large, the sweet vermilion flower is born!
The goddess thrice on the fair infant breath'd,
To spread it into life, and to convey
The fragrant soul, and every charm bequeath'd
To make the vegetable princess gay;
Then kiss'd it thrice; the general silence broke,
And thus in loud rejoicing accents spoke:

Ye flowers at my command attendant here,
Pay homage, and your sovereign Rose revere!
No sorrow on your drooping leaves be seen;
Let all be proud of such a queen,
So fit the floral crown to wear,
To glorify the day, and grace the youthful year

Thus speaking, she the new-born favourite crown'd;
The transformation was complete;
The deities with songs the queen of flowers did greet:
Soft flutes and tuneful harps were heard to sound;
While now to heaven the well-pleas'd goddess flies
With her bright train, and reascends the skies.

THE ECSTASY.*

AN ODE.

"Me vero primùm dulces ante omnia musæ
"Accipiant, cœlique vias et sidera monstrent."
VIRG.

I.

I LEAVE mortality's low sphere.
Ye winds and clouds, come lift me high,
And on your airy pinions bear
Swift through the regions of the sky.
What lofty mountains downward fly!
And lo, how wide a space of air
Extends new prospects to my eye!
The gilded fanes, reflecting light,
And royal palaces, as bright,

* It may be proper to acquaint the reader, that this poem was begun on the model of a Latin ode of Casimire, intituled *e Rebus Humanis Excessus*, from which it is plain that Cowley likewise took the first hint of his ode called the *Ecstasy*. The former part, therefore, is chiefly an imitation of that ode, though with considerable variations, and the addition of the whole second stanza, except the first three lines: but the plan itself seeming capable of a further improvement, the latter part, which attempts a short view of the heavens according to the modern philosophy, is entirely original, and not founded on any thing in the Latin author.

(The rich abodes
Of heavenly and of earthly gods)
Retire apace; whole cities too
Decrease beneath my rising view.
And now far off the rolling globe appears;
Its scatter'd nations I survey,
And all the mass of earth and sea;
Oh object well-deserving tears!
Capricious state of things below,
That, changeful from their birth, no fix'd duration know!

II.

Here new-built towns aspiring high,
Ascend with lofty turrets crown'd;
There others fall, and mouldering lie,
Obscure, or only by their ruins found.
Palmyra's far extended waste I spy,
(Once Tadmor, ancient in renown)
Her marble heaps, by the wild Arab shown,
Still load with useless pomp the ground.
But where is lordly Babylon? where now
Lifts she to heaven her giant brow?
Where does the wealth of Nineveh abound?
Or where's the pride of Afric's shore?
Is Rome's great rival then no more?
In Rome herself behold th' extremes of fate,
Her ancient greatness sunk, her modern boasted state!
See her luxurious palaces arise,
With broken arches mixt between!
And here what splendid domes possess the skies!
And there old temples, open to the day,
Their walls o'ergrown with moss display;
And columns, awful in decay,
Rear up their roofless heads to form the various scene.

III.

Around the space of earth I turn my eye;
But where's the region free from woe?
Where shall the muse one little spot descry
The seat of happiness below?
Here peace would all its joys dispense,
The vines and olives unmolested grow,
But lo! a purple pestilence

Unpeoples cities, sweeps the plains,
Whilst vainly through deserted fields
Her unreap'd harvests Ceres yields,
And at the noon of day a midnight silence reigns.
There milder heat the healthful climate warms,
But, slaves to arbitrary power,
And pleas'd each other to devour,
The mad possessors rush to arms.
I see, I see them from afar,
I view distinct the mingled war!
I see the changing squadrons prest
Hand to hand, and breast to breast.
Destruction, like a vulture, hovers nigh;
Lur'd with the hope of human blood,
She hangs upon the wing, uncertain where to fly,
But licks her drowthy jaws, and waits the promised food.

IV.

Here cruel Discord takes a wider scene,
To exercise more unrelenting rage;
Appointed fleets their numerous powers engage,
With scarce a space of sea between.
Hark! what a brazen burst of thunder
Rends the elements asunder!
Affrighted Ocean flies the roar,
And drives the billows to the distant shore;
The distant shore,
That such a storm ne'er felt before,
Transmits it to the rocks around;
The rocks and hollow creeks prolong the rolling sound.

V.

Still greater horrors strike my eyes.
Behold convulsive earthquakes there
And shatter'd land in pieces tear,
And ancient cities sink, and sudden mountains rise!
Through opening mines th' astonish'd wretches go,
Hurry'd to unknown depths below.
The bury'd ruin sleeps: and nought remains
But dust above and desert plains,
Unless some stone this sad inscription wear,
Rais'd by some future traveller,
"The prince, his people, and his kingdom, here,
"One common tomb contains."

VI.

Again, behold where seas, disdaining bound,
O'er the firm land usurping ride,
And bury spacious towns beneath their sweeping tide.
Dash'd with the sudden flood the vaulted temples sound.
Waves roll'd on waves, deep burying deep, lift high
A watery monument, in which profound
The courts and cottages together lie.
Ev'n now the floating wreck I spy,
And the wide surface far around
With spoils of plunder'd countries crown'd.
Such, Belgia, was the ravage and affright,
When late thou saw'st thy ancient foe
Swell o'er thy digues, oppos'd in vain,
With deadly rage, and rising in its might
Pour down swift ruin on thy plains below.
Thus fire and air, and earth, and main,
A never-ceasing fight maintain,
While man on every side is sure to lose;
And fate has flourish'd out the stage of life
With war, in scene, and with strife;
Till death the curtain drops, and shuts the scene of woes.

VII.

But why do I delay my flight?
Or on such gloomy objects gaze?
I go to realms serene with ever-living light.
Haste, clouds and whirlwinds, haste a rapture'd bard to raise;
Mount me sublime along the shining way,
Where planets, in pure streams of aether driv'n,
Swim through the blue expanse of heav'n.
And lo! th' obsequious clouds in bowls obey!
And lo! again the various colours deck the sky,
And wide-stretch'd kingdoms perish from my eye.
Heaven! what bright visions now arise!
What opening worlds my ravish'd eyes surprise!
I pass o'er suns, and planets, and unbounded space.
New scenes and glories there in wonder lost and drown'd,
Unprop'd amidst the void abide,
And all, around the central sun, in ever-lasting circles wind.

Unequal in their course see they advance,
And form the planetary dance!
Here the pale moon, whom the same laws ordain
T' obey the earth, and rule the main;
Here spots no more in shadowy streaks appear;
But lakes instead, and groves of trees,
The wondering muse transported sees,
And their tall heads discover'd mountains rear.
And now once more I downward cast my sight,
When lo! the earth a larger moon, displays
Far off, amidst the heavens, her silver face,
And to her sister moon by turns gives light!
Her seas are shadowy spots, her land a milky white.

VIII.

What power unknown my course still upwards guides,
Where Mars is seen his ruddy rays to throw
Through heatless skies that round him seem to glow,
And where remoter Jove o'er his four moons presides?
And now I urge my way more bold,
Unpierc'd by Saturn's chilling cold,
And pass his planetary guards, and his bright ring behold.
Here the sun's beams so faintly play,
The mingled shades almost extinguish day.
His rays reverted hence the fire withdraws,
For here his wide dominions end;
And other suns, that rule by other laws,
Hither their bordering realms extend.

IX.

And now far off through the blue vacant borne,
I reach at last the milky road,
Once thought to lead to Jove's supreme abode,
Where stars, profuse in heaps, heaven's glittering heights adorn.
Lost in each other's neighbouring rays,
They undistinguish'd shine in one promiscuous blaze.
So thick the lucid gems are strown,
As if th' Almighty builder here
Laid up his store for many a sphere
In destin'd worlds, as yet unknown.
Hither the nightly wakeful swain,
That guards his folds upon the plain,

Oft turns his gazing eyes,
Yet marks no stars, but o'er his head
Beholds the streamy twilight spread,
Like distant morning in the skies;
And wonders from what source its dawning splendors rise.

X.

But lo!—what's this I see appear?
It seems far off a pointed flame;
From earth-wards too the shining meteor came.
How swift it climbs th' aerial space!
And now it traverses each sphere,
And seems some living guest, familiar to the place.
'Tis he—as I approach more near
The great Columbus of the skies I know!
'Tis Newton's soul, that daily travels here
In search of knowledge for mankind below.
O stay, thou happy spirit, stay,
And lead me on through all the unbeaten wilds of day;
As when the Sibyl did Rome's father guide
Safe through the downward roads of night,
And in Elysium blest his sight
With views till then to mortal eyes deny'd.
Here let me, thy companion, stray
From orb to orb, and now behold
Unnumber'd suns, all seas of molten gold;
And trace each comet's wandering way,
And now descry light's fountain-head,
And measure its descending speed;
Or learn how sun-born colours rise
In rays distinct, and in the skies
Blended in yellow radiance flow,
Or stain the fleecy cloud, or streak the watery bow;
Or now diffus'd their beauteous tinctures shed
On every planet's rising hills, and every verdant mead

XI.

Thus, rais'd sublime on contemplation's wing,
Fresh wonders I would still explore,
Still the great Maker's power adore,
Lost in the thought—nor ever more
Return to earth, and earthly things,

But here with native freedom take my flight,
An inmate of the heavens, adopted into light!
So for a while the royal eagle's brood
In his low nest securely lies,
Amid the darkness of the sheltering wood,
Yet there with in-born vigour hopes the skies:
Till fledg'd with wings full grown, and bold to rise,
The bird of heaven to heaven aspires,
Soars 'midst the meteors and celestial fires,
With generous pride his humbler birth disdains,
And bears the thunder through th' æthereal plains.

BUCKINGHAM.

John Sheffield, created Duke of Buckinghamshire, and son of the Earl of Mulgrave, was born in 1649. His father died when he was only nine years of age; and being dissatisfied with his tutor, in his twelfth, he formed the singular resolution of pursuing a course of studies according to his own plan. This he successfully prosecuted; and by his own application, without which all advantages are vain, raised himself to a high character as a polite scholar.

At the age of seventeen, he entered as a volunteer against the Dutch, and on his return, obtained the command of a troop of horse. Again he made an expedition to Holland, and having shewn distinguished bravery, was promoted to the command of the Catherine man of war, which shewed his amphibious talents. He afterwards raised a regiment of foot; was appointed Colonel of the Old Holland regiment; made a campaign under Marshall Turenne; and in 1680, was sent to the relief of Tangier, in which he displayed his usual courage and conduct.

At this period, he was one of the Lords of the Bedchamber to Charles II. and Knight of the Garter; but incurred a temporary disgrace by aspiring to the affections of the Princess Anne, to which it is said she would not have been averse, had she been allowed to follow her own inclinations. Indeed, Sheffield possessed abundant address, and was eminently qualified to [illegible] tier. In the reign of Charles II. he [illegible] ridiculous verses of that reign; under James II. [illegible] the mass; he was pensioned and made Marquis of Normandy by William III. and the former object of his

love, Queen Anne, made him Lord Privy Seal and Duke of Normanby and Buckinghamshire.

The ascendancy of the Duke of Marlborough disgusted Sheffield; and retiring from court, he built Buckingham House. On the change of administration, however, he accepted the office of Lord Chamberlain of the Household; but the Queen's death following soon after, he ceased to be a courtier, and devoted most of his time to literary amusements.

The Duke of Buckingham was thrice married; but left only one son, in whom the line became extinct.

The father died in 1721, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His epitaph is his own composition.

The rank of the Duke of Buckingham caused his merits to be long over-rated, but time has reduced him to his proper level. His "Essay on Poetry" and the "Comedy of the Rehearsal" entitle him to no mean praise as a man of genius, independent of adscititious qualities. "His verses," says Johnson who was never biassed by rank, "are often insipid, but his memoirs are lively and agreeable: he had the perspicuity and elegance of an historian, but not the fire and fancy of a poet."

Anderson, who is on all occasions a liberal check on more fastidious critics, has observed, and truly, on his "Essay on Poetry," that though versification is careless, the sense is always clear, the rules are commonly just, often delivered with ease, and sometimes with energy; and is, upon the whole, justly ranked among our best didactic poems. Dryden, Addison, and Pope, concur in giving it this character: which has been disputed by Drs. Warton and Johnson.

TO A COQUET BEAUTY.

From wars and plagues come no such harms,
As from a nymph so full of charms;
So much sweetness in her face,
In her motions such a grace,
In her kind inviting eyes
Such a soft enchantment lies;
That we please ourselves too soon,
And are with empty hopes undone.
After all her softness, we
Are but slaves, while she is free;
Free, alas! from all desire,
Except to set the world on fire.
Thou, fair dissembler, dost but thus
Deceive thyself, as well as us.
Like a restless monarch, thou
Wouldst rather force mankind to bow,
And venture round the world to roam,
Than govern peaceably at home.
But trust me, Celia, trust me when
Apollo's self inspires my pen,
One hour of love's delight outweighs
Whole years of universal praise;
And one adorer, kindly us'd,
Gives truer joys than crowds refus'd.
For what does youth and beauty serve?
Why more than all your sex deserve?
Why such soft allurin[illegible] arts
To charm our eyes, and melt our hearts?
By our loss you nothing gain;
Unless you love, you please in vain.

THE RELAPSE.

Like children in a starry night,
When I beheld those eyes before,
I gaz'd with wonder and delight,
Insensible of all their power.

I play'd about the flame so long,
At last I felt the scorching fire;
My hopes were weak, my passion strong,
And I lay dying with desire.

By all the helps of human art,
I just recover'd so much sense,
As to avoid, with heavy heart,
The fair, but fatal, influence.

But, since you shine away despair,
And now my sighs no longer shun,
No Persian in his zealous prayer
So much adores the rising sun.

If once again my vows displease,
There never was so lost a lover;
In love, that languishing disease,
A sad relapse we ne'er recover.

THE RECOVERY.

Sighing and languishing I lay,
A stranger grown to all delight,
Passing with tedious thoughts the day,
And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear sake, my only care
Was how my fatal love to hide;
For ever drooping with despair,
Neglecting all the world beside:

Till, like some angel from above,
Cornelia came to my relief;
And then I found the joys of love
Can make amends for all the grief.

Those pleasing hopes I now pursue
Might fail if you could prove unjust;
But promises from heaven are you,
Who is so impious to mistrust?

Here all my doubts and troubles end,
One tender word my soul assures;
Nor am I vain, since I depend
Not on my own desert, but yours.

AN ESSAY ON POETRY.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well:
No writing lifts exalted man so high,
As sacred and soul-inspiring poesy:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much
But heaven forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the vulgar with the noble name.
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes
Dazzling our minds, gets entrance in our rhymes
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment lasts:
True wit is everlasting, like the sun,

Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound,
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole,
Without a genius too; for that's the soul:
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit;
Ev'n something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none.
Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?
When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence mourn,
Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou return,
Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me away,
From pleasures of the night, and business of the day?
Ev'n now, too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course, and use the needful rein.
As all is dulness, when the fancy's bad,
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:
And judgment has a boundless influence,
Not only in the choice of words, or sense,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reason is that substantial useful part,
Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.
Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,
And the whole art of poetry rehearse;
But who that task would after Horace do?
The best of masters, and examples too!
Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;
Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.
'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease;
But who with that mean shift himself can please
Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his, who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet modern laws are made for later faults,
And new absurdities inspire new thoughts:

What need has satire then to live on theft,
When so much fresh occasion still is left?
Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.
But hold, the fools shall have no cause to fear;
'Tis wit and sense that is the subject here:
Defects so witty men deserve a cure,
And those who are so, will ev'n this endure.
First then, of songs: which now so much abound,
Without his song no fop is to be found;
A most offensive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art;
For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
The least of which defects is plainly shown
In one small ring, and brings the value down:
So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
Yet were can one be seen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expression easy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall
Here, as in all things else, is most unfit,
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauseous songs by a late author * made,
Call an unwilling censure on his shade.
Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy;
But words obscene, too gross to move desire,
Like heaps of fuel, only choke the fire.
On other themes he well deserves our praise,
But pulls that appetite he meant to raise.
Next, elegy, of sweet, but solemn voice,
And of a subject grave, exacts the choice:
The praise of beauty, valour, wit, or pains,
And there too oft' despairing love complains.

* The Earl of Rochester.

In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
That phœnix she deserves to be belov'd;
But noisy nonsense, and such fops as vex
Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.
This to the praise of those who better knew;
The many raise the value of the few.
But here (as all our sex too oft' have try'd)
Women have drawn my wandering thoughts aside.
Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, or want of wit;
But should this muse harmonious numbers yield,
And every couplet be with fancy fill'd;
If yet a just coherence be not made
Between each thought; and the whole model laid
So right, that every line may higher rise,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies:
Such trifles may perhaps of late have past,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last;
'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an elegy, nor writ with skill,
No * panegyric, nor a † Cooper's-hill.
A higher flight, and of a happier force,
Are odes: the muses' most unruly horse,
That bounds so fierce, the rider has no rest,
Here foams at mouth, and moves like one possess'd.
The poet here must be indeed inspir'd,
With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.
Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
But sometimes diction mean, or verse ill-wrought,
Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.
Though all appear in heat and fury done,
The language still must soft and easy run.
These laws may sound a little too severe;
But judgment yields, and fancy governs here,
Which, though extravagant, this muse allows,
And makes the work much easier than it shows.
Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,

* Waller's. † Denham's.

Satire well writ has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd.
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
Without repeating things said oft' before!
Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
That stain a beauty which we so much love.
Of chosen words some take not care enough,
And think they should be as the subject rough;
This poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only business was to rail:
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown;
So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.
The Laureat * here may justly claim our praise,
Crown'd by Mack Fleckno † with immortal bays;
Yet once his Pegasus ‡ has borne dead weight,
Rid by some lumpish minister of state.
Here rest, my muse, suspend thy cares awhile,
A more important task attends thy toil.
As some young eagle, that designs to fly
A long unwonted journey through the sky,
Weighs all the dangerous enterprize before,
O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar,
Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears
The lofty road of airy travellers;
But yet incited by some bold design,
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
Prunes every feather, views herself with care,
At last, resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air;
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
She lessens to us, and is lost at last:
So (though too weak for such a worthy theme)
The muse inspires a sharper note to sing.

* Dr. [illegible]

† A famous [illegible] Poet.

‡ A poem called, The Hind and the Panther.

And why should truth offend, when only told
To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
On then, my muse, adventurously engage
To give instructions that concern the stage.
The unities of action, time, and place,
Which, if observ'd, give plays so great a grace,
Are, though but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer faults to purge the present age,
Less obvious errors of the English stage.
First then, soliloquies had need be few,
Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.
Our lovers talking to themselves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confidant;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a friend, only to tell it us;
Th' occasion should as naturally fall,
As when Bellario * confesses all.
Figures of speech, which poets think so fine,
(Art's needless varnish to make nature shine)
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in descriptions only claim a place:
But, to make rage declaim, and grief discourse,
From lovers in despair fine things to force,
Must needs succeed; for who can choose but pity
A dying hero, miserably witty?
But oh! the dialogues, where jest and mock
Is held up like a rest at shittle-cock;
Or else, like bells, eternally they chime,
They sigh in simile, and die in rhyme.
What things are these who would be poets thought,
By nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?
Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve
A better course than this, by which they starve:
But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
Nay more; for they must look within, to find
Those secret turns of nature in the mind:
Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all, without a soul.

* In Philaster, a play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

All this united yet but makes a part
Of dialogue, that great and powerful art,
Now almost lost, which the old Grecians knew,
From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
Scarce comprehended since, but by a few.
Plato and Lucian are the best remains
Of all the wonders which this art contains;
Yet to ourselves we justice must allow,
Shakspeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er,
Go see them play'd; then read them as before;
For though in many things they grossly fail,
Over our passions still they so prevail,
That our own grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults;
First, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
Turn it, with time, a thousand several ways;
This oft, alone, has given success to plays.
Reject that vulgar error (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters;
There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.
Some faults must be, that his misfortunes drew,
But such as may deserve compassion too.
Besides the main design compos'd with art,
Each moving scene must be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mark every place,
As painters first chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiss.
Think not so much where shining thoughts to place
As what a man would say in such a case:
Neither in comedy will this suffice,
The player too must be before your eyes!
And, though 'tis drudgery to stoop so low,
To him you must your secret meaning show.
Expect no single step, but lay the bait
More equally, and spread the folly breed,
Mere coxcombs are too obvious; all men see
A fool decided by as bad a fable:
Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way
A very owl may prove a lucky prey.

Small poets thus will one poor fop devour,
But to collect, like bees, from every flower,
Ingredients to compose that precious juice,
Which serves the world for pleasure and for use,
In spite of faction this would favour get;
But Falstaff * stands inimitable yet.
Another fault which often may befall,
Is, when the wit of some great poet shall
So overflow, that is, be none at all,
That ev'n his fools speak sense, as if possest,
And each by inspiration breaks his jest.
If once the justness of each part be lost,
Well may we laugh, but at the poet's cost.
That silly thing men call sheer-wit avoid,
With which our age so nauseously is cloy'd:
Humour is all; wit should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper thought.
But since the poets we of late have known
Shine in no dress so much as in their own,
The better by example to convince,
Cast but a view on this wrong side of sense.
First, a soliloquy is calmly made,
Where every reason is exactly weigh'd;
Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
Some hero frighted at the noise of drums;
For her sweet sake, whom at first sight he loves,
And all in metaphor his passion proves:
But some sad accident, though yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the swain alone;
He straight grows jealous, though we know not why;
Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:
But first he makes a speech, wherein he tells
The absent nymph how much his flame excels;
And yet bequeaths her generously now
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!
Who straight appears; but who can fate withstand?
Too late, alas! to hold his hasty hand,
That just has given himself the cruel stroke!
At which his very rival's heart it broke:

* The matchless character of Shakspeare.

He, more to his new friend than mistress kind,
Most sadly mourns at being left behind,
Of such a death prefers the pleasing charms
To love, and living in a lady's arms.
What shameful and what monstrous things are these!
And then they rail at those they cannot please;
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the sign of old Ben Jonson's head;
When the intrinsic value of the stage
Can scarce be judg'd but by a following age:
For dances, flutes, Italian songs, and rhyme,
May keep up sinking nonsense for a time;
But that must fail, which now so much o'er rules,
And sense no longer will submit to fools.
  By painful steps at last we labour up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
The epic poets so divinely show,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
A work of such inestimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought forth!
Homer and Virgil! with what sacred awe,
Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!
Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather is a two-legg'd beast,
So these gigantic souls amaz'd we find
As much above the rest of human kind!
Nature's whole strength united! endless fame
And universal shouts attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read [illegible]
For all books else appear so mean, so poor
Verse will seem prose: but still persist to read
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Bossu never writ, the world had [illegible]
Like Indians, view'd the [illegible]
As something of divine the [illegible]
Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd:
But he, disclosing sacred mysteries
Has shown where all the mighty [illegible]
Described the seeds, and [illegible]
That have to such a vast [illegible]

Sure from some angel he the secret knew,
Who through this labyrinth has lent the clue.
But what, alas! avails it poor mankind,
To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind?
The way is shown, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences profoundly know?
Whose fancy flies beyond weak reason's sight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such
Never to say too little or too much?
Let such a man begin without delay;
But he must do beyond what I can say;
Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenser, and ev'n Milton fail.

FENTON.

Of Elijah Fenton, few authentic particulars have been transmitted to posterity. His father is said to have possessed a good estate in Staffordshire, where the subject of this notice, the youngest of twelve children, was born; but in what year is uncertain, or where he received his early education.

In due time, however, it appears that he was sent to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he took a Bachelor's degree in 1704; but refusing to take the oaths to government, he was precluded from entering into holy orders, for which he was intended, and left the university soon after.

Reduced to uncertain and fortuitous means of livelihood by delicacy of principle and modesty of disposition, he appears to have supported himself as a teacher in schools, or tutor in private families. It is recorded, that he was once secretary to Charles Earl of Orrery, and that he afterwards was patronized by Lord Bolingbroke; but being a nonjuror, the avenues of preferment were shut up; yet he seems to have possessed great liberality of sentiment, for he has celebrated Queen Anne, and he has concurred with Philips, Prior, and other tory poets, in praising Marlborough. With Pope and Southern, he lived in habits of the most familiar and endearing intimacy; and indeed the amableness of his manners, and the elegance of his poetry made him acceptable in all companies.

Having previously published a collection of miscellaneous poems and translations, on the recommendation of Pope, he was received into the family of Mr. Secretary Craggs; but the premature death of that excellent statesman, soon left Fenton again unprotected and destitute

His friend Mr. Pope, however, employed him as an assistant in translating the Odyssey, for which he received 300*l.* In 1722 he produced the Tragedy of Mariamne, justly esteemed one of the best plays in our language, and its success was so great, as to yield the author 1000*l.* with which he discharged his debts.

The latter part of his days, he passed chiefly in literary ease at Easthampstead, Berks, in the family of Lady Trumbull, to whose son he was tutor, and afterwards attended him to college. In this family he died, in 1730 of a gradual decay, poor, but honest, leaving no debts or legacies, except a few remembrances to particular friends.

As a man, Fenton was never named but with praise and affection; as a poet, although he does not often rise to sublimity, he rarely sinks below simple elegance and smoothness of versification.

To examine his performances, says the just and generous Anderson, one by one, would be tedious; they are in general characterised by elegance of diction, elevation of sentiment, opulence of imagery, and harmony of numbers. Pope, who wrote his epitaph, bears honourable testimony to the last moments of this worthy man: "No one better bore the approaches of his dissolution, or with less ostentation yielded up his being."

A letter which the above intelligent editor has quoted from the translator of Pliny, concludes as follows:* "poor Fenton died of a great chair and two bottles of port a day. He was one of the worthiest and modestest men in the court of Apollo. Tears arise when I think of him, though he has been dead above twenty years."

* See Selection from Pope, Vol. III.

TO A LADY,

SITTING BEFORE HER GLASS.

I.

So smooth and clear the fountain was,
In which his face Narcissus spy'd,
When, gazing in that liquid glass,
He for himself despair'd and dy'd:
Nor, Chloris, can you safer see
Your own perfections here than he.

II.

The lark before the mirror plays,
Which some deceitful swain has set,
Pleas'd with herself she fondly stays
To die deluded in the net.
Love may such frauds for you prepare,
Yourself the captive, and the snare.

III.

But, Chloris, whilst you there review
Those graces opening in their bloom,
Think how disease and age pursue,
Your riper glories to consume.
Then sighing you would wish your glass
Could show to Chloris what she was.

IV.

Let pride no more give nature law,
But free the youth your power enslaves:
Her form, like yours, bright Cynthia saw,
Reflected on the crystal waves;
Yet priz'd not all her charms above
The pleasure of Endymion's love.

V.

No longer let your glass supply
Too just an emblem of your breast,
Where oft to my deluded eye
Love's image has appear'd imprest;
But play'd so lightly on your mind,
It left no lasting print behind.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. SOUTHERNE,

FROM KENT, JANUARY 28, 1710-11.

Bold is the muse to leave her humble cell,
And sing to thee, who know'st to sing so well:
Thee! who to Britain still preserv'st the crown,
And mak'st her rival Athens in renown.
Could Sophocles behold in mournful state
The weeping graces on Imoinda wait;
Or hear thy Isabella's moving moan,
Distress'd and lost for vices not her own;
If envy could permit, he'd sure agree,
To write by nature were to copy thee:
So full, so fair, thy images are shown,
He by thy pencil might improve his own.
There was an age (its memory will last!)
Before Italian airs debauch'd our taste,
In which the sable muse with hopes and fears
Fill'd every breast, and every eye with tears;
But where's that art which all our pasions rais'd,
And mov'd the springs of nature as it pleas'd?
Our poets only practise on the pit
With florid lines, and trifling turns of wit.
Howe'er, 'tis well the present times can boast
The race of Charles's reign not wholly lost.
Thy scenes, immortal in their worth, shall stand
Among the chosen classics of our land.
And whilst our sons are by tradition taught
How Barry spoke what thou and Otway wrote,
They'll think it praise to relish and repeat,
And own thy works inimitably great.
Shakspeare, the genius of our isle, whose mind
(The universal mirror of mankind)
Express'd all images, enrich'd the stage,
But sometimes stoop'd to please a barbarous age
When his immortal bays began to grow,
Rude was the language, and the humour low

He, like the God of day, was always bright,
But rolling in its course, his orb of light
Was sully'd, and obscur'd, though soaring high,
With spots contracted from the nether sky.
But whither is th' adventurous muse betray'd?
Forgive her rashness, venerable shade!
May spring with purple flowers perfume thy urn,
And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn:
Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,
Imputed to the times, and not to thee.
Some scions shot from this immortal root,
Their tops much lower, and less fair the fruit:
Jonson the tribute of my verse might claim,
Had he not strove to blemish Shakspeare's name.
But, like the radiant twins that gild the sphere,
Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear:
The first a fruitful vine, in blooming pride,
Had been by superfluity destroy'd,
But that his friend, judiciously severe,
Prun'd the luxuriant boughs with artful care;
On various sounding harps the muses play'd,
And sung, and quaff'd their nectar in the shade.
Few moderns in the lists with these may stand,
For in those days were giants in the land:
Suffice it now by lineal right to claim,
And bow with filial awe to Shakspeare's fame;
The second honours are a glorious name.
Achilles dead, they found no equal lord
To wear his armour, and to wield his sword.
An age most odious and accurs'd ensu'd,
Discolour'd with a pious monarch's blood;
Whose fall when first the tragic virgin saw,
She fled, and left her province to the law.
Her merry sister still pursu'd the game,
Her garb was alter'd, but her gifts the same.
She first reform'd the muscles of her face,
And learn'd the solemn screw for sighs of grace;
Then circumcis'd her locks, and form'd her tone,
By humming to a tabor and a drone;
Her eyes she disciplin'd precisely right,
Both when to wink, and how to turn the white

Thus banish'd from the stage, she gravely next
Assum'd a cloak, and quibbled o'er a text.
But when, by miracles of mercy shown,
Much suffering Charles regain'd his father's throne;
When peace and plenty overflow'd the land,
She straight pull'd off her satin cap and band;
Bade Wycherley be bold in her defence,
With pointed wit, and energy of sense:
Etherege and Sedley join'd him in her cause,
And all deserv'd, and all receiv'd, applause.
Restor'd with less success, the tragic muse
Had long forgot her style by long disuse;
She taught her Maximins to rant in rhyme,
Mistaking rattling nonsense for sublime;
Till witty Buckingham reform'd her taste,
And sneering sham'd her into sense at last.
But now relaps'd, she dwindles to a song,
And weakly warbles on an eunuch's tongue;
And with her minstrelsy may still remain,
Till Southerne court her to be great again.
Perhaps the beauties of thy Spartan dame,
Who (long defrauded of the public fame)
Shall, with superior majesty avow'd,
Shine like a goddess breaking from a cloud;
Once more may reinstate her on the stage,
Her action graceful, and divine her rage.
Arts have their empires, and, like other states,
Their rise and fall are govern'd by the fates:
They, when their period's measur'd out by time,
Transplant their laurels to another clime.
The Grecian muse once fill'd with loud alarms
The court of heaven, and clad the gods in arms;
The trumpet silent, humbly she essay'd
The Doric reed, and sung beneath the shade;
Extoll'd a frugal life, and taught the swains
T' observe the seasons, and manure the plains;
Sometimes in warbled hymns she paid her vow,
Or wove Olympic wreaths for Theron's brow;
Sometimes on flowery beds she lay supine,
And gave her thoughts a loose to love and wine;
Or in her sable stole and buskins dress'd,
Show'd vice enthron'd, and virtuous kings oppress'd.

The nymph still fair, however past her bloom,
From Greece at length was led in chains to Rome:
Whilst wars abroad, and civil discord reign'd,
Silent the beauteous captive long remain'd;
That interval employ'd her timely care
To study, and refine the language there.
She views with anguish on the Roman stage
The Grecian beauties weep, the warriors rage:
But most those scenes delight th' immortal maid,
Which Scipio had revis'd, and Roscius play'd.
Thence to the pleadings of the gown she goes
(For Themis then would speak in polish'd prose):
Charm'd at the bar, amid th' attentive throng,
She bless'd the Syren-power of Tully's tongue.
But when, Octavius, thy successful sword
Was sheath'd, and universal peace restor'd,
Fond of a monarch, to the court she came,
And chose a numerous choir to chant his fame.
First from the green retreats and lowly plains,
Her Virgil soar'd sublime in epic strains;
His theme so glorious, and his flight so true,
She with Mæonian garlands grac'd his brow;
Taught Horace then to touch the Lesbian lyre,
And Sappho's sweetness join'd with Pindar's fire,
By Cæsar's bounty all the tuneful train
Enjoy'd, and sung of Saturn's golden reign;
No genius then was left to live on praise,
Or curs'd the barren ornament of bays;
On all her sons he cast a kind regard,
Nor could they write so fast as he reward.
The muse, industrious to record his name
In the bright annals of eternal fame,
Profuse of favours, lavish'd all her store,
And for one reign made many ages poor.

Now from the rugged North, unnumber'd swarms
Invade the Latian coasts with barbarous arms;
A race unpolish'd, but inur'd to toil,
Rough as their climes, and barren as their soil.
These locusts every spring in arms destroy'd,
And soft humanity bet ween them dy'd
Picture no more maintain'd the doubtful strife
With nature's scenes, nor gave the canvass life;

Nor sculpture exercis'd her skill, beneath
Her forming hand to make the marble breathe:
Struck with despair, they stood devoid of thought,
Less lively than the works themselves had wrought.
On those twin-sisters such disasters came,
Though colours and proportions are the same
In every age and clime; their beauties known
To every language, and confin'd by none.
But fate less freedom to the muse affords,
And checks her genius with the choice of words:
To paint her thoughts, the diction must be found
Of easy grandeur, and harmonious sound.
Thus when she rais'd her voice divinely great
To sing the founder of the Roman state,
The language was adapted to the song,
Sweet and sublime, with native beauty strong:
But when the Goths' insulting troops appear'd,
Such dissonance the trembling virgin heard!
Chang'd to a swan, from Tiber's troubled streams
She wing'd her flight, and sought the silver Thames.
Long in the melancholy grove she staid,
And taught the pensive Druids in the shade;
In solemn and instructive notes they sung
From whence the beauteous frame of nature sprung,
Who polish'd all the radiant orbs above,
And in bright order made the planets move;
Whence thunders roar, and frightful meteors fly,
And comets roll unbounded through the sky;
Who wing'd the winds, and gave the streams to flow,
And rais'd the rocks, and spread the lawns below;
Whence the gay spring exults in flowery pride,
And autumn with the bleeding grape is dy'd;
Whence summer suns imbrown the labouring swains,
And shivering winter pines in icy chains:
And prais'd the Power Supreme, nor dar'd advance
So vain a theory as that of chance.
But in this isle she found the nymphs so fair,
She chang'd her hand, and chose a softer air,
And love and beauty next became her care.
Greece, her lov'd country, only could afford
A Venus and a Helen to record;

A thousand radiant nymphs she here beheld,
Who match'd the goddess, and the queen excell'd.
T' immortalize their loves she long essay'd,
But still the tongue her generous toil betray'd.
Chaucer had all that beauty could inspire,
And Surrey's numbers glow'd with warm desire:
Both now are priz'd by few, unknown to most,
Because the thoughts are in the language lost.
Even Spenser's pearls in muddy waters lie,
Yet soon their beams attract the diver's eye:
Rich was their imagery, till time defac'd
The curious works; but Waller came at last.
Waller, the muse with heavenly verse supplies,
Smooth as the fair, and sparkling as their eyes;
"All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
"Attend his passion, and approve his song."
But when this Orpheus sunk, and hoary age
Suppress'd the lover's and the poet's rage,
To Granville his melodious lute she gave,
Granville, whose faithful verse is beauty's slave;
Accept this gift, my favourite youth! she cry'd,
To sound a brighter theme, and sing of Hyde,
Hyde's and thy lovely Myra's praise proclaim;
And match Carlisle's and Sacharissa's fame.
O! would he now forsake the myrtle grove,
And sing of arms, as late he sung of love!
His colours and his hand alone should paint
In Britain's queen the warrior and the saint;
In whom conspire, to form her truly great,
Wisdom with power, and piety with state.
Whilst from her throne the streams of justice flow,
Strong and serene, to bless the land below;
O'er distant realms her dreadful thunders roll,
And the wild rage of tyranny control.
Her power to quell, and pity to redress,
The Muse, the Danube, and the Rhine confess;
Whence bleeding Liberty hopes ancient bliss
To see fresh olive spring, and plenty spread.
And whilst they sound their queen deliverers fame,
The Seine retires, and sickens at her name.
O Granville! all these glorious scenes display,
Instruct succeeding monarchs how to sway.

And make her memory rever'd by all,
When triumphs are forgot, and mouldering arches fall.
Pardon me, friend! I own my muse too free,
To write so long on such a theme to thee:
To play the critic here—with equal right
Bid her pretend to teach Argyll to fight,
Instruct th' unerring sun to guide the year,
And Harley by what schemes he ought to steer;
Give Harcourt eloquence t' adorn the seal,
Maxims of state to Leeds, to Beaufort zeal;
Try to correct what Orrery shall write,
And make harmonious St. John more polite;
Teach law to Isla for the crown's support,
And Jersey how to serve and grace a court;
Dictate soft warbling airs to Sheffield's hand,
When Venus and her loves around him stand;
In sage debates to Rochester impart
A searching head, and ever faithful heart;
Make Talbot's finish'd virtue more complete,
High without pride, and amiably great,
Where nature all her powers with fortune join'd,
At once to please and benefit mankind.
When cares were to my blooming youth unknown,
My fancy free, and all my hours my own,
I lov'd along the laureat grove to stray,
The paths were pleasant, and the prospect gay:
But now my genius sinks, and hardly knows
To make a couplet tinkle in the close.
Yet when you next to Medway shall repair,
And quit the town to breathe a purer air;
Retiring from the crowd to steal the sweet
Of easy life in Twysden's calm retreats
(As Terence to his Lælius lov'd to come,
And in Campania scorn'd the pomp of Rome);
Where Lambard, form'd for business, and to please,
By sharing, will improve your happiness;
In both their souls imperial reason sways,
In both the patriot and the friend displays;
Belov'd, and prais'd by all, who merit love and praise.
With bright ideas there inspir'd anew,
By them excited, and inform'd by you,

I may with happier skill essay to sing
Sublimer notes, and strike a bolder string.
Languid and dull, when absent from her cave
No oracles of old the Sibyl gave;
But when beneath her sacred shrine she stood,
Her fury soon confess'd the coming god;
Her breast began to heave, her eyes to roll,
And wondrous visions fill'd her labouring soul.

KISSES.

TRANSLATED FROM SECUNDUS.

BASIUM I.

When Venus, in the sweet Idalian shade,
A violet couch for young Ascanius made,
Their opening gems th' obedient roses bow'd,
And veil'd his beauties with a damask cloud:
While the bright goddess, with a gentle shower
Of nectar'd dews, perfum'd the blissful bower.
Of sight insatiate, she devours his charms,
Till her soft breast rekindling ardour warms;
New joys tumultuous in her bosom roll,
And all Adonis rushes on her soul:
Transported with each dear resembling grace,
She cries, Adonis!—sure I see thy face!
Then stoops to clasp th' beauteous form, but fears
He'd wake too soon, and with a sigh forbears;
Yet, fix'd in silent rapture, stands to gaze,
Kissing each flowering bud that round her plays:
Swell'd with her stores, each animate rose
Expands and straight with warmer purple glows,
Where infant kisses bloom, a balmy store!
Redoubling all the bliss she felt before.
Sudden her visions career along the lies,
And o'er the globe the [illegible]
Then, as where Ceres past, the teeming plain
Yellow'd with wavy crops of golden grain,

So fruitful kisses fell where Venus flew,
And by the power of genial magic grew;
A plenteous harvest! which she deign'd t' impart,
To sooth an agonizing love-sick heart.
All hail, ye roseate kisses! who remove
Our cares, and cool the calentures of love.
Lo! I your poet, in melodious lays,
Bless your kind power, enamour'd of your praise;
Lays! form'd to last, till barbarous time invades
The muses' hill, and withers all their shades.
Sprung from the * guardian of the Roman name,
In Roman numbers live, secure of fame.

BASIUM II.

As the young enamour'd vine
Round her elm delights to twine,
As the clasping ivy throws
Round her oak her wanton boughs,
So close, expanding all thy charms,
Fold me, my Chloris, in thy arms!
Closer, my Chloris, could it be,
Would my fond arms encircle thee.
The jovial friend shall tempt in vain
With humour, wit, and brisk champaigne
In vain shall nature call for sleep.
Thus join'd, we'll fleet like Venus' doves,
And seek the blest Elysian groves;
Where spring in rosy triumph reigns
Perpetual o'er the joyous plains:
There, lovers of heroic name
Revive their long-extinguish'd flame,
And o'er the fragrant vale advance
In shining pomp to form the dance,
Or sing of love and gay desire,
Responsive to the warbling lyre;

* Venus.

Reclining soft in blissful bowers,
Purpled sweet with springing flowers;
And cover'd with silken shade,
Of laurel mix'd with a myrtle made:
Where, flaunting in immortal bloom,
The musk-rose scents the verdant gloom;
Through which the whispering zephyrs fly,
Softer than a virgin's sigh.

When we approach those blest retreats,
Th' assembly straight will leave their seats,
Admiring much the matchless pair,
So fond the youth, the nymph so fair!
Daughters and mistresses to Jove,
By Homer fam'd of old for love,
In homage to the British grace,
Will give pre-eminence of place.
Helen herself will soon agree
To rise, and yield her rank to thee.

AN ODE.

I.

What art thou, Life, whose stay we court?
What is thy rival Death we fear?
Since we're but fickle Fortune's sport,
Why should we wish t' inhabit here,
And think the race we find so rough, too hert

II.

While in the womb we forming lie,
While yet the lamp of life displays
A doubtful dawn with feeble rays,
Now issuing from non-entity;
The shell of flesh pollutes with sin
Its gem, the soul, just enter'd in;
And, by transmitted vice defil'd,
The fond commences with the child

III.

In this dark region future fates are bred,
And mines of secret ruin laid:
Hot fevers here long kindling lie,
Prepar'd with flaming whips to rage,
And lash on lingering destiny:
Whene'er excess has fir'd our riper age,
Here brood in infancy the gout and stone,
Fruits of our fathers' follies, not our own.
Ev'n with our nourishment we death receive,
For here our guiltless mothers give
Poison for food when first we live.
Hence noisome humours * sweat through every pore,
And blot us with an undistinguish'd sore:
Nor, mov'd with beauty, will the dire disease
Forbear on faultless forms to seize;
But vindicates the good, the gay,
The wise, the young, its common prey.
Had all, conjoin'd in one, had power to save,
The muses had not wept o'er Blandford's grave.

IV.

The spark of pure æthereal light
That actuates this fleeting frame,
Darts through the cloud of flesh a sickly flame,
And seems a glow-worm in a winter-night.
But man would yet look wondrous wise,
And equal chains of thought devise;
Intends his mind on mighty schemes,
Refutes, defines, confirms, declaims;
And diagrams he draws, t' explain
The learn'd chimeras of his brain;
And, with imaginary wisdom proud,
Thinks on the goddess while he clips the cloud.

V.

Through error's mazy grove, with fruitless toil,
Perplex'd with puzzling doubts we roam;
False images our sight beguile,
But still we stumble through the gloom,

* The small-pox.

And science seek, which still deludes the mind.
Yet, more enamour'd with the race,
With disproportion'd speed we urge the chase:
In vain! the various prey no bounds restrain;
Fleeting it only leaves, t' increase our pain,
A cold unsatisfying scent behind.

VI.

Yet, gracious God! presumptuous man
With random guesses makes pretence
To sound thy searchless providence
From which he first began:
Like hooded hawks we blindly tower,
And circumscribe, with fancy'd laws, thy power.
Thy will the rolling orbs obey,
The moon presiding o'er the sea,
Governs the waves with equal sway:
But man, perverse and lawless still,
Boldly runs counter to thy will;
Thy patient thunder he defies;
Lays down false principles, and moves
By what his vicious choice approves:
And, when he's vainly wicked, thinks he's wise.

VII.

Return, return, too long misled!
With filial fear adore thy God:
Ere the vast deep of heaven was spread,
Or body first in space abode,
Glories ineffable adorn'd his head.
Unnumber'd seraphs round the burning throne
Sung to th' incomprehensible Three-One:
Yet then his clemency did please
With lower forms t' augment his train,
And made thee, wretched creature, man
Probationer of happiness.

VIII.

On the vast ocean of his wonders here,
We mariners lay boats of clay,
Till crush'd by the [illegible]
Sunk in the parent flood we [illegible]:
We, who so rudely on the waters shove,
Proud, like the shivery boys, with bottles [illegible]
own.

IX.

But, at the signal given, this earth and sea
Shall set their sleeping vassals free;
And the belov'd of God,
The faithful and the just,
Like Aaron's chosen rod,
Though dry, shall blossom in the dust:
Then, gladly bounding from their dark restraints,
The skeletons shall brighten into saints,
And, from mortality refin'd, shall rise
To meet their Saviour coming in the skies:
Instructed then by intuition, we
Shall the vain efforts of our wisdom see;
Shall then impartially confess
Our demonstration was but guess;
That knowledge, which from human reason flows,
Unless religion guide its course,
And faith her steady mounds oppose,
Is ignorance at best, and often worse.

YALDEN.

Some uncertainty hangs over the descent and birth-place of Thomas Yalden; but we incline to the authority of Anthony Wood, who says he was born in Oxford, in 1669, and that his father was an exciseman.

He was probably educated at the Grammar-school of Magdalen College; and it appears, that he entered a Commoner of Magdalen Hall, under the celebrated Josiah Pullen, from whence he was elected a Demy of Magdalen College, and had for his cotemporaries, Addison and Sacheverell, with whom he was likewise linked in bands of intimacy, though their political principles were so discordant

About 1695, he began to distinguish himself as a poet, and continued at intervals to produce pieces of sufficient merit to keep, if not to increase, the original expectations he had raised.

In 1700, he became a fellow of his college, and entering into holy orders, was presented by the society to a living in Warwickshire, compatible with his fellowship.

About 1706 he was received into the family of the duke of Beaufort; and proceeding to doctor in divinity, received the rectories of Chalton and Clanville in Hampshire, with some sinecures in Devonshire.

In 1713 he was chosen preacher of Bridewell Hospital, on the resignation of Atterbury, promoted to the see of Rochester. These are all the preferments he ever obtained. His principles being adverse to the house of Hanover he was not likely to rise to eminence in the church: yet to the last, he retained the patronage of the Beaufort family, and the friendship of [illegible]

sons in every rank of life, and of opposite parties. This is the more creditable to Yalden, as he fell under the suspicion of treasonable practices, in consequence of some connection with Bishop Atterbury; but though his papers were seized and himself taken into custody, on an investigation of the charges against him, his innocence became apparent, and he was set at liberty.

From this period he seems to have led a quiet inoffensive life; equally regardless of poetry and of politics. He died in 1736, in the 67th year of his age.

On the recommendation of Dr. Johnson, such of his poems as could be recovered, were received into the "English Poets," published in 1779. Yet Johnson with great impartiality estimates his poetical talents, though he was probably biassed by his Jacobitism.

Yalden's "Hymn to Darkness," is unquestionably his best performance. It is written in the model of Cowley, and in some instances is equal to any thing that celebrated poet ever produced. In his private character, he must have been particularly estimable, to have been so generally respected by all ranks and all parties.

His hymn is considered by Dr. Johnson, as his best performance; and is for the most part, imagined with great vigour, and expressed with great propriety. The seven first stanzas are good, but the 3d, 4th, and 7th, are the best: the 8th seems to involve a contradiction; the 10th is exquisitely beautiful; the 13th, 14th, and 15th, are partly mythological, and partly religious.

HYMN TO THE MORNING.

IN PRAISE OF LIGHT.

PARENT of day! whose beauteous beams of light
Spring from the darksome womb of night,
And 'midst their native horrors show,
Like gems adorning of the Negro's brow:
Not heaven's fair bow can equal thee,
In all its gaudy drapery;
Thou first essay of light, and pledge of day!
That usher'st in the sun, and still prepar'st its way.

Rival of shade, eternal spring of light!
Thou art the genuine source of it:
From thy bright inexhausted womb,
The beauteous race of days and seasons come.
Thy beauty ages cannot wrong,
But, spite of time, thou'rt ever young:
Thou art alone heaven's modest virgin light,
Whose face a veil of blushes hides from human sight.

Like some fair bride thou risest from thy bed,
And dost around thy lustre spread;
Around the universe dispense
New life to all, and quickening influence.
With gloomy smiles thy rival night
Beholds thy glorious dawn of light;
Not all the wealth she views in mines below
Can match thy brighter beams, or equal lustre show.

At thy approach, nature erects her head,
The smiling universe is glad;
The drowsy earth and seas awake,
And, from thy beams, new life and vigour take:
When thy more cheerful rays appear,
Even guilt and women cease to fear.
Horror, despair, and all the sons of night
Retire before thy beams, and take their hasty flight.

To thee, the grateful east doth dews raise,
And sings with early hymns thy praise.

Thou dost the happy soil bestow,
Enrich the heavens above, and earth below:
Thou risest in the fragrant east,
Like the fair phœnix from her balmy nest:
No altar of the gods can equal thine,
The air's thy richest incense, the whole land thy shrine!
But yet thy fading glories soon decay:
Thine's but a momentary stay;
Too soon thou'rt ravish'd from our sight,
Borne down the stream of day, and overwhelm'd with light.
Thy beams to their own ruin haste,
They're fram'd too exquisite to last:
Thine is a glorious, but a short-liv'd state.
Pity so fair a birth should yield so soon to fate!

Before th' Almighty Artist fram'd the sky,
Or gave the earth its harmony,
His first command was for thy light;
He view'd the lovely birth, and blessed it:
In purple swaddling-bands it struggling lay,
Not yet maturely bright for day:
Old Chaos then a cheerful smile put on,
And, from thy beauteous form, did first presage its own.

"Let there be light!" the great Creator said,
His word the active child obey'd:
Night did her teeming womb disclose;
And then the blushing morn, its brightest offspring, rose.
Awhile the Almighty wondering view'd,
And then himself pronoun'd it good:
"With night," said he, "divide th' imperial sway;
"Thou my first labour art, and thou shalt bless the "day."

HYMN TO DARKNESS.

Darkness, thou first great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original:
Since from thy universal womb
Does all thou shad'st below, thy numerous offspring come.

Thy wondrous birth is ev'n to time unknown,
Or, like eternity, thou'dst none;
Whilst light did its first being owe
Unto that awful shade it dares to rival now.

Say, in what distant region dost thou dwell,
To reason inaccessible?
From form and duller matter free,
Thou soar'st above the reach of man's philosophy.

Involv'd in thee, we first receive our breath,
Thou art our refuge too in death:
Great monarch of the grave and womb,
Where'er our souls shall go, to thee our bodies come.

The silent globe is struck with awful fear,
When thy majestic shades appear:
Thou dost compose the air and sea,
And earth a sabbath keeps, sacred to rest and thee.

In thy serener shades our ghosts delight,
And court the umbrage of the night;
In vaults and gloomy caves they stray,
But fly the morning's beams, and sicken at the day.

Though solid bodies dare exclude the light,
Nor will the brightest ray admit;
No substance can thy force repel,
Thou reign'st in depths below, dost in the centre dwell.

The sparkling gems, and ore in mines below,
To thee their beauteous lustre owe;
Though form'd within the womb of night,
Bright as their sire they shine with native rays of light.

When thou dost raise thy venerable head,
And art in genuine night array'd,
Thy Negro beauties then delight;
Beauties, like polish'd jet, with their own darkness bright.

Thou dost thy smiles impartially bestow,
And know'st no difference here below:
All things appear the same by thee,
Though light distinction makes, thou'rt ev'n equality.

Calm as the blest above the Anchorites dwell,
Within their peaceful gloomy cell.
Their minds with heavenly joys are fill'd;
The pleasures light deny, thy shades for ever yield.

In caves of night, the oracles of old
Did all their mysteries unfold:
Darkness did first religion grace,
Gave terrors to the god, and reverence to the place.

When the Almighty did on Horeb stand,
Thy shades enclos'd the hallow'd land;
In clouds of night he was array'd,
And venerable darkness his pavilion made.

When he appear'd arm'd in his power and might,
He veil'd the beatific light;
When terrible with majesty,
In tempests he gave laws, and clad himself in thee.

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,
Or brighter firmament was made;
Ere matter, time, or place, was known,
Thou, monarch darkness, sway'dst these spacious realms alone.

But, now the moon (though gay with borrow'd light)
Invades thy scanty lot of night:
By rebel subjects thou'rt betray'd,
The anarchy of stars depose their monarch shade.

Yet fading light its empire must resign,
And nature's power submit to thine:
An universal ruin shall erect thy throne,
And fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy own.

HUMAN LIFE.

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY AN EPICURE.

In imitation of the Second Chapter of the Wisdom of Solomon.

TO THE LORD HUNSDON.

A PINDARIC ODE.

THEN will penurious heaven no more allow?
No more on its own darling man bestow?
Is it for this he lord of all appears,
And his great Maker's image bears!
To toil beneath a wretched state,
Oppress'd with miseries and fate;
Beneath his painful burden groan,
And in this beaten road of life drudge on!
Amidst our labours, we possess
No kind allays of happiness:
No softening joys can call our own,
To make this bitter drug go down;
Whilst death an easy conquest gains,
And the insatiate grave in endless triumph reigns.
With throes and pangs into the world we come,
The curse and burden of the womb:
Nor wretched to ourselves alone,
Our mother's labours introduce our own.
In cries and tears our infancy we waste,
Those sad prophetic tears, that flow
By instinct of our future woe:
And ev'n our dawn of life with sorrows overcast.
Thus we toil out a restless age,
Each his laborious part must have,
Down from the monarch to the slave,
Act o'er this farce of life, then drop beneath the
stage.

From our first drawing vital breath,
From our first starting from the womb,
Until we reach the destin'd tomb,
We all are posting on to the dark goal of death.
Life, like a cloud that fleets before the wind,
No mark, no kind impression, leaves behind,
'Tis scatter'd like the winds that blow,
Boistrous as them, full as inconstant too,
That know not whence they come, nor where they go.
Here we're detain'd awhile, and then
Become originals again:
Time shall a man to his first self restore,
And make him entire nothing, all he was before.
No part of us, no remnant, shall survive!
And yet we impudently say, we live!
No! we but ebb into ourselves again,
And only come to be, as we had never been.

Say, learned sage, thou that art mighty wise!
Unriddle me these mysteries:
What is the soul, the vital heat,
That our mean frame does animate?
What is our breath, the breath of man,
That buoys his nature up, and does ev'n life sustain?

Is it not air, an empty fume,
A fire that does itself consume;
A warmth that in a heart is bred,
A lambent flame with heat and motion fed?
Extinguish that the whole is gone,
This boasted scene of life is done:
Away the phantom takes its flight,
Damn'd to a loathsome grave, and an eternal night.
The soul, th' immortal part we boast,
In one consuming minute's lost;
To its first source it must repair,
Scatter with winds, and flow with common air.
Whilst the fall'n body, by a swift decay,
Resolves into its native clay:
For dust and ashes are its second birth,
And that incorporates too with its great parent earth.

Nor shall our names our memories survive,
Alas, no part of man can live!
The empty blasts of fame shall die,
And even those nothings taste mortality.
In vain to future ages we transmit
Heroic acts, and monuments of wit:
In vain we dear-bought honours leave,
To make our ashes gay, and furnish out a grave.
Ah, treacherous immortality!
For thee our stock of youth we waste,
And urge on life, that ebbs too fast:
To purchase thee with blood, the valiant fly;
And, to survive in fame, the great and glorious die.
Lavish of life, they squander this estate,
And for a poor reversion wait:
Bankrupts and misers to themselves they grow,
Embitter wretched life with toils and woe.
To hoard up endless fame, they know not where or how.

Ah, think, my friends, how swift the minutes haste!
The present day entirely is our own,
Then seize the blessing ere 'tis gone:
To-morrow, fatal sound! since 'tis may be our last.
Why do we boast of years, and sum up days!
'Tis all imaginary space:
To-day, to-day, is our inheritance,
'Tis all penurious fate will give;
Posterity 'll to-morrow live,
Our sons crowd on behind, our children drive us hence.
With garlands then your temples crown,
And lie on beds of roses down:
Beds of roses we'll prepare,
Roses that our emblems are:
Awhile they flourish on the boughs,
And drink large draughts of heavenly dew
Like us they smile, are young and gay,
And, like us too, are fuming for a day.
Since with night's blasting breath the withered wilt away.

Bring cheerful wine, and costly sweets prepare
'Tis more than frenzy now to spare:
Let cares and business wait awhile;
Old age affords a thinking interval:
Or, if they must a longer hearing have,
Bid them attend below, adjourn into the grave.
Then gay and sprightly wine produce,
Wines that wit and mirth infuse:
That feed, like oil, th' expiring flame,
Revive our drooping souls, and prop this tottering frame.
That, when the grave our bodies has ingross'd,
When virtues shall forgotten lie,
With all their boasted piety,
Honours and titles, like ourselves, be lost;
Then our recorded vice shall flourish on,
And our immortal riots be for ever known.
This, this, is what we ought to do,
The great design, the grand affair below!
Since bounteous nature's plac'd our steward here,
Then man his grandeur should maintain,
And in excess of pleasure reign,
Keep up his character, and lord of all appear.

AN ODE.

FOR ST. CECILLIA'S DAY, 1693.

Begin, and strike th' harmonious lyre!
Let the loud instruments prepare
To raise our souls, and charm the ear,
With joys which music only can inspire:
Hark how the willing strings obey!
To consecrate this happy day,
Sacred to music, love, and blest Cecilia.
In lofty numbers, tuneful lays,
We'll celebrate the virgin's praise:

Her skilful hand first taught our strings to move,
To her this sacred art we owe,
Who first anticipated heaven below,
And play'd the hymns on earth, that she now sings above.

What moving charms each tuneful voice contains,
Charms that through the willing ear
A tide of pleasing raptures bear,
And, with diffusive joys, run thrilling through our veins.
The listening soul does sympathize,
And with each vary'd note complies:
While gay and sprightly airs delight,
Then free from cares, and unconfin'd,
It takes, in pleasing ecstasies, its flight
With mournful sounds, a sadder garb it wears,
Indulges grief, and gives a loose to tears.

Music's the language of the blest above,
No voice but music's can express
The joys that happy souls possess,
Nor in just raptures tell the wondrous power of love.
'Tis nature's dialect, design'd
To charm, and to instruct the mind.
Music's an universal good!
That does dispense its joys around,
In all the elegance of sound,
To be by men admir'd, by angels understood.

Let every restless passion cease to move!
And each tumultuous thought obey
The happy influence of this day,
For music's unity and love.
Music's the soft indulger of the mind,
The kind divert'r of our care,
The surest refuge mournful grief can find;
A cordial to the breast, and charm to every ear.
Thus, when the prophet struck his tuneful lyre,
Saul's evil genius did retire:
In vain were remedies appli'd,
In vain all other arts were try'd

His hand and voice alone the charm could find,
To heal his body, and compose his mind.

Now let the trumpets louder voice proclaim
A solemn jubilee:
For ever sacred let it be,
To skilful Jubal's and Cecilia's name.
Great Jubal, author of our lays,
Who first the hidden charms of music found;
And through their airy paths did trace
The secret springs of sound.
When from his hollow chorded shell
The soft melodious accents fell,
With wonder and delight he play'd
While the harmonious strings his skilful hand obey'd.

But fair Cecilia, to a pitch divine
Improv'd her artful lays:
When to the organ she her voice did join,
In the Almighty's praise;
Then choirs of listening angels stood around,
Admir'd her art, and bless'd the heavenly sound.
Her praise alone no tongue can reach,
But in the strains herself did teach:
Then let the voice and lyre combine,
And in a tuneful concert join;
For music's her reward and care,
Above sh' enjoys it, and protects it here.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then kindly treat this happy day,
And grateful honours to Cecilia pay:
To her these lov'd harmonious rites belong,
To her that tunes our strings, and still inspires our song.

FABLE.

THE FARMER AND HIS DOG.

THERE dwelt a farmer in the west,
As we're in story told,
Whose herds were large and flocks the best
That ever lin'd a fold.

Arm'd with a staff, his russet coat,
And Towser by his side,
Early and late he tun'd his throat
And every wolf defy'd.

Lov'd Towser was his heart's delight,
In cringe and fawning skill'd,
Intrusted with the flocks by night,
And guardian of the field.

'Towser, quoth he, I'm for a fair;
Be regent in my room:
Pray of my tender flocks take care,
And keep all safe at home.

I know thee watchful, just, and brave,
Right worthy such a place:
No wily fox shall thee deceive,
Nor wolf dare show his face."

But ne'er did wolves a fold infest,
At regent Towser's rate:
He din'd and supp'd upon the best,
And frequent breakfasts ate.

The farmer oft receiv'd advice,
And laugh'd at the report:
But, coming on him by surprize,
Just found him at the sport.

"Ingrateful beast, quoth he, what mean,
That bloody mouth and paws?
I know the base, the treacherous strains,
Thy breach of trust and laws.

The fruits of my past love I see,
Rover, the halter bring;
Ev'n crouch him on that peppin tree,
And let friend Towser swing.

I'll spare the famish'd wolf and fox
That never my bounty knew:
But, as the guardian of my flocks,
This rascal doth as you!

THE MORAL.

When ministers their prince abuse,
And on the subjects prey:
With ancient monarchs 'twas in use,
To send them Towser's way.

FABLE.

THE SEA AND THE BANKS.

As out at sea a ruffling gale it blew,
And clouds o'ercast the gloomy skies:
The surges they began to rise,
And terrify the sailors, jocund crew.
This to the wanton billows was but sport
They roar'd and gambol'd it along,
This was the burden of their song,
They'd have a storm, and show good reason for't.
Then a fresh maggot takes them in the head,
To have one merry jaunt on shore:
They'd not be fetter'd up, they swore,
But thus to the insulted margin said:
"Hey, slugs! d'ye hear, ye lazy hounds,
Open to right and left! make way,
And give free passage to the sea;
Down with your ramparts and obstructing mounds.
"See how they stir! awake, ye brutes!
And let us have one frisk at land;
Or, 'zbud, we'll wash you into sand,
Without the tedious form of long disputes.'
"Hold! soft and fair! (the banks reply'd;) we're bound,
In honour, to make good our post:
And will, for all your windy boast,
As barriers to the sea, maintain our ground.
Go, lord it in your watery realms, the main!
There rage and bluster as you please,
Licentious in your native seas
But not an inch as trespassers you'll gain.

So, my fierce mutineers, be jogging home!
For if you dare invade our coast,
You'll run your heads against a post,
And shamefully retire in empty foam."

THE MORAL.

Though discord forms the elements for war,
Their well-pois'd strength prevents the fatal jar:
Harmonious nature sets the balance right,
And each compels the other to unite.

In empire thus true union is maintain'd,
Each power's by a subordinate restrain'd:
But, when like raging waves they overflow
Their stated bounds, and on the weaker grow;
Thrice happy realms! where there are patriots found,
To check invaders, and maintain their ground.

FABLE.

THE BOAR AND FOREST.

A LION, generous and brave,
For wars renown'd, belov'd in peace,
His lands in royal bounties gave,
And treasures much impair'd by acts of grace.

His ministers whole realms obtain'd:
And courtiers, much inclin'd to want,
His manors beggʼd, and forfeits gain'd,
With patents to confirm the royal grant.

The boar, to show a subject's love,
Crav'd for the public good a boon,
His ancient forest to improve,
By felling trees and cutting timber down.

"Alcoves and shady walks, quoth he,
Are laid aside, become a jest;
Your vistas lost, your [illegible] trees,
Are *à la mode*, and only in request.

The grant being pass'd, the ravenous boar,
A desert of the forest made:
Up by the roots vast oaks he tore,
And low on earth the princely cedars laid.

This act of violence and wrong
Alarum'd all the savage race;
With loud complaints to court they throng,
Stripp'd of their shades, and ancient resting-place.

With generous rage the lion shook,
And vow'd the boar should dearly pay;
"I hate, quoth he, a down-cast look,
That robs the public in a friendly way.

"Unhappy groves, my empires pride!
Lov'd solitudes, ye shades divine!
The rage of tempests ye defy'd,
Condemn'd to perish by a sordid swine.

"Ye rural deities, and powers unknown,
What can so great a loss suffice!
If a hung brawner will atone,
Accept friend chucky for a sacrifice."

THE MORAL.

The British oak's our nation's strength and pride.
With which triumphant o'er the main we ride;
Insulting foes are by our navies aw'd,
A guard at home, our dreaded power abroad.

Like Druids then your forests sacred keep,
Preserve with them your empire of the deep.
Subjects their prince's bounty oft abuse,
And spoil the public for their private use;
But no rapacious hand should dare deface,
The royal stores of a well-timber'd chase.

G A Y.

Barnstaple, in Devonshire, has the honour of producing John Gay, who was born there in 1688, and received his grammatical education in that town. His family and connections were respectable, but reduced; and Gay, as himself says,

Ne'er brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land.

In consequence of this want of hereditary riches, he was, at the proper age, apprenticed to a silkmercer in London; but his aspiring genius could not long brook the confinement of a shop; and having obtained a discharge from his master, he became, on what interest is now unknown, secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth, with a suitable salary.

He now found leisure to indulge his taste for study; and the muses having gained his exclusive devotion, he soon produced his poem on "Rural Sports," which being dedicated to Pope, procured him the friendship of that distinguished character—a friendship which was only broken by death. On the same plan of Pope's it is said he wrote the "Shepherd's Week," in imitation of Phillips' pastorals, which Steele had obliquely preferred to those of the bard of Windsor Forest.

His "Trivia; or, the Art of Walking the Streets of London," and other works of [illegible], added to his amiable manners [illegible], procured not only fame but affection. Gay, however, never had the [illegible] employment [illegible] Clarendon, his [illegible]

pointment was of short duration, and attended with little emolument.

In 1720 he published his poems by subscription, and it is said cleared 1000*l.* by this speculation. As a dramatic writer, he had experienced various success before this time; and having attracted the notice of the Princess of Wales, he undertook the task of composing Fables for the young Duke of Cumberland, which he executed in such a superior style, as must ever entitle him to the highest praise. In fact, on this work and the Beggar's Opera, his popularity in a great measure rests. The Beggar's Opera, indeed, was perhaps the most successful piece that ever was brought out on the English stage, if we except the "School for Scandal:" it was acted for sixty-three nights successively; but it is supposed that what he gained in celebrity he lost in good will, by this ingenious though immoral production. The Chamberlain's licence was refused to the second part, under the name of "Polly," and this circumstance combining with other disappointments is said to have hastened his end. The latter part of his life, he was warmly patronised by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who received him into their house; but his spirits were broken, by real or imaginary injuries, and he died December 4, 1732, in the forty-fourth year of his age.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and his monument is charged with the well-known epitaph by his friend Pope; we have preserved it in the selections from that poet.

He is allowed, not only by all his biographers, but all his contemporaries, to have been very amiable; "of an affable sweet disposition, generous in his temper, and pleasant in his conversation: universally beloved and esteemed, and his chief fault excessive indolence, without the least knowledge of economy." His friend Pope says, "Gay was a natural man, without design: who spoke what he thought, and just as he thought it." Yet in the Dunciad, observes Anderson, he says, with just indignation,

"Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends."

RURAL SPORTS:

A GEORGIC.

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE, 1713.*

"—Securi prælia ruris
Pandimus." NEMESIAN.

CANTO I.

You, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
And, undisturb'd, yourself and muse enjoy;
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
And no rude wind through rustling osiers blows;
While all his wondering nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.
But I, who ne'er was blest by fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land,
Long in the noisy town have been immur'd,
Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd,
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind;
Faction embroils the world; and every tongue
Is mov'd by flattery, or with scandal hung:
Friendship, for system sh[illegible], the politicks,
Where all must yield to interest's [illegible] ties,
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And honesty forsakes them all by turns:
While chiefly upon each party's throne,
With both promot[illegible] both the throne.
Intrigu[illegible] last, a [illegible]
And soothi[illegible]

* [illegible]

Where fields and shades, and the refreshing clime,
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My muse shall rove through flowery meads and plains,
And deck with rural sports her native strains;
And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Here blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmers early care
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh spring in all her state is crown'd
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
The labourer with a bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green;
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;
While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he loosely throws:
But, if some sign portend a lasting shower,
Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour;
His sun-burnt hands the scattering fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle path-way basks the snake;
O lead me, gentle nymphs, from the sultry hours,
Hide me, ye streams, in your cleanest bowers,
Where the broad oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a natural shade combines;
Where the warbling brook, with murmuring sound,
Winds through the flowery vale, and bathes the ground,
While hovering hazel overhangs the stream,
With trembling current, white, and cool, and round,
With frequent falls makes all the woods resound:
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And drink at both the sweets of sound and taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
And learn the labours of Italian swains;
In every page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes;
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different soil:
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That, spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:
Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground:
The dew-lap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in every vein;
His well arm'd front against his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his mistress claims:
The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew;
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey through the skies;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend,
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend;
Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.

Or when the plowman near the close of day,
And trudging homeward whistles on the way;
When the big-uddered cow demands the pail,
Waiting the crackling of the sinewy hand:
Now wisdom chuses the warm fleeces; the [illegible]
To court [illegible] ears, to the [illegible]
When now [illegible] the sheep [illegible]
Now spoil [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[

Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glittering path extends:
Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
Which round their suns their annual circles steer:
Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
While I survey the works of providence.
O could the muse in loftier strains rehearse
The glorious Author of the universe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds;
My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
And my Creator's name inspire my lays!

As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
When genial spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake;
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with every watery snare;
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rod retie.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift descending rain;
And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;
Then soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burthen through the skies,
The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls unknown to weeds:
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treacherous hook.
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught,
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murmuring current gently flows;

When, if or chance or hunger's powerful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat;
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! behold the prize is thine!
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not every worm promiscuous use,
Judgment will tell the proper bait to choose:
The worm that draws a long immoderate size,
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;
And, if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss.
Cherish the sully'd reptile race with moss;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the sun displays his genial beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day:
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with a curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride:
Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require:
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some lender part bestows,
And decks the rising insect's painted coats.
Silks of all colours must their aid unite,
And every fur promote the fond delight.
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air:
Furs, pearls, and gems, the shining spoils unite,
Dazzles our eyes, and commerce fills her train.

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insects [illegible]

In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains,
Oft have I seen the skilful angler try
The various colours of the treacherous fly,
When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw;
When, if an insect fall (his certain guide),
He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size,
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds,
So just the colours shine through every part,
That nature seems again to live in art.
Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair;
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With natural motion from thy hand supply'd,
Against the stream now gently let it play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
The scaly shoals float by, and, seiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows tost in thinner air;
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in the unfaithful food;
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away:
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears:

And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreaths his shining body round;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumoling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands:
Till, tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gaspin[illegible] prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot [illegible]es;
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air:
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins and gaspin[illegible]ies.

Would you preserve a num'rous finn[illegible] race,
Let your fierce dogs the ravenous otter [illegible]:
Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts through the waves, and every haunt explores:
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly [illegible].

I never wander where the bord[illegible]
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose [illegible]
Perplex the fisher: I nor choose the [illegible]
The thievish nightly net, nor [illegible]
Nor drain I pools, the golden [illegible]
Nor troll for pikes, dispeopling [illegible]
Around the [illegible]
No nice [illegible]
Let me, less curs'd, [illegible]
With [illegible]
[illegible]
And [illegible]

CANTO II.

Now, sporting muse, [illegible]
[illegible]

Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fisherman adorn thy verse;
Should you the wide encircling net display,
And in its spacious arch inclose the sea;
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the soal and turbot hide the sand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the watery song.

Let the keen hunter from the chace refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair,
Haste! save the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet, if for sylvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws;
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws;
She flies, she stretches, now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground;
She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with gory mouth the screaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board!

Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the labouring horse, with swelling veins,
Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast th' unwary patridge flies,
With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;
Wandering in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slavery of entangling nets.
The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows;
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey;
Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;

Then, lest some sentry-fowl the fraud descry,
And bid his fellows from the danger fly,
Close to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the snare the fluttering covey rise.
Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,
His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes.
Or, when the sun casts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the western way,
Let your obsequious ranger search around,
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground:
Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.
When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade;
Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
Or driving mists deface the moisten'd plains;
In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
But what's the fowler's be the muses' care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs the prey;
The fluttering coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies;
The scattering lead pursues the certain sight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch, and force the brake;
Not closest coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim.
The woodcock flutters; how he wavering flies!
The wood resounds; he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The towering hawk let future poets sing,
Who terror bears upon his sounding wing
Let them on high the trembling heron view,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
Nor shall the mounting lark the muse detain,
That greets the morning with his early strain.

When, 'midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays,
While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
And in the sun the transient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the skies:
The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.
But still the chace, a pleasant task, remains;
The hound must open in these rural strains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds;
Wide through the fursy field their route they take,
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake:
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding edge obstructs their eager pace;
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war:
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!
Now stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
Now circling turns, and now at large she flies;
Till spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.
But stay, adventurous muse! hast thou the force
To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
To keep the seat unmov'd, hast thou the skill,
O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?
Canst thou the stag's laborious chace direct,
Or the strong fox through all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
Ye mighty hunters! spare this weak essay.
O happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms!

And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor!
No barbarous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain:
No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war:
No trumpet's clangour wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame,
She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost;
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
An equal passion warms her happy swain;
No homebred jars her quiet state control,
Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul;
With secret joy she sees her little race
Hang on her breast, and her small cares increase;
The fleecy ball their busy fingers roll,
Or from the spindle draw the lengthen'd wool;
Thus flow her hours with constant peace crown'd,
Till age, the finest thread of life, unwind.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life;
Ye shady woods, where ease and health resides,
Alike indulgent to the naiads and dryads,

Ye murmuring streams that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul;
Farewell!—The city calls me from your bowers:
Farewell, amusing thoughts and peaceful hours!

SATURDAY; OR, THE FLIGHTS.

Bowzybeus.

Sublimer strains, O rustic muse! prepare;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care:
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about;
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd;
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
And merry reapers what they list will ween.
Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill,
That echo answer'd from the distant hill;
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd;
When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who, with fingers speed,
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;

Ver. 22. "Serta procul tantum capiti delapse jacebant." VIRG.

That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads and roundelays and catches sung:
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.
Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wond'rous strong!
Thou should'st have left the fair before 'twas night,
But thou sat'st toping till the morning light.
Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kissed with smacking lip the snoring lout:
(For custom says, "Whoe'er this venture proves,
"For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.")
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose.
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
The sneering swains with stammering speech bespoke:
To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er,
As for the maids—I've something else in store.
No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng.
Not ballad-singer plac'd above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud:
Nor parish-clerk, who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus sooths th' attentive ear.
Of nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun.

Ver. 40. "Sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit." VIRG.

Ver. 43.

"Carmina, quæ vultis, cognoscite: carmina vobis:
"Huic aliud mercedis erit." VIRG.

Ver. 47.

"Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnassia rupes
"Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur et Ismarus Orphea:
VIRG.

Ver. 51. Our swain had possibly read Tasso, from whence he might have collected those philosophical observations:

"Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta, &c

For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below;
And how the closing coleworts upwards grow;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail.
He sung where wood-cocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed
(Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend;
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep;
How nature does the puppy's eyelid close
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose
(For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind).

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
How the tight lass, knives, combs, and scissars spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding in his party colour'd jacket
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.

Then sad he sung "the Children in the Wood:"
(Ah, barbarous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!)
How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
And fearless at the glittering faulchion smil'd:

Their little corpse the Robin red-breasts found,
And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
(Ah gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
Your names shall live for ever in my song.)
For "Buxom Joan" he sung the doubtful strife,
How the sly sailor made the maid a wife.
To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woeful wars in "Chevy-chace" befell,
When "Percy drove the deer with hound and horn,
"Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!'
Ah, Witherington, more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the squire, who fought on bloody stumps,
By future bards bewail'd in doleful dumps.
"All in the land of Essex" next he chaunts,
How to sleek mares starch Quakers turn gallants:
How the grave brother stood on bank so green—
Happy for him if mares had never been!
Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.
He sung of "Taffey Welch," and "Sawney Scott,"
"Lilly-bullero" and the "Irish Trot."
Why should I tell of "Bateman," or of "Shore,"
Or "Wantley's Dragon" slain by valiant More,
"The Bower of Rosamond," or "Robin Hood,"
And how the "grass now grows where Troy town
"stood?"

Ver. 97.

"Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
"Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo." Virg.

Ver. 99. A Song in the Comedy of "Love for Love," beginning "A Soldier and a Sailor, &c.

Ver. 109. A Song of Sir J. D'Avenant's. Vide

Ver. 112.

"Et fortunatam, si nunquam fregisset in altum
"Pasiphaen." Virg.

Ver. 117.

"Qui loquitur aut Scythum Nestora Virg.

Ver. 117–120. Old Eng[illegible]

His carols ceas'd: the listening maids and swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
Sudden he rose; and, as he reels along,
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
The damsels laughing fly: the giddy clown
Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown;
The power that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,
Till, ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

AN EPISTLE.

TO A LADY, ON HER PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.

What ecstasies her bosom fire!
How her eyes languish with desire!
How blest, how happy, should I be,
Were that fond glance bestow'd on me!
New doubts and fears within me war:
What rival's near? a china jar.
China's the passion of her soul:
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in her breast,
Inflame with joy, or break her rest.
Some gems collect, some medals prize,
And view the rust with lover's eyes;
Some court the stars at midnight hours;
Some doat on Nature's charms in flowers:
But every beauty I can trace
In Laura's mind, in Laura's face;
My stars are in this brighter sphere,
My lily and my rose is here.
Philosophers more grave than wise,
Hunt science down in butterflies;
Or, fondly poring on a spider,
Stretch human contemplation wider.
Fossils give joy to Galen's soul
He digs for knowledge, like a mole;

In shells so learn'd, that all agree
No fish that swims knows more than he!
In such pursuits if wisdom lies,
Who, Laura, shall thy taste despise?
Where I some antique jar behold,
Or white, or blue, or speck'd with gold;
Vessels so pure, and so refin'd,
Appear the types of womankind:
Are they not valued for their beauty,
Too fair, too fine, for household duty?
With flowers, and gold, and azure, dy'd,
Of every house the grace and pride:
How white, how polish'd is their skin,
And valued most when only seen!
She, who before was highest priz'd,
Is for a crack or flaw despis'd.
I grant they're frail: yet they're so rare,
The treasure cannot cost too dear!
But man is made of coarser stuff,
And serves convenience well enough;
He's a strong earthen vessel, made
For drudging, labour, toil, and trade;
And, when wives lose their other self,
With ease they bear the loss of pelf.
Husbands, more covetous than sage,
Condemn this china-buying rage:
They count that woman's prudence little,
Who sets her heart on things so brittle.
But are those wise men's inclinations
Fix'd on more strong, more sure foundations?
If all that's frail we must despise,
No human view or scheme is wise.
Are not Ambition's hopes as weak?
They swell like bubbles, shine, and break.
A courtier's promises as soon fall.
'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
What pleasure's sure? The man who lives
Breaks both your tea-cup and your glass.
The man who loves a country life
Breaks all the comforts of a wife.
And, if he quit his farm, may break
His wife in town my friend Dick Hoy

Love, Laura, love, while youth is warm.
For each new winter breaks a charm;
And woman's not like china sold,
But cheaper grows in growing old;
Then quickly choose the prudent part,
Or else you break a faithful heart.

TRIVIA;

OR,

THE ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

IN THREE BOOKS.

"Quo te Mœri pedes? an, quo via ducit, in urbem?"—VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The world, I believe, will take so little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The critics may see by this poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allow me an honour hitherto only shown to better writers, That of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this poem good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it to some person of greater merit; I shall acquaint you, for your comfort, that among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr. Swift. And, if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto:

"—Non tu, in triviis, indocte solebas
"Stridenti, miserum, stipula, disperdere carmen."

BOOK I.

OF THE IMPLEMENTS FOR WALKING THE STREETS, AND SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.

THROUGH winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night:

How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing; thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown:
But more my country's love demands my lays;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise!

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And "clean your shoes" resounds from every voice;
When late their miry sides stage coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruins lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster cries:
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's fame,
And with the scallop'd top his step proclaim:
Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet
Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleets.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench the unwary step aside:
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or maim;
And, when too short, the future gout we fear,
You'll judge the seasons by the pain you bear.

Nor should it prove less hurtful; [illegible]
To choose a proper coat for every day.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oyly's drugget fold,
The silken drugget which can best withstand

The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain,
And showers soon drench the camlet's cockled grain;
True Witney * broad cloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn:
Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear?
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that, stretch'd forth, invading harms prevent.
Let the loop'd bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloke bespatter'd o'er with lace.
That garment best the winter's rage defends,
Whose ample form without one plait depends,
By various names † in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true surtout alone;
Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost.
If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;
Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes with amber tipt produce;
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily ensure a life's disease;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To Court, to White's,‡ assemblies, or the play;
Rosy complexion'd health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane,
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;
The dirty point oft check the careless pace,
And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace.
Oh! may I never such misfortune meet!
May no such vicious walkers crowd the street!
May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
While the bold muse experienc'd danger sings!

* A town in Oxfordshire. † A Joseph, Wrap-rascal, &c.
‡ A chocolate-house in St. James's-street.

Not that I wander from my native home,
And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.
Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's muse,
Where, slavery treads the streets in wooden shoes.
Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme;
Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,
No miry ways industrious steps offend:
The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,
And blackens the canals with dirty showers.
Let others Naples' smoother streets rehearse,
And with proud Roman structures grace their verse,
Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,
And blood in purple torrents dies the stones.
Nor shall the muse through narrow Venice stray,
Where gondolas their painted oars display.
O happy streets! to rumbling wheels unknown,
No carts, no coaches, shake the floating town!
Thus was of old Britannia's city bless'd,
Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd;
Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way;
Then the proud lady tripp'd along the town,
And tuck'd-up petticoats secur'd her gown;
Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
And exercise unartful charms bestow'd:
But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
And a long training mantua sweeps the ground,
Her shoe disdains the street; the lazy fair
With narrow step affects a limping air.
Now giddy pride corrupts the lavish [illegible],
And the streets flame with glaring equipages;
The tricking gamester insolently rides,
With loves and graces on his chariot sides;
In saucy state the griping broker sits,
And laughs at honesty and [illegible]
For you, O honest men, these [illegible]
The muse prepares! I seek no [illegible]
When sleep is first disturb'd [illegible]
From sure prognostics learn to [illegible]
Lest you of thieves and [illegible]
Surpris'd in dreary fogs, or [illegible]

When suffocating mists obscure the morn,
Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn:
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care,
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.
Be thou for every season justly drest,
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast;
And, when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy surtout defend the drenching shower.

The changing weather certain signs reveal.
Ere winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,
You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire,
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire;
Your tender shins the scorching heat decline,
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine;
Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame,
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame;
Hovering, upon her feeble knees she bends,
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain signs the town advise
Of milder weather and serener skies.
The ladies gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn:
The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change:
* Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught,
Endued by instinct, or by reason taught:
The seasons operate in every breast;
'Tis hence the fawns are brisk, and ladies drest.
When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
And dreams of fancy'd fares; when tavern doors
The chairman idly crowd; then ne'er refuse
To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.

But when the swinging signs your ears offend
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend;
Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames.
The bookseller, whose shops an open square,
Foresees the tempest, and with early care

* "Haud equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
"Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major."
VIRG. Georg. i.

Of learning strips the rails; the rowing crew,
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue;
On hosiers' poles depending stockings ty'd
Flag with the slacken'd gale from side to side;
Church monuments foretel the changing air,
Then Niobe dissolves into a tear,
And sweats with sacred grief; you'll hear the sound
Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their bounds:
Ungrateful odours common-shores diffuse,
And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dews,
Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking shower,
And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.
All superstition from thy breast repel,
Let credulous boys and prattling nurses tell,
How, if the festival of Paul be clear,
Plenty from liberal horn shall strew the year;
When the dark skies in show'rs of ashes lour,
The labouring hind shall ply the steer in vain;
But, if the threat'ning winds in tempests roar,
Then war shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.
How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,
And every penthouse streams with rusty showers,
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleece distain,
And wash the pavements with incessant rain.
Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind:
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.
If you the precepts of the muse despise,
And slight the faithful warning of the skies,
Others you'll see, when all the town's afloat,
Wrapt in th' embraces of a kind mackaw,
Or double-bottom'd underset: the fare
Defy the muddy dangers of the air.
While you, with hat unbrush'd, and coat bespatter'd,
Of spouts high-streaming [illegible]
Shun every dashing pass of colly [illegible]
To seek the last-prais'd [illegible]
But business summons, now [illegible]
You jostle for the wall; the spattering [illegible]
Hides all thy hose behind [illegible]
Thy wig, alas! unmanly [illegible]
So fierce Alecto [illegible]
When Orpheus charm'd [illegible]

Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew
Clotted and straight, when first his amorous view
Surpris'd the bathing fair; the frighted maid
Now stands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.

Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise;
Or, underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load,
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad:
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.
But, O! forget not, muse, the patten's praise,
That female implement shall grace thy lays;
Say from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origin deduce its name.

Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny soil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;
One only daughter bless'd his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid;
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.

Soon as the gray ey'd morning streaks the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,
And singing to the distant field repairs;
And, when the plains with evening dews are spread,
The milky burden smokes upon her head,
Deep through a miry lane she pick'd her way,
Above her ancle rose the chalky clay.

Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes:
He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
Ah, Mulciber! recal thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse,

Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
And canst thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?
The Lemnian Power forsakes the realms above,
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love:
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found;
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome ground.
Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm:
Around his shop the steely sparkles flew,
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.
When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.
To hear his soothing tales, she feigns delays;
What woman can resist the force of praise?
At first she coyly every kiss withstood,
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood:
With heedless nails he now surrounds her shoes,
To save her steps from rains and piercing dews.
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore,
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines:
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost.
This, Vulcan saw, and in his heavenly thought
A new machine to work the lovers wrought.
About the entry he the shelter'd steps to raise,
And near her safely through the watery ways.
Soon [illegible] in order his anvil plies,
And [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

BOOK II.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY DAY.

THUS far the muse has trac'd in useful lays
The proper implements for wintery ways;
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the skies:
Now venture, muse, from home to range the town,
And for the public safety risk thy own.
For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best;
No tides of passengers the streets molest;
You'll see a draggl'd damsel here and there,
From Billingsgate her fishy traffic bear;
On doors the sallow milk-maid chalks her gains:
Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;
These grave physicians with their milky cheer
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair;
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
The proper prelude to a state of peace?
Now industry awakes her busy sons;
Full-charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs:
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.
If cloth'd in black you tread the busy town,
Or if distinguish'd by the reverend gown,
Three trades avoid: oft in the mingling press
The barber's apron soils the sable dress;
Shun the perfumer's touch, with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh.
Ye walkers too, that youthful colours wear,
Three sullying trades avoid with equal care:
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng:

When small coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat;
The dustman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies;
But, whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket, on his shoulders borne,
With tallow spots thy coat; resign the way,
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,
Butcher's, whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul stain,
And always foremost in the hangman's train.
Let due civilities be strictly paid:
The wall surrender to the hooded maid;
Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age:
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath, clear thou the crowded road.
But, above all, the groping blind direct;
And from the pressing throng the lame protect.
You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest mien,
Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head;
At every step he dreads the wall to lose,
And risks, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes;
Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.
But when the bully, with assuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,
Yield not the way; defy his strutting pride,
And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;
He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
But mutters curses, and downward goes.
[illegible]
Let the weak; some [illegible]
Be swept [illegible]
Like trifling [illegible]
Such [illegible]
To set [illegible]
As the [illegible]
Th[illegible]
Wh[illegible]
A[illegible]
If
A[illegible]

Here oft' the peasant, with inquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
He dwells on every sign with stupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze,
Tries every winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
Thus hardy Theseus, with intrepid feet,
Travers'd the dangerous labyrinth of Crete;
But still the wandering passes force his stay,
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.
But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
Thy ventrous footsteps to a female guide;
She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng.
When waggish boys the stunted besom ply,
To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by
Ere thou hast held their hands; some heedless flirt
Will overspread thy calves with spattering dirt.
Where porters hogsheads roll from carts aslope,
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
Where counted billets are by carmen tost,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.
What though the gathering mire thy feet besmear,
The voice of industry is always near.
Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
Here let the muse, fatigued amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digressive song;
Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace,
And show the parent of the sable race.
Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of change)
Of old was wont this nether world to range,
To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd
Soon through the wide æthereal court improv'd:
And ev'n the proudest goddess now and then
Would lodge a night among the sons of men;
To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
Each, like her betters, had her earthly passion.
Then * Cloacina (goddess of the tide
Whose sable streams beneath the city glide)

* Cloacina was a goddess, whose image Tatius (King of the Sabines) found in the common shore; and, not knowing what

Indulg'd the modish flame; the town she roy'd,
A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd;
The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
Like female patches, heighten'd every grace:
She gaz'd; she sigh'd; (for love can beauties spy
In what seem faults to every common eye.)
Now had the watchman walk'd his second round,
When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound
Of her brown lover's cart (for well she knows
That pleasing thunder): swift the goddess, rose,
And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
Her bosom panting with expected joys.
With the night-wandering harlot's airs she past,
Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast;
In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
When love, the hour, the place, had banish'd shame;
To the dark alley, arm in arm they move:
O may no link-boy interrupt their love!
When the pale moon had nine times fill'd her space,
The pregnant goddess cautious sat disclos'd
Descends to earth; but sought no midwife's aid,
Nor 'midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd:
No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,
Alone, beneath a bulk she drops the boy.
The child, through various [illegible]
At first a beggar's brat compassion [illegible]
His infant tongue soon learn'd the [illegible]
Knew all the prayers and whin[illegible]
Oh happy unown'd youths! your [illegible]
The scorching dog-star, and the [illegible]
While the rich infant, nurs'd [illegible]
Thirsts with each heat, and [illegible]
The goddess tears [illegible]
And long, long ought [illegible]
Nay, part the coast [illegible]
Forlorn, [illegible]
Through streets [illegible]
And [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] p. 234.

To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe
With nimble skill the glossy black renew.
Each power contributes to relieve the poor:
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his brush; the god of day
A tripod gives, amid the crowded way
To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;
Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
Prest from th' enormous whale; the god of fire,
From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,
Among these generous presents joins his part,
And aids with soot the new japanning art.
Pleas'd she receives the gifts; she downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes;
Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common shores a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep:
Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace,
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face!
At length he sighing cry'd, That boy was blest,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
But happier far are those (if such be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own;
But I, alas! hard fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;
When time comes round, a Christmas box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year.
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,
For lesser boys can drive; I thirsty stand,
And see the double flaggon charge their hand,
See them put off the froth, and gulp amain,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain.

While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide,
In widen'd circles, beats on either side;
The goddess rose amid the inmost round,
With wither'd turnip tops her temples crown'd;

Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;
Around her waist a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind.
Now beckoning to the boy, she thus begun:
Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my son:
Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand;
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand,
Temper the soot within this vase of oil,
And let the little tripod aid thy toil:
On this methinks I see the walking crew,
At thy request, support the miry shoe;
The foot grows black that was with dirt embrown'd,
And in thy pocket gingling halfpence sound.
The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her showers of mud:
The youth straight chose his post; the labour ply'd
Where branching streets from Charing-cross divide;
His treble voice resounds along the Mews,
And Whitehall echoes—"Clean your Honour's shoes!"

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay
Too long detains the walker on his way;
While he attends, new dangers round him throng;
The busy city asks instructive song.

Where, elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled shower)
Among the rabble rain: some random throw
May with the tricking yolk thy cheek bestrew.

Though exhibition bids, yet never stay
Where no rais'd posts the [illegible]
Here lab'ring carts with thundering [illegible] meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, [illegible]
The lashing whip resounds, the [illegible]
And oft in unctuous [illegible]
O luxurious men! [illegible]
Why [illegible]
Does [illegible]
You [illegible]
It [illegible]
And, sniffing [illegible]

Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd in a hackney horse the town to range;
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,
Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.
Who would of Watling-street the dangers share,
When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near?
Or who that rugged street * would traverse o'er,
That stretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black shore
To the Tower's moated walls? Here steams ascend
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.
Where chandlers' cauldrons boil; where fishy prey
Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea;
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil,
And where huge hogsheads sweat with trainy oil;
Thy breathing nostril hold; but how shall I
Pass, where in piles Carnavian † cheeses lie;
Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies,
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise?
O bear me to the paths of fair Pall-mall!
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;
No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,
The soft supports of laziness and pride:
Shops breathe perfumes, through sashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies and the beau.
Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide,
Oft the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly,
Mortar and crumbled lime in showers descend,
And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend.
But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
And silent wander in the close abodes,
Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive stray,
In studious thought, the long uncrowded way.
Here I remark each walker's different face,
And in their look their various business trace.

* Thames-street. † Cheshire, anciently so called

The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;
Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
He seeks by-streets, and saves th' expensive coach.
Soft, at low doors, old letchers tap their cane,
For fair recluse, who travels Drury-Lane;
Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.

Careful observers, studious of the town,
Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
Untempted, they contemn the juggler's feats,
Pass by the Mews, nor try the * thimble's cheats.
When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
Where bubbling yeast is blown by gusts of wind:
And when up Ludgate hill huge carts move slow,
Far from the straining steeds securely go,
Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.
The Parthian thus his jave'in backward throws,
And as he flies infests pursuing foes.

The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.
Do thou some court or secret corner seek,
Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek.

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong.
Why should I teach the maid, when torrents pour,
Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?
Nature will best her ready hand inform,
With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
Does not each walker know the warning sign,
When wisps of straw depend upon the [illegible]
Cross the close street; that then the pavé's scant
Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and chair?
Who knows not that the coachman cashiering by
Off with his tawdry coats th[illegible] heedless eyes;
And when he thinks his cash, to wait [illegible]
His horses foreheads [illegible] the watch-[illegible]

* A cheat commonly practised in the streets with thimbles, balls, and a little pea.

Nor will I roam where summer's sultry rays
Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways;
With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.
Winter my theme confines; whose nitry wind
Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind;
She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
And in her hoary mantle clothe the streets.
Let not the virgin tread these slippery roads,
The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads;
But if thy footstep slide with clotted frost,
Strike off the breaking balls against the post.
On silent wheel the passing coaches roll;
Oft look behind, and ward the threatening pole.
In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,
To mark the coachman with a dext'rous throw.
Why do ye, boys, the kennels surface spread,
To tempt with faithless pass the matron's tread?
How can you laugh to see the damsel spurn,
Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn?
At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands,
And swings around his waist his tingling hands;
The sempstress speeds to change with red-tipt nose;
The Belgian stove beneath her footstool grows;
In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie,
And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly.
These sports warm harmless; why then will ye prove,
Deluded maids, the dangerous flame of love?
Where Covent-garden's famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands;
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square:
Here oft my course I bend; when lo! from far
I spy the furies of the foot-ball war:
The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue.
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
The gathering globe augments with every round.
But whither shall I run! the throng draws nigh,
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
The dext'rous glazier strong returns the bound,
And gingling sashes on the pent-house sound.

O, roving muse! recal that wondrous year,
When winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air;
When hoary Thames, with frosted oziers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar;
See harness'd steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unstable, not their own;
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,
And rase with whiten'd tracks the slippery tide;
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire;
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.
So when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain,
Thick rising tents a canvass city build,
And the loud dice resounds through all the field.

'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate:
Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
When silent evening closes up the flowers;
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise;
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice.

Doll every day had walk'd these treacherous roads;
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit: she now a basket bore;
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain,
And boys with pleasure heard her thrilling strain.
Ah, Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry itself submit to death!
The cracking crystal yields; she sinks, she dies,
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies;
Pippins she cry'd; but death her voice confounds
And *pip- pip- pip-* along the ice it sounds.

So when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk on Ismid shore,
His sever'd head thrown down the silver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cry'd;
Eurydice with quivering voice he mourn'd,
And Hebrus' banks Eurydice return'd.

But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
And blackening clouds move on with warmer winds;
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves,
And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;
From every pent-house streams the fleeting snow,
And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.

Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways,
Need not the calendar to count their days.
When through the town with slow and solemn air,
Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear;
Behind him moves, majestically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull.
Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.
When fishy stalls with double store are laid;
The golden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid,
Red speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl,
The jointed lobster, and unscaly soal,
And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes
Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts;
Wednesdays and Fridays you'll observe from hence,
Days when our sires were doom'd to abstinence.

When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dext'rous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs;
Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.

Successive cries the sea-ons' change declare,
And mark the monthly progress of the year.
Hark! how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the spring:
Sweet-smelling flowers, and alder's early bud,
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood;
And, when June's thunder cools the sultry skies,
E'en Sundays are profan'd by mack'rel cries.

Walnuts the fruiterer's hand in autumn stain,
Blue plums and juicy pears are ment his gain;
Next oranges the longing boys entice,
To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.

When rosemary, and bays, the poets crown
Are bawl'd, in frequent cries, through all the town,
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
Christmas, the joyous period of the year.

Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
With laurel green, and sacred misletoe.
Now, heaven-born Charity! thy blessings shed;
Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head;
Bid shivering limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul!
See, see! the heaven-born maid her blessings shed;
Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly head;
Cloth'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While selfish Avarice alone is sad.

Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;
While Charity still moves the walker's mind,
His liberal purse relieves the lame and blind.
Judiciously thy halfpence are bestow'd,
Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.
Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let old age long stretch his palsy'd hand.
Those who give late are importun'd each day,
And still are teas'd because they still delay.
If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
He thinly spreads them through the public square,
Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful cry;
With Heaven, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his score,
Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more.

Where the brass knocker, wrap'd in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand,
Th' upholder, meful harbinger of death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath;
As vultures o'er a camp, with hov'ring flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
Here canst thou pass, unmov'd, dull Pope, or prose,
That Heaven in mercy may thy life compose?

Come, Fortescue, sincere, experienc'd friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and evidences pond'rous send.
Come let us leave the Temple's silent walls,
Me business to my distant lodgings calls.
Through the long Strand thou shalt perforce retire,
With thee conversing, I the crowds admire
Behold the narrow street which gave birth
Whose buildings, to the skies in structure rise

Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame,
The street alone retains the empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design, with judgment, charm'd,
Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
Where statues breath'd the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house, stands.
There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers', now no more.
Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains;
Beauty within, without proportion reigns.
Beneath his eye declining art revives,
The wall with animated picture lives;
There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein;
There oft' I enter (but with cleaner shoes),
For Burlington's belov'd by every muse.

O ye associate walkers, O my friends,
Upon your state what happiness attends!
What though no coach to frequent visit rolls,
Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles;
Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy,
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye;
No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath;
Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
Of burning gout, or sedentary stone.
Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the street,
And trust their safety to another's feet:
Still let me walk; for oft' the sudden gale
Rends the tide, and shifts the dangerous sail;
Then shall the passenger too late deplore
The whirling tiller, and the faithless oar;
The drunken charman in the kennel sparns,
The glasses shatter'd, and his charge o'erturns.
Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs dislocate, and the broken arms?

I've seen a beau, in some ill fated hour,
When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the shower.

In gilded chariot loll; he with disdain
Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain.
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near;
Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer:
The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage;
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow:
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
So, when dread Jove the son of Phœbus hurl'd,
Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,
The headstrong coursers tore the silver reins,
And the sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.

If the pale walker pant with weakening ills,
His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills;
From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's fame,
From hence he learns the cheapest tailor's name.

Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?
Such Newgate's copious market best affords.
Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?
Seek Leaden hall; St. James's sends thee veal:
Thames-street gives cheeses; Covent-garden fruits;
Moorfields old books; and Monmouth-street old suits.
Hence mayst thou well supply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and clothe thy wife.

Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye:
The heedless shelves with ponderous scrawls groan,
And dusty divines, to modern shops unknown;
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odours of the spring,
Wanders[*] at leisure, learning's flowers to pull,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil:
May neatly snatch from Pratt'ca[illegible] pages,
And wide-wid Bacon, or Stra[illegible]
Here stuttering 'prentices con Otway's woe,
Over Congreve sniffle, or o'er D'Urfey blow:
Plays [illegible] strumpetress the [illegible]
And [illegible] squirts read Garth till apoz[illegible]

* An apothecary's boy, in "The Dispensary."

O Lintot! let my labours obvious lie,
Rang'd on thy stall, for every curious eye!
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
And to my verse their future safeties owe.
What walker shall his mean ambition fix
On the false lustre of a coach and six?
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,
Sigh for the liveries of th' embroider'd beau.
See yon bright chariot on its braces swing,
With Flanders mares, and on an arched spring.
That wretch, to gain an equipage and place,
Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.
This coach that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps;
There flames a fool, begirt with tinsel slaves,
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves;
That other, with a clustering train behind,
Owes his new honours to a sordid mind!
This next in court-fidelity excels,
The public rifles, and his country sells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate!
Or rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good surtout!

BOOK III.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY NIGHT.

O Trivia, goddess! leave these low abodes,
And traverse o'er the wide ethereal roads;
Celestial queen! put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.
At sight of thee, the villain sheathes his sword,
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.
O may the silver lamp from heaven's high bower
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour!

When night first bids the twinkling stars appear.
Or with her cloudy vest inwraps the air,
Then swarms the busy street; with caution tread,
Where the shop-windows * falling threat thy head;
Now labourers home return, and join their strength
To bear the tottering plank, or ladder's length;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng,
And, as the passes open, wind along.
Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouze thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds!
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.
Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
And the mix'd hurry barricades the street.
Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harness; here a ponderous beam
Lies over-turn'd athwart; for slaughter fed,
Here lowing bullocks raise the horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war;
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining lash their shins resound:
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they try
And the blood gushes down their painful eye.
And now on foot the frowning warriors fight,
And with their ponderous fists renew the fight;
Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with blood
Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So when two boars, in wild Ytene † bred,
Or on Westphalia's fattening chesnuts fed,

* A species of window now almost left off.
† New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.

Gnash their sharp tusks, and, rous'd with equal fire,
Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire,
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore.
Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng:
Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
The subtle artist will thy side disarm.
Nor is the flaxen wig with safety worn;
High on the shoulder, in a basket borne,
Lurks the sly boy, whose hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the sculking thief, with practis'd sleight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light.
Where's now the watch, with all its trinkets, flown?
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
But lo! his bolder thefts some trades-man spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies;
Dext'rous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,
While every honest tongue "stop thief" resounds.
So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;
Hounds following hounds grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries.
Breathless, he stumbling falls. Ill-fated boy!
Why did not honest work thy youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout,
And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout,
Or, plung'd in miry ponds, he gaping lies,
Mud choaks his mouth, and plaisters o'er his eyes.
Let not the ballad-singer's shrilling strain
Amid the swarm thy listening ear detain:
Guard well thy pocket; for these syrens stand
To aid the labours of the diving hand;
Confederate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambric handkerchiefs reward the song.
But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in shoals they backward run.
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
And Greece and Troy retreat on either side.
If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
And lap to break thee from a friend's embrace,

So go short; nor struggle through the crowd in vain,
But watch with careful eye the passing train.
Yet I (perhaps too fond), if chance the tide
Tumultuous bear my partner from my side,
Impatient venture back; despising harm,
I force my passage where the thickest swarm.
Thus his lost bride the Trojan sought in vain
Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of slain.
Thus Nisus wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
To find the brave companion of his love.
The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus, alas! is now no more.

That walker, who, regardless of his pace,
Turns oft' to pore upon the damsel's face,
From side to side by thrusting elbows tost,
Shall strike his aching breast against a post;
Or water, dash'd from fishy stalls, shall stain
His hapless coat with spirts of scaly rain.
But, if unwarily he chance to stray
Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,
The thwarting passenger shall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground.

Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,
And wary circumspection guard thy side;
Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dangerous night,
Nor need th' officious linkboy's smoky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road,
Where ale-house benches rest the porter's load,
Grievous to heedless shins; no barrows wheel,
That bruises oft' the truant school-boy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace.
Let not thy venturous steps approach too nigh,
Where, gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie.
Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
And overturn the scolding huckster's stall.
The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.
Though you through chandlers' allies wind by day,
To shun the hurries of the public way,
Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night betake,
Mind only safety, and contemn the make.

Then no impervious courts thy haste detain.
Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.
Where Lincoln's inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
Cross not with venturous step; there oft' is found
The lurking thief, who while the day-light shone
Made the walls echo with his begging tone:
That crutch, which late compassion mov'd, shall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.
Happy Augusta! law defended town!
Here no dark lanterns shade the villain's frown;
No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
Nor Roman vengeance stabs th' unwary breast;
Here tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But liberty and justice guard the land;
No bravos here profess the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murderer's refuge made.
Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side:
The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of Pall mall,
When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame?
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman rests with safety tread;
Whene'er I pass, their poles, unseen below,
Make my knee tremble with a jarring blow.
If wheels bar up the road, where streets are crost,
With gentle words the coachman's ear accost:
He ne'er the threat or harsh command obeys,
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
To cross the way where carts and coaches roll;
Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
Nor rashly risk the kennel's spacious stride;

Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air;
Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone,
And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,
Or wheels inclose the road; on either hand
Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,
And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears,
And carmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers.
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
On every side the pressing spokes are nigh.
So sailors, while Charybdis' gulf they shun,
Amaz'd on Scylla's craggy dangers run.

Be sure observe where brown Ostrea stands,
Who boasts her shelly ware from Walfleet sands;
There may'st thou pass with safe unmiry feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street,
If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows,
You chance to roam; where oyster-tubs in rows
Are rang'd beside the posts; there stay thy haste,
And with the savoury fish indulge thy taste:
The damsels knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.

The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risk'd the living morsel down his throat.
What will not luxury taste! Earth, sea, and air,
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare!
Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christian's food;
And France robs marshes of the croaking brood!
Spongy morels in strong ragouts are found,
And in the soup the slimy snail is drown'd.

When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall;
For should'st thou quit the ground, the rushing throng
Will with impetuous fury drive along;
All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,
And rudely shove thee far without the post.
Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain.
Yet rather bear the shower, and brook the wet,
Than in the doubtful quarrel risk thy head.

O think on Œdipus' detested state,
And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.
Where three roads join'd, he met his sire unknown;
Unhappy sire, but more unhappy son!
Each claim'd the way, their swords the strife decide,
The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd, and died!
Hence sprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy reign,
Thy cursed incest! and thy children slain!
Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray,
Through Theban streets, and cheerless grope thy way.
Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years;
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!
Whether some heir attends in sable state,
And mourns with outward grief a parent's fate;
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb:
Why is the hearse with scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?
No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain.
How short is life! how frail is human trust!
Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust?
Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall:
Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
And spot indelible thy pocket soil.
Has not wise nature strung the legs and feet
With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street?
Has she not given us hands to grope aright,
Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?
And think'st thou not the double nostril meant,
To warn from oily woes by previous scent?
Who can the various city frauds * recite,
With all the petty rapines of the night?
Who now the guinea dropper's bait regards,
Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards?
Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
Where the ham quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threatening frown?

* Various cheats formerly in practice.

I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care,
When from the crowded play thou lead'st the fair;
Who has not here or watch or snuff-box lost,
Or handkerchiefs that India's shuttle boast?
O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes!
The hariots' guileful paths, who nightly stand
Where Catherine-street descends into the Strand;
Say, vagrant muse, their wiles and subtle arts,
To lure the strangers' unsuspecting hearts:
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread,
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with sauntering pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new scour'd manteau, and the slattern-air;
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow'd cheeks with artful blushes glow;
With flattering sounds she sooths the credulous ear,
"My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!"
In riding-hood, near tavern doors she plies,
Or muffled pinners hide her livid eyes.
With empty bandbox she delights to range,
And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change;
Nay, she will oft the Quaker's hood profane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane.
She darts from sarsenet ambush wily leers,
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek; these snares disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who, for thirst of gain,
To the great city drove, from Devon's plain,
His numerous lowing herd; his herds he sold,
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold.
Drawn by a fraudful nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd
Unmindful of his home, and distant bride.
She leads the willing victim to his loom,
Through winding alleys to her cobweb room.
Thence through the street he reels from post to post
Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.
The vagrant wretch the lass's smile betrays,
He waves his hanger, and their pol[illegible]

Deep in the round-house pent, all night he snores,
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.
Ah, hapless swain! unus'd to pains and ills!
Canst thou forego roast-beef for nauseous pills?
How wilt thou lift to heaven thy eyes and hands,
When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands!
Or else (ye gods avert that worst disgrace!)
Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face!
Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kiss disdain,
And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.
Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light,
Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;
For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm.
But if they shake their lanterns, from afar
To call their brethren to conferate war,
When rakes resist their power; if hapless you
Should chance to wander with the scowering crew;
Though fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair,
But seek the constable's considerate ear;
He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
Mov'd by the rhetoric of a silver fee.
Thus, would you gain some favourite courtier's word,
Fee not the pretty clerks, but bribe my lord.
Now is the time that rakes their revels keep;
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
His scatter'd pence the flying nicker * flings,
And with the copper shower the casement rings.
Who has not heard the Scowerer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
I pass their desperate deeds, and mischiefs done,
Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run;
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogshead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side:
So Regulus to save his country dy'd.
Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;

* Gentlemen who delighted to break windows with halfpence.

Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common-shores descend;
Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,
Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies,
Ere night has half roll'd round her ebon throne;
In the wide gulph the shatter'd coach o'erthrown
Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
And from the cracking axle flies the spoke.
So, when fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray,
That led the sailor through the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne;
Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand.
Who then through night would hire the harness'd steed?
And who would choose the rattling wheel for speed?
But hark! distress with screaming voice draws nigher,
And wakes the slumbering street with cries of fire.
At first a glowing red inwraps the skies,
And borne by winds the scattering sparks arise:
From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;
The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads;
Through the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,
And splitting tiles descend in rattling showers;
Now with thick crowds th' enlighten'd pavement swarms,
The fireman sweats beneath his crooked arms,
A leathern casque his venturous head defends,
Boldly he climbs where thickest smoke ascends;
Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and piteous cries,
The helpless infant through the flame he bears,
With no less virtue, than through hostile fires
The Dardan hero bore his aged sires.
See forceful engines spout their level'd streams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams.
The crackling looks pluck'd off, the scorch'd roof bends,
And in thick curls the smoke in torrents flies.
Pleas'd the strong winds, that fierce to tempests grow,
Bear the new works, and puff the spoil below:
Th' high roofs crush down, the blaze, the fiercer light
Is cover'd with a cloud, and sunk in night.

'Twas such a light involv'd thy towers, O Rome!
The fire presage of mighty Cæsar's doom,
When the sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread.
Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crowds retire;
Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,
The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train
With running blaze awakes the barrel'd grain;
Flames sudden wrap the walls; with sullen sound
The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoky ground.
So, when the years shall have revolv'd the date,
Th' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
Her sap'd foundations shall with thunders shake,
And heave and toss upon the sulphurous lake;
Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,
And in th' abyss her plunging towers descend.
Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known,
The toils, the perils of the wint'ry town;
What riots seen, what bustling crowds I bore,
How oft I cross'd where carts and coaches roar;
Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
Their future safety from my dangers find.
Thus the bold traveller, inur'd to toil,
Whose steps have printed Asia's desert soil,
The barbarous Arabs haunt; or shivering frost
Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal frost;
Whose providence in length of years restores
To the wish'd barbour of his native shores,
Sets forth his journals to the public view,
To caution, by his woes, the wand'ring crew.
And now complete my generous labours lie,
Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
Death shall o'ercomb in dust this moldering frame,
But never reach th' eternal part, my fame.
When W——— and G———, mighty names! * are dead,
Or but at Chelsea under custards read:
When critics crazy bandboxes repair,
And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air:
High rais'd on Fleet-street posts, consign'd to fame,
This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.

* Probably Ward and Gildon.

AN EPISTLE.

BOUNCE TO FOP.

From a Dog at Twickenham, to a Dog at Court.

To thee, sweet Fop, these lines I send.
Who, though no spaniel, am a friend.
Though once my tail in wanton play,
Now frisking this, and then that way,
Chanc'd, with a touch of just the tip,
To hurt your lady-lap-dog-ship;
Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off,
Sure Bounce is one you never read of.
Fop! you can dance, and make a leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg;
And, what's the top of all your tricks,
Can stoop to pick up strings and sticks.
We country dogs love nobler sport,
And scorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fy, naughty Fop! * * *
To lay your head in every lap,
And when they think not of you—snap:
The worst that envy, or that spite,
E'er said of me is, I can bite;
That sturdy vagrants, rogues in rags,
Who pelt at me, can make no brags;
And that to rouze such things at night
To honest Bounce is loss and slight.
While women, beaux, and every fop
Fawn on the devil for a chop:
I've the humanity to bite
A butcher, that he lives by meat
And, if it must be so, have eaten
Who never stabbing tops my peers.

That, under cloth of gold or tissue,
Can smell a plaster, or an issue.
Your pilfering lord, with simple pride,
May wear a pick-lock at his side:
My master wants no key of state,
For Bounce can keep his house and gate.
When all such dogs have had their days,
As knavish Pams, and fawning Trays:
When pamper'd Cupids, beastly Veni's,
And motly, squinting Harlequini's,
Fair Thames from either echoing shore
Shall hear and dread my manly roar.
See Bounce, like Berecynthia crown'd,
With thundering offspring all around,
Beneath, beside me, and at top,
A hundred sons! and not one Fop.
Before my children set your beef,
Not one true Bounce will be a thief;
Not one without permission feed
(Though some of J——'s hungry breed);
But whatsoe'er the father's race,
From me they suck a little grace:
While your fine whelps learn all to steal,
Bred up by hand on chick and veal.
My eldest-born resides not far
Where shines great Stafford's glittering star;
My second (child of fortune!) waits
At Burlington's Pal'adian gates;
A third majestically stalks,
Happiest of dogs, in Cobham's walks!
One ushers friends to Bathurst's door,
One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.
Nobles, whom arms or arts adorn,
Wait for my infants yet unborn.
None but a peer of wit and grace
Can hope a puppy of my race:
And, oh! would fate the bliss decree
To mine, a bliss too great for me,
That two my tallest sons might grace,
Attending each with stately pace,

Iülus' side, as erst Evander's,*
To keep off flatterers, spies, and panders;
To let no noble slave come near,
And scare Lord Fannies from his ear:
Then might a royal youth, and true,
Enjoy at least a friend, or two;
A treasure, which, of royal kind,
Few but himself deserve to find;
Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.
And though no doctors, Whig or Tory ones,
Except the sect of Pythagoreans,
Have immortality assign'd
To any beast but Dryden's hind;†
Yet Master Pope, whom truth and sense
Shall call their friend some ages hence,
Though now on loftier themes he sings,
Than to bestow a word on kings,
Has sworn by Styx, the poet's oath,
And dread of dogs and poets both,
Man and his works he'll soon renounce,
And roar in numbers worthy Bounce.

THE BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

IN IMITATION OF THE POLLIO OF VIRGIL.

YE sylvan muses, loftier strains recite!
Not every ear delights a bramble coat.
Hark! the bell's ringing along the astonish'd roads.
The dawning skies convey the sweet infection.
The attentive swain, forget his wonted meals,
With gaping wonder, leans upon his rake.

* Virg. Æneid.

† "A milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged."—Hind and Panther, ver. 1.

What sudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye stags, and all ye beasts of chase;
This hour destruction brings on all your race:
See the pleas'd tenants duteous offerings bear,
Turkeys and geese, and grocer's sweetest ware;
With the new health the ponderous tankard flows,
And old October reddens every nose.
Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
Kiss his moist lip, and gently lick his hand.
He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
And learns to lisp the names of all the hounds,
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley shall in paternal acres grow;
The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flowers,
To give metheglin for his morning-hours;
For him the clustering hop shall climb the poles,
And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.

His sire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears;
How, when youth strung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.
He leads the staring infant through the hall,
Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall;
Tells, how this stag through three whole countries fled.
What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Describes the desperate chase, and all his cheats;
How in one day, beneath his furious speed,
He tir'd seven coursers of the fleetest breed;
How high the pale he bounded, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the * witch!
These stories, which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own.

Ah, too fond mother, till the time draws nigh,
That calls the hero from thy tender eye;
How shall he learn the rudiments of arms,
And the long toils of great examples, schools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod;

* The most common accident to sportsmen is to hunt a witch in the shape of a hare.

No, let him never feel that smart disgrace:
Why should he wiser prove than all his race?
When ripening youth with down o'ershades his chin,
And every female eye incites to sin;
The milk-maid, thoughtless of her future shame,
With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame;
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
Shall oft be conscious of their stolen love.
But think, Priscilla, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and watery qualms shall own thy crime.
How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple's prest,
To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast!
Nine moons shall publicly divulge thy shame,
And the young squire forestall a father's name.
When twice twelve times the reapers sweeping hand
With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land;
On fam'd St. Hubert's feast, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound, and wake the morn:
This memorable day his eager speed
Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet, prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
Low in the dust his grovelling honour lies,
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone.
O ventrous youth, thy thirst of game allay:
May'st thou survive the perils of this day!
He shall survive; and live in late years be sent
To [illegible] in parliament.
[illegible] when his name shall seem
With no [illegible] shall the laws of game;
A Justice with five Justices shall sit;
He [illegible] born, they [illegible] his wit
No [illegible] shall [illegible] the [illegible] peace,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Why dost thou glory in the strength of beer,
Firm cork'd and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
Brew'd, or when Phœbus warms the fleecy sign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio shine?
Think on the mischiefs which from hence have sprung!
It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the memory with injurious words.
O where is wisdom when by this o'erpower'd?
The state is censur'd, and the maid deflower'd!
And wilt thou still, O Squire, brew ale so strong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic song.
Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer,
'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead drunk, his servile crew supinely snore;
Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

THE TOILETTE,

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

Lydia.

Now twenty springs had cloth'd the park with green,
Since Lydia knew the blossom of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours molest,
And catch her at her toilette half undrest;
The thundering knocker wakes the street no more,
No chairs, no coaches, crowd her silent door;
Her midnights once at cards and hazard fled,
Which now, alas! she dreams away in bed.
Around her wait shocks, monkeys, and macaws,
To fill the place of fops and perjur'd beaux;
In these she views the mimickry of man,
And smiles when grinning Pug gallants her fan;

When Poll repeats, the sounds deceive her ear
(For sounds like his once told her Damon's care);
With these alone her tedious mornings pass;
Or, at the dumb devotion of her glass,
She smooths her brow, and frizzles forth her hairs,
And fancies youthful dress gives youthful airs;
With crimson wool she fixes every grace,
That not a blush can discompose her face.
Reclin'd upon her arm, she pensive sate,
And curs'd th' inconstancy of youth too late.
O youth! O spring of life! for ever lost!
No more my name shall reign the favourite toast;
On glass no more the diamond grave my name,
Nor rhymes mis-spelt record a lover's flame:
Nor shall side-boxes watch my restless eyes,
And, as they catch the glance, in rows arise
With humble bows; nor white-glov'd beaux encroach
In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach.
Ah, hapless nymph! such conquests are no more;
For Chloe's now what Lydia was before!
'Tis true, this Chloe boasts the peach's bloom,
But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume?
I own, her taper shape is form'd to please.
Yet if you saw her unconfin'd by stays!
She doubly to fifteen may make pretence;
Alike we read it in her face and sense.
Her reputation! but that never yet
Could check the freedoms of a young coquette.
Why will ye then, vain fops, her eyes believe?
Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive.
What shall I do? how spend the hateful day?
At chapel shall I wear the morn away?
Who there frequents at these unmodish hours,
But ancient matrons with their frizzled towers,
And gray religious maids? My presence there
Amid that sober train would own despair;
Nor am I yet so old; nor is my face
As yet fixt wholly to devotion's grace.
Straight then I'll dress, and tak[illegible]
Through every Indian shop, through all the Change,
Where the tall jar erects his costly pride,
With antic shapes in chinas azure dy'd;

There careless lies the rich brocade unroll'd;
Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold:
But then remembrance will my grief renew,
'Twas there the raffling dice false Damon threw;
The raffling dice to him decide the prize;
'Twas there he first convers'd with Chloe's eyes.
Hence sprung th' ill-fated cause of all my smart;
To me the toy he gave, to her his heart.
But soon thy perjury in the gift was found,
The shiver'd china dropt upon the ground;
Sure omen that thy vows would faithless prove;
Frail was thy present, frailer is thy love.
O happy Poll, in wiry prison pent;
Thou ne'er hast known what love or rivals meant,
And Pug with pleasure can his fetters bear,
Who ne'er believed the vows that lovers swear!
How am I curst (unhappy and forlorn)
With perjury, with love, and rival's scorn!
False are the loose coquette's inveigling airs,
False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs,
False is the cringing courtier's plighted word,
False are the dice when gamesters stamp the board,
False is the sprightly widow's public tear;
Yet these to Damon's oaths are all sincere.
Fly from perfidious man, the sex disdain;
Let servile Chloe wear the nuptual chain.
Damon is practis'd in the modish life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife.
He games; he swears; he drinks; he fights; he roves;
Yet Chloe can believe he fondly loves.
Mistress and wife can well supply his need;
A miss for pleasure, and a wife for bread.
But Chloe's air is uncontriv'd and gay,
And can perhaps an injur'd bed repay;
Perhaps her patient temper can behold
The rival of her love adorn'd with gold.
Powder'd with diamonds; free from thought and care,
A husband's sullen humours she can bear.
Why are these sobs? and why these streaming eyes?
Is love the cause? No, I the sex despise;
I hate, I loath his base perfidious name.
Yet if he should but feign a rival flame?

But Chloe boasts and triumphs in my pains;
To her he's faithful, 'tis to me he feigns.
Thus love-sick Lydia rav'd. Her maid appears,
A band-box in her steady hand she bears.
How well this ribband's gloss becomes your face,
She cries, in raptures; then so sweet a lace!
How charmingly you look! so bright! so fair!
'Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air.
Straight Lydia smil'd; the comb adjusts her locks
And at the playhouse Harry keeps her box.

THE TEA-TABLE,

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

Doris and Melanthe.

Saint James's noon-day bell for prayers had toll'd,
And coaches to the patron's levee roll'd,
When Doris rose. And now through all the room
From flowery tea exhales a fragrant fume.
Cup after cup they sipt, and talk'd by fits,
For Doris here, and there Melanthe sits.
Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame,
Nice of her own alike and others' fame:
Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
And so once gave them stuff a circumstance;
Lock'd in her memory, secrets never dy'd.
Doris began: Melanthe thus reply'd.

Doris.

Sylvia the vain fantastic fop admires;
The rake's loose gallantry her bosom fires.
Sylvia like that is vain, like that she loves.
In liking them, she but herself approves.

Melanthe.

Laura rails on at men, the sex reviles,
Their vice condemns, or at the folly smiles

Why should her tongue in just resentment fail,
Since men at her with equal freedom rail?

Doris.

Last masquerade was Sylvia nymph-like seen,
Her hand a crook sustain'd, her dress was green;
An amorous shepherd led her through the crowd,
The nymph was innocent, the shepherd vow'd;
But nymphs their innocence with shepherds trust;
So both withdrew, as nymph and shepherd must.

Melanthe.

Name but the licence of the modern stage,
Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage;
The whining tragic love she scarce can bear,
But nauseous comedy ne'er shock'd her ear;
Yet, in the gallery mobb'd, she sits secure,
And laughs at jests that turn the box demure.

Doris.

Trust not, ye ladies, to your beauty's power,
For beauty withers like a shrivel'd flower;
Yet those fair flowers, that Sylvia's temples bind,
Fade not with sudden blights or winter's wind;
Like those, her face defies the rolling years;
For art her roses and her charms repairs.

Melanthe.

Laura despises every outward grace,
The wanton sparkling eye, the blooming face;
The beauties of the soul are all her pride,
For other beauties nature has deny'd:
If affectation show a beauteous mind,
Lives there a man to Laura's merits blind?

Doris.

Sylvia be sure defies the town's reproach,
Whose dishabille is soil'd in hackney coach;
What though the sash was clos'd, must we conclude,
That she was yielding, when her fop was rude?

Melanthe.

Laura learnt caution at too dear a cost,
What fair could e'er retrieve her honour lost?
Secret she loves; and who the nymph can blame,
Who durst not own a footman's vulgar flame?

Doris.

Though Laura's homely taste descends so low;
Her footman well may vie with Sylvia's beau.

Melanthe.

Yet why should Laura think it a disgrace,
When proud Miranda's groom wears Flanders lace?

Doris.

What though for music Cynthio boasts an ear?
Robin perhaps can hum an opera air.
Cynthio can bow, takes snuff and dances well;
Robin talks common-sense, can write and spell.
Sylvia's vain fancy dress and show admires;
But 'tis the man alone whom Laura fires.

Melanthe.

Plato's wise morals Laura's soul improve:
And this no doubt, must be Platonic love!
Her soul to generous acts was still inclin'd.
What shows more virtue than an humble mind?

Doris.

What though young Sylvia love the park's cool [illegible]
And wander in the dusk the secret shade?
Mask'd and alone (by chance) she met her spark;
That innocence is weak, which shuns the dark.

Melanthe.

But Laura for her flame has no pretence;
Her footman is a fool and in no sense.
All prudes I hate; and those are rudely curst
With scandal's double load, who censure most.

Doris.

And what if Cynthio Sylvia's garter [illegible]
Who such a foot and such a leg [illegible]
When crook-kneed Phyllis [illegible]
Her gold clock'd stocking, and [illegible]

Melanthe.

If pure devotion centre in the face,
If censuring others show intrinsic grace,
If guilt to public freedoms be combin'd,
Prudes (all must own) are of the holy kind!

Doris.

Sylvia disdains reserve, and flies constraint;
She neither is, nor would be thought, a saint.

Melanthe.

Love is a trivial passion, Laura cries:
May I be blest with friendship's stricter ties!
To such a breast all secrets we commend;
Sure the whole drawing-room is Laura's friend.

Doris.

At marriage Sylvia rails; who men would trust?
Yet husband's jealousies are sometimes just.
Her favours Sylvia shares among mankind:
Such generous love should never be confin'd.

As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue,
With thund'ring raps the brazon knocker rung.
Laura and Sylvia came; the nymphs arise;
"This unexpected visit," Doris cries,
"Is doubly kind!" Melanthe Laura led:
"Since I was last so blest, my dear," she said,
"Sure 'tis an age." They sate: the hour was set;
And all again that night at ombre met.

THE FUNERAL.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

Sabina. Lucy.

'Twice had the moon perform'd her earthly race,
Since first the veil o'ercast Sabina's face.
Then dy'd the tender partner of her bed.
And lives Sabina when Fidelio's dead?

Fidelio's dead, and yet Sabina lives.
But see the tribute of her tears she gives;
Their absent lord her rooms in sable mourn,
And all the day the glimmering tapers burn;
Stretch'd on the couch of state she pensive lies,
While oft' the snowy cambric wipes her eyes.
Now enter'd Lucy: trusty Lucy knew
To roll a sleeve, or bear a billet-doux;
Her ready tongue, in secret service try'd,
With equal mastery spoke truth or lyd;
She well could flush or humble a gallant,
And serve at once as maid and confidant!
A letter from her faithful stays she took,
Sabina snatch'd it with an angry look,
And thus in hasty words her grief confest;
While Lucy strove to soothe her troubled breast.

Sabina.

What, still Myrtillo's hand! his flame I scorn;
Give back his passion with the seal unborn.
To break our soft repose, has man a right?
And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write?
Not all the sex my firm resolves shall move;
My life's a life of sorrow, not of love.
My Lydia's wrinkles all my forehead trace,
And Celia's paleness sicken o'er my face:
My fops of mine, as Flavia's favours, blest,
And coquettes triumph in the heart I lost;
May cruel employ my wish'd-for soul never taste
May those most eyes look [illegible] love;
Base chain, perish Shock, dire poverty curst:
When I Fidelio's dearer love [illegible]
Fie! Fie's judgment scornful [illegible]
His air was easy, and his [illegible]
His words sincere, respect his [illegible]
And on his lips sweet converse [illegible]
Where's wit, where's beauty, where is [illegible]
Alas! they're now no more, I [illegible]

Lucy.

Yet, when he liv'd, he want[illegible]
That easy air was the [illegible]

Have not your sighs in whispers often said,
His dress was slovenly, his speech ill-bred?
Have not I heard you, with a secret tear,
Call that sweet converse sullen and severe?
Think not I come to take Myrtillo's part:
Let Chloe, Daphne, Doris share his heart;
Let Chloe's love in every ear express
His graceful person and genteel address;
All well may judge what shaft has Daphne hit,
Who suffers silence, to admire his wit.
His equipage and liveries Doris move;
But Chloe, Daphne, Doris, fondly love.
Sooner shall cits in fashions guide the court,
And beaux upon the busy Change resort;
Sooner the nation shall from snuff be freed,
And fops apartments smoke with India's weed;
Sooner I'd wish and sigh through nunnery grates;
Than recommend the flame Sabina hates.

Sabina.

Because some widows are in haste subdued;
Shall every fop upon our tears intrude?
Can I forget my lov'd Fidelio's tongue,
Soft as the warbling of Italian song?
Did not his rosy lips breathe forth perfume,
Fragrant as steams from tea's imperial bloom?

Lucy.

Yet once you thought that tongue a greater curse
Than squalls of children for an absent nurse.
Have you not fancy'd, in his frequent kiss,
Th' ungrateful leavings of a filthy miss?

Sabina.

Love, I thy power defy; no second flame
Shall ever raze my dear Fidelio's name.
Fannia without a tear might lose her lord,
Who ne'er enjoy'd his presence but at board.
And why should sorrow sit on Lesbia's face?
Are there such comforts in a sot's embrace?
No friend, no lover, is to Lesbia dead;
For Lesbia long had known a separate bed.

Gush forth, ye tears; waste, waste, ye sighs, my breast;
My days! my nights, were by Fidelio blest!

Lucy.

You cannot sure forget how oft' you said,
His teazing fondness jealousy betray'd!
When at the play the neighbouring box he took,
You thought you read suspicion in his look.
When cards and counters flew around the board,
Have you not wish'd the absence of your lord?
His company was then a poor pretence,
To check the freedom of a wife's expense.

Sabina.

But why should I Myrtillo's passion blame,
Since love's a fierce involuntary flame?

Lucy.

Could he the sallies of his heart withstand,
Why should he not to Chloe give his hand?
For Chloe's handsome; yet he slights her flame;
Last night she fainted at Sabina's name.
Why, Daphne, dost thou blame Sabina's charms?
Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.
At crimp Myrtillo play'd; in kind regards
Doris threw love, unmindful of the cards;
Doris was touch'd with spleen; her fan he rent,
Flew from the table, and to tears gave vent.
Why, Doris, dost thou curse Sabina's eyes?
To her Myrtillo is a vulgar prize.

Sabina.

Yet say, I lov'd; how loud would censure rail!
So soon to quit the duties of the veil!
No, sooner plays and opera's I'd forswear,
And change these china jars for Tunbridge ware;
Or trust my mother as a confidant,
Or fix a friendship with my maiden aunt:
Than till—to-morrow throw my weeds away.
Yet let me see him, if he comes to-day!

THE ESPOUSAL,

A SOBER ECLOGUE.

Between two of the People called Quakers.

CALEB. TABITHA.

BENEATH the shadow of a beaver hat,
Meek Caleb at a silent meeting sat;
His eye-balls oft' forgot the holy trance,
While Tabitha demure return'd the glance.
The meeting ended, Caleb silence broke,
And Tabitha her inward yearnings spoke.

Caleb.

Beloved, see how all things follow love;
Lamb fondleth lamb, and dove disports with dove;
Yet fondled lambs their innocence secure,
And none can call the turtle's bill impure.
O fairest of our sisters, let me be
The billing dove, and fondling lamb to thee.

Tabitha.

But, Caleb, know that birds of gentle mind
Elect a mate among the sober kind;
Not the mackaws, all deck'd in scarlet pride,
Entice their mild and modest hearts aside;
But thou, vain man! beguil'd by Popish shows,
Doatest on ribbands, flounces, furbelows.
If thy false heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
Go, wed the painted arch in summer-skies;
Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
Strong at the first, but passeth soon away.

Caleb.

Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
When vice misled me through the harlot's ways;
When I with wanton look the sex beheld,
And nature with each wanton look rebell'd;

Then party-colour'd pride my heart might move
With lace, the net to catch unhallow'd love.
All such like love is fading as the flower,
Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour:
But now I feel the spousal love within,
And spousal love no sister holds a sin.

Tabitha.

I know thou longest for the flaunting maid,
Thy falsehood own, and say I am betray'd;
The tongue of man is blister'd o'er with lies,
But truth is ever read in woman's eyes.
O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine!
Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine!

Caleb.

How bitter are thy words! forbear to tease;
I too might blame—but love delights to please.
Why should I tell thee, that, when last the sun
Painted the downy peach of Newington,
Josiah led thee through the garden's walk,
And mingled melting kisses with his talk?
Ah, jealousy! turn, turn thine eyes aside:
How can I see that watch adorn thy side?
For verily no gift the sisters take,
For lust of gain, but for the giver's sake.

Tabitha.

I own, Josiah gave the golden toy,
Which did the righteous hand of Quare employ.
When Caleb hath assign'd some happy day,
I look on this, and chide the hours delay:
And, when Josiah would his love pursue,
On this I look, and shun his wanton view.
Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move;
The only present love demands is love.

Caleb.

Ah, Tabitha, to hear these words of thine,
My pulse beats high, as if inflamed with wine!
When to the brethren first with fervent zeal
The spirit mov'd the yearnings to reveal,

How did I joy thy trembling lip to see
Red as the cherry from the Kentish tree!
When ecstasy had warm'd thy look so meek,
Gardens of roses blushed on thy cheek!
With what sweet transport did'st thou roll thine eyes!
How did thy words provoke the brethren's sighs!
Words that with holy sighs might others move,
But, Tabitha, my sighs were sighs of love.

Tabitha.

Is Tabitha beyond her wishes blest?
Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breast?
Then hear me, Caleb, witness what I speak,
This solemn promise death alone can break:
Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
And with immodest favourites shade my face;
Sooner like Babylon's lewd whore be drest
In flaring diamonds and a scarlet vest,
Or make a curtsey in Cathedral pew,
Than prove inconstant, while my Caleb's true.

Caleb.

When I prove false, and Tabitha forsake,
Teachers shall dance a jig at country wake;
Brethren unbeaver'd then shall bow their head,
And with profane mince-pies our babes be fed.

Tabitha.

If that Josiah were with passion fir'd,
Warm as the zeal of youth when first inspir'd;
In steady love though he might persevere,
Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
Light as the feather on the head of beaux;
Yet I for thee would all thy sex resign:
Sisters, take all the rest—be Caleb mine.

Caleb.

Though I had all that sinful love affords,
And all the concubines of all the lords,
Whose couches creak with whoredom's sinful shame,
Whose velvet chairs are with adultery lame;

Ev'n in the harlot's hall, I would not sip
The dew of lewdness from her lying lip;
I'd shun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
More sweet than powder which the merchants sell.
O solace me with kisses pure like thine!
Enjoy; ye lords, the wanton concubine.
The spring now calls us forth; come, sister, come,
To see the primrose and the daisy bloom.
Let ceremony bind the worldly pair;
Sisters esteem the brethren's words sincere.

Tabitha.

Espousals are but forms. O lead me hence,
For secret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw
True love is nature unrestrain'd by law.
This tenet all the holy sect allows;
So Tabitha took earnest of a spouse.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black eyed Susan came aboard.
Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain of the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present whereso'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
Adieu! she cries; and wav'd her lily hand.

A BALLAD,

FROM THE WHAT-D'YE-CALL-IT.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind;
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days.
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas;
Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover,
That lurk beneath deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spy'd;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

A NEW SONG OF NEW SIMILIES.

My passion is as mustard strong;
I sit all sober sad;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March-hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, though as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin,
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!

I, melancholy as a cat,
And kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The God of Love at her approach
Is busy as a bee;
Hearts, sound as any bell or roach,
Are smit and sigh like me.

Ay me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men crowd about her;
But soon as dead as a door nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet:

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words;
Her wit, like pepper, bites:

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee;
And happy as a king.
Good Lord! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.

But, false as hell! she, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her sex must do;
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru!
Great as an emperor should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post;
Let us, like burs, together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a dye;
And wish me better speed;
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, she'll drop a tear,
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

A CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray,
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still nature's various face informs my sense,
Of an all-wise, all powerful Providence.
When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.

But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost:
No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes;
Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet still ev'n now, while darkness clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
Millions of stars in heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hangs the boundless sphere:
The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.

Whether those stars, that twinkling lustre send,
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare;
Yet all his systems but conjectures are.
But this we know, that heaven's eternal King,
Who bade this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his word bid numerous worlds appear,
And rising worlds th' all powerful word shall hear.

When to the western main the sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends;
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;
Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light:
And when those lands the busy sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy morning wakes;
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.

When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall night's alternate reign be known
The sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ,
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
The stars shall drop, the sun shall lose his flame
But thou, O God! for ever shalt the same.

A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
From angry heaven when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time shall be no more.
O endless thought! divine Eternity!
Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee,
For thou wert present when our life began!
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.
Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd round,
Amidst our hopes, fate strikes the sudden wound:
To day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To-morrow death destroys his airy schemes;
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?
Think all that treasure thou must leave behind;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd hearse,
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man?
The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:
She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from earth into eternity.
For while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

END OF VOL. II.

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